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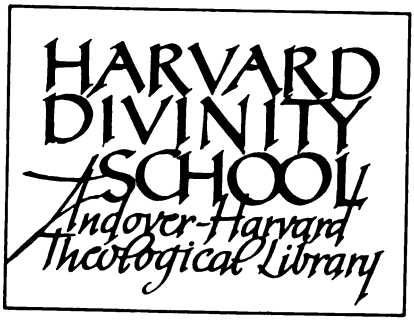
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CHURCH PASTORALS

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP

Collected and Arranged

BY

NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D.D.

BOSTON
TICKNOR AND FIELDS
1864

(1977)

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by
NEHEMIAH ADAMS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

SOME of the Tunes in this book are ascribed to authors whose names are annexed, because the Melodies are essentially theirs. In such cases credit is scrupulously given. Yet these Melodies have all been harmonized for this work, and many of them are more or less newly arranged. The Tunes inserted by permission, and those from Hymns Ancient and Modern, are excepted from these remarks. All other Tunes in the book are, in their present forms, claimed as private property.

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DESCRIPTIVE PREFACE.

I.

THE HYMNS.

WATTS and the WESLEYS give the prevailing character to the Hymns in this book. Doddridge, Newton, Cowper, Steele, Toplady, Josiah Conder, Montgomery, and Hymn-writers of kindred spirit, are largely represented. Materials have also been drawn, as the Index will show, from a wide compass of Hymnology, ancient and modern.

No amendment has been attempted in the phraseology of a single Hymn. Authentic editions having to a large extent been used in preparing this Book, the original phraseology has in numerous instances been restored. Changes long in use have occasionally been adopted, even in some cases where the whole form of a Hymn has been altered. From Hymns of great length, and from Poetry not originally intended to be sung, stanzas have been taken and new Hymns made. The rhythm of certain Hymns not generally known, and perhaps never sung, has been changed by omitting or inserting unessential expletive words. The six-line stanzas of a Hymn have now and then been reduced to four.

Leaving out of view these arrangements, should the reader find the phraseology of well-known Hymns varying here from that to which he has been accustomed, he may safely infer that the authors of the Hymns are alone responsible for the present forms of expression. The same may be said of old melodies in familiar use with modern arrangements. — Mottoes over the Hymns, and figures at their sides, have been omitted, as cumbersome and needless.

II.

THE TUNES.

The Tunes comprise more than is usual of the old Chorals, or Tunes with equal notes, and also more of such as give freer expression to Christian joy and gladness than many have felt it safe to grant.

A chief object has been to provide Tunes which are Melodies, such as fix themselves in the memories of the people, and constantly recur without effort at all times and seasons. It is hoped that compositions will not be found here which are dreary successions of notes without meaning, never revisiting the thoughts, tuneless, monotonous, and instantly forgotten. Access has been had to large original sources of Ecclesiastical Music in several languages, and the search has constantly been for Melodies. While we have here the grand old German Choral which will bear any number of voices, and the more the better, there are other Tunes which from their structure are better adapted to the Choir, but are still within the ability of the Congregation.

And since the enjoyment of music is greatly promoted, whether the Choir or the Congregation sing, by arranging the Harmony with as much Melody as may be in each of its three parts, instead of letting the part run upon

nearly the same degrees of the scale, a principal aim has been to make the Bass, Tenor, and Alto inviting to those who sing those parts, that so the volume of musical sound may be enriched. Trained ears hear the four parts together, and all who are susceptible to impressions from Music feel a difference, though they may not be able to explain it, when, on the one hand, the Harmony of a Tune is monotonous, and when, on the other, by its flowing motion it heightens the effect of the Melody.

The old practice of placing the first line of a Hymn over a Tune, has been adopted in this book.

The following Books of Music have been used in preparing this work, one or more Tunes having been taken, wholly or in part, from each of them, except in cases where the same Tune was found in more than one of the Books. They are named with abbreviations in the Index, and are here described in full.

Allgemeines Choralbuch. August Blüher. 1825.
Brown's Robertson's Sacred Music. Glasgow. 1854.
Chants Chrétiens. Paris. 1834.
Chants de Sion. By Rev. Cæsar Malan, D. D. Geneva, Switz.
Christliches Gesangbuch. Hans Georg Nägeli. Zurich. 1828.
Choralbuch für Evang. Kirche in Würtemberg.
Choral Harmony. By Rev. Peter Maurice, D. D., New College, Oxford.
Church Musician and Library of Church Music, London.
Cologne Hymn and Tune Book.
Comprehensive Tune-Book. London. 1846.
Cooper's (William) Collection. London.
Dibden's (Henry E.) Standard Psalm-Tune Book. Edinburgh. 1852.
Dyer's (Samuel) New York Selection of Sacred Music. 1828.
Gesangbuch zum gottesdienstlichen Gebrauche für Protestantisch-evangelische Christen. Zweibrucken. 1839.
Gossner's (Johannes) Choralbuch. Leipzig. 1825.
Hallelujah; or Devotional Psalmody. By John Burder, A.M. London.
Hymns Ancient and Modern. With accompanying Tunes. By William Henry Monk. London.
Katholisches Choralbuch. Franz Joseph Kunkle. Mainz und Antwerpen.
Kern des Deutschen Kirchengesangs. Dr. Friedrich Lairiz. Nordlingen. 1854.
Lithgow's (W. H.) Parochial Sacred Music.
Melodien zum Wildheimischen Liederbuche. Gotha. 1829.
Old Church Psalmody. Rev. W. H. Havergal, M. A. 1847.
Original Psalm and Hymn Tunes. By W. Arnold, of Portsea, Eng. London.
Psalmo-Doxologia. A New and Complete Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes. London.
Select Psalms and Hymns for the Use of the Parish Church of Cardington, in the County of Bedford, Eng. London. 1786.
Sacred Harmony: a Collection of Three Hundred and Fifty Standard Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Ancient and Modern. By J. A. Hamilton. London.
Stimmen aus dem Reiche Gottes. Conrad Kocher. Stuttgardt. 1846.
The Scottish Psalter. Glasgow and London.
The Seraph. By John Whitaker. London.
The Union Tune-Book: A Selection of Psalm and Hymn-Tunes. Arranged by Thomas Clark, of Canterbury. 1843.
Vierstimmige Schullieder. Hans Georg Nägeli.

III.

STANZAS TO BE SUNG IMPROMPTU.

In meetings for prayer and conference, the introduction of an appropriate stanza or two, sung without the instrument, is frequently of good effect. This practice, however, should, for obvious reasons, be under control, being directed by the Minister, presiding member, conductor of the singing, or some

one or more to whose judgment it may be confided. Thus we shall have a regulated liberty. — Stanzas with the first line of a familiar Tune annexed (the Air only) have here been arranged for this purpose.

At Baptisms, parents offering their children are comforted and encouraged if the Congregation in the same informal way unite in singing a stanza or two, appropriate to the Ordinance. This has also been provided for among the Impromptus.

At the Lord's Supper, silent meditation and prayer guided by the prayer of blessing and of thanksgiving, with the singing of a Hymn at the close, seems most in accordance with the Scriptural account of the Last Supper, as it is also generally felt to be the most edifying way of celebrating it. At prayer-meetings preparatory to the Communion, and also in approaching the Ordinance, and at other times, if circumstances seem to call for it, the stanzas which are designated for the Lord's Supper may be found appropriate and useful, in addition to the Hymns for the Lord's Supper in another part of the Book.

IV.

DOXOLOGIES.

To promote that sublime act of Worship, the singing of the Christian Doxology, a large number of Doxologies, embracing all the metres, are here presented. The Tunes to which they are set are some of them among the choicest pieces of Music ever written. They are mostly Old English and German Chorals, with simple Airs, and can easily be learned by a Congregation. The Harmonies of these Tunes, it is believed, are unsurpassed. Modern Tunes are mixed with these, to satisfy every taste.

The singing of these Doxologies by the Congregation at the Opening of Worship, with the strictly Ecclesiastical Music which is set to many of them, would not only be as appropriate and useful then as at the close of Divine service, but it would also raise the standard of musical taste, making the people justly dissatisfied with much of the sentimental music which finds its way into the sanctuary; while the more frequent use of the Doxology, in many pleasing forms, will assist us in the worship of the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, the practical belief and heart-felt adoration of whom, it is admitted, is the foundation of growth in Christian experience and knowledge.

V.

FIRST LINES OF ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

THESE will enable one who chooses and pitches the Tunes in social religious meetings, to select from a larger number of such as have hitherto been familiar. Many of these Tunes have a deservedly strong hold upon the popular mind. It is grateful to aid in perpetuating them, which is here done without infringing upon the rights of others.

VI.

ALPHABETICAL AND METRICAL INDEXES OF HYMNS AND TUNES.

THESE, it will be seen, have been comprised in one, presenting to the eye at once the first line of the Hymn, name of the Tune, with the page, the authorship or source of the Hymn and Tune, and the Metre.

When a Metre is sought for in the Index, the first line of a Hymn will be found in connection with it, thus assisting the search for Hymns which are remembered only by their Metres, or are looked for merely for the sake of their Metres. It is believed, therefore, that this form of a Metrical Index will save time and labor.

The division of the Book into Subjects (enumerated in the Table of Contents) seemed to obviate the necessity of Scriptural References, and of an Index to more particular topics. — It may not be useless to observe here, that under each subject Hymns will be found equally appropriate to several other subjects.

Valuable assistance in preparing the Index has been most kindly rendered by the Rev. Frederic W. Bird of Philadelphia, from his ample resources in Hymnology.

THE following words of a distinguished Author* have had much influence in making this selection of Music: —

"Upon every tune, therefore, offered to a Christian Congregation in the House of God, let there be impressed as with a signet, Gravity, Majesty, Melody, Harmony. Gravity, — to bow the spirit in reverence, and forbid the sacrifice of fools; Majesty, — to remind the singer of the character of that God whose high praise is upon his lips; Melody, — to entice the ear of the hearer and take his wandering affections by guile; and Harmony, — to embrace the varying tones of a mixed multitude, and, on the instant, breathe into them one spirit of concord and peace. Nor need its solemnity border upon apathy. The genuine chorale, instead of being wrapt up in monotony and dulness, according to the popular slander, offers scope, within the bounds of its own enchanted circle, for the exercise of the richest musical imagination. But it raises a forbidding wand against a wanton roaming beyond these bounds, and presents no inducement for human vanity to seek after idle display. It allows everything for the glory of God, nothing for the ambition of man. At the same time it claims attention from the most fastidious by the richness and weight of its materials. Instead of the few meagre chords upon which the lighter tunes raise their fanciful superstructure, it grasps in its ample comprehension the most magnificent combinations, the boldest transitions, and the sweetest melody clothed in a chastity that alike attracts the untutored and approves itself to the mind of the learned."

The Editor of this book, being solely responsible for the selection of every Tune and its adaptation, is the more free to say that he has not gone as far in following his own tastes and preferences for the older style of Music as he might have done. It would have been too far in advance of that progress which Christian people are beginning to make in a right direction.

As when a man goes with a lantern into a cavern where stylactites hang from the roof, and, gathering some, turning away looks back and sees the place aglow with all the colors of the prism, as though the foundations of the wall of heaven, with its "all manner of precious stones," sprung from that place, and then looks upon his handful of gatherings, he has sensations not unlike those of one who, having spent years among Hymns and Music, turns away from them to set forth the fruit of his observations. If Christian people knew what treasures God has given us in Melodies and Harmonies made expressly for his worship by men concerning whom a certain man cried out, "O do not alter them! they wrote like gods," — they would not wear patiently the yoke of secular music in divine worship.

---

* "The Music of the Church." By Rev. John Antes Latrobe, M. A., Curate of St. Peter's, Hereford, Eng. (pp. 236, 237.)

*** For the information of those who examine this book, the following Lists are given (1.) of familiar Tunes which are printed in full in this book, and (2.) of familiar Tunes of which the first line of the air is given.

I.

FAMILIAR TUNES WHICH ARE PRINTED IN FULL.

Alcester. All Saints'. Amherst. Amsterdam. Arlington. Ashton. Babylon's Streams. Bankfield. Barby. Benevento. Bethlehem. Bowdoin Square. Cambridge. Canterbury. China, C. M. China, L. M. Colchester. Communion. Concord. Coronation. Comfort. Dalston. Dedham. Denmark. Devizes. Devonshire. Dundee. Duke Street. Dunfermline. Edgeware. Ferry. German Hymn. Greenville. Halle. Harts. Howard. Italian Hymn. John Huss's. Lenox. Lisbon. London. Luther's Hymn. Martyrdom. Martyrs. Mear. Morning Hymn. Mornington. Mt. Ephraim. New Jerusalem. Oaksville. Oldham. Old Hundred. Old Litchfield. Oporto. Old Ten Commandments. Peterboro. Pilesgrove. Rineton. Rochester. Russian Evening Hymn. Spanish Air. Silver Street. St. Ann's. St. Lawrence. St. Martin's. St. Michael. St. Stephen's. St. Thomas. Swanwick. Tallis's Evening Hymn. Truro. Warwick. Wells. Western Tune. Wiltshire. Windsor. Woodland.

II.

FAMILIAR TUNES, — FIRST LINE OF THE AIR.

America. Arundel. Balerma. Beverly. Bethesda. Boylston. Blendon. Brattle Street. Christmas. Clarendon. Dallas. Dennis. Downs. Dresden. Fairport. Federal Street. Fountain. Hamburg. Haverhill. Heath. Heber. Hebron. Hermon. Hotham. Hummel. Jordan. Laban. Luton. Luther's Chant. Magdala. Martyn. Mendon. Merton. Missionary Hymn. Naomi. Newbury. Nuremberg. Norwich. Olmutz. Olney. Ortonville. Park Street. Pentonville. Pleyel. Portugal. Rapture. Rineton. Rockingham. Rosefield. Scotland (Air). Selvin. Shawmut. Shirland. Sicilian. Siloam. Sterling. Tamworth. Thacher. "The Morning Light." Utica. Uxbridge. Ward. Watchman. Wells. Wilmot. Windham. Winter. Worthing. York. Zebulon. Zion.

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I.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

"THE PRAISE OF ZION WAITS FOR THEE."

L. M.

The praise of Zi - on waits for Thee, My God; and praise be-comes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glo - ry see, And there per-form their pub - lic vows.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

1.

THE praise of Zion waits for Thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

Blest is the man whom Thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to Thee,
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

O Thou whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to Thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

2.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

Angels who make the church their care
Shall witness my devotion there;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

10s.

A - gain the day returns of ho-ly rest, Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, He bade our labors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

3.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like his own, He bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall He hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

God of the Sabbath! we devote to Thee
The moments thus from worldly cares set free;
Thy holy will would learn, thy goodness bless,
And, with thy mercies, all our sins confess.

Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

4.

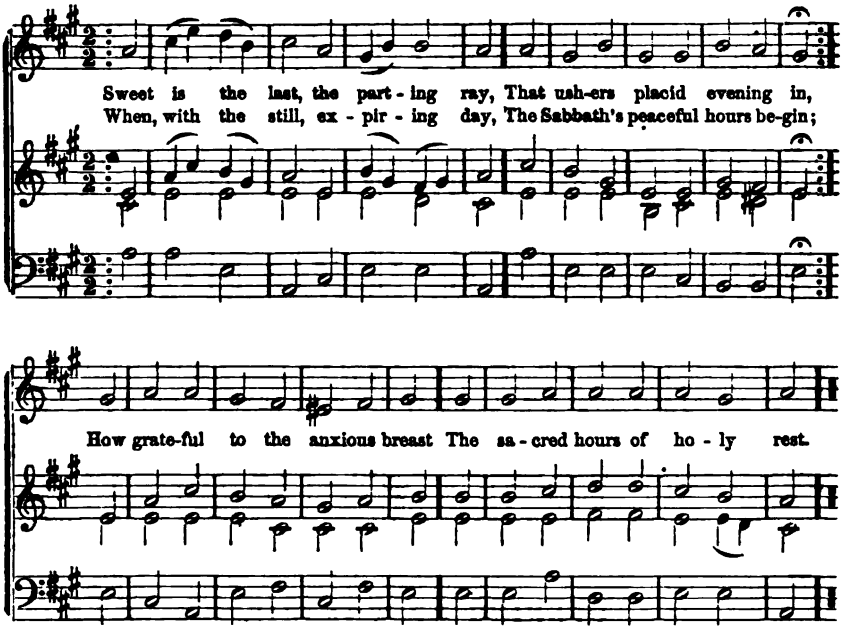
TO God, our Strength, ye saints, your voice aloud
In strains of utmost joy and glory raise;
High to Jehovah, Jacob's God, our God,
Exalt your swelling notes; Him fear and praise.

Now let the Gospel trumpet louder blow
On each new moon and day to praise and feast;
And make his waiting Church be sure to know
The Sabbath's wondrous hour of sacred rest.

This was the statute of our mighty Lord,
Which first He spake to Israel's favored race;
And still his courts preserve the established word,
And there we wait to celebrate his grace.

With psalms of honor, songs of holy joy,
Let all the temples of Jehovah ring;
Your instruments of many strings employ;
Let all the earth its voices raise, and sing.

L. M.


Sweet is the last, the part - ing ray, That ush-ers placid evening in,
When, with the still, ex - pir - ing day, The Sabbath's peaceful hours be-gin;
How grate-ful to the anxious breast The sa - cred hours of ho - ly rest.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

5.

SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in,
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest.

Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease;
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace.
Delightful season! kindly given
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings;
Till the last gleam of life decay,
In one eternal Sabbath-day.

6.

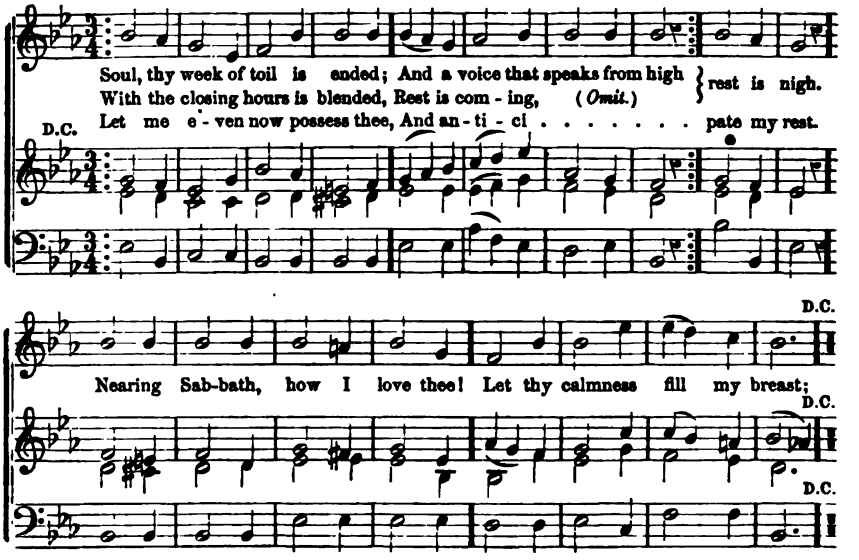
GREAT God, this hallowed day of thine
Demands our soul's collected powers;
May we employ in works divine
These solemn and devoted hours;
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore;
O may thy grace our thoughts refine,
And fix our hearts on things divine.

My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to Thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
I yield my heart to Thee alone,
There let my God erect his throne.

O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.
Rise, O my soul, on joyful wing,
And join the strain which angels sing.

8s & 7s, Double.


Soul, thy week of toil is ended; And a voice that speaks from high
With the closing hours is blended, Rest is com - ing, (Omit.)
rest is nigh.
D.C. Let me e - ven now possess thee, And an - ti - ci . . . . . pate my rest.
D.C.
Nearing Sab-bath, how I love thee! Let thy calmness fill my breast;
D.C.
D.C.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

7.

SOUL, thy week of toil is ended;
And a voice that speaks from high
With the closing hours is blended, —
Rest is coming, rest is nigh.
Nearing Sabbath, how I love thee!
Let thy calmness fill my breast;
Let me even now possess thee,
And anticipate my rest.

Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear?
Be to me a well of gladness,
Make me to forget my fear.
So when life's long week is over,
Blessed it will be to die;
Angels whispering as they hover, —
Rest is coming, rest is nigh.

8.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

9.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.
Lord, with favor still attend us;
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our Sun, our Shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.

LISBON. S. M.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

10.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

11.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 't is a holy day.

Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And joyful, in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace.

12.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad.

Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

WILTSHIRE. C. M.

With reverence let the saints ap-pear, And bow be-fore the Lord;
His high commands with rever-ence hear, And trem-ble at his word.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

13.

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

How terrible thy glories rise;
How bright thy beauties shine;
Where is the power with Thee that vies,
Or truth compared with thine?

The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

14.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

Sorrow, and pain, and tears, and care,
And discord, there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

There, on a throne of radiant light,
The exalted Saviour shines,
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

15.

BLEST are the souls who hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

16.

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts;
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

17.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and He my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

How great the works his hand has wrought;
How glorious in our sight;
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

How most exact is nature's frame,
How wise the Eternal Mind;
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

When He redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure;
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

18.

THE earth forever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He raised its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

Now let our souls' immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of Glory 's near.

The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

COMFORT. C. M.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

19.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week.

How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light.

Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease:
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

20.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to the Anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

21.

THIS sacred day, great God, we close
With gratitude and love,
And bless Thee for the joyful news
Which hails us from above.

May we retain the glorious truths
Recorded in thy word,
And, with obedient lives, adorn
The doctrines of the Lord.

Erelong we hope to meet and join
The ransomed throng in bliss;
With joy thine earthly courts we 'll leave,
To dwell where Jesus is.

C. M.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

22.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames.

Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—

Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

23.

BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

24.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, the Eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

He rises, who our souls hath bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'T was great to speak the world from nought,
'T was greater to redeem.

Alone the dreadful race He ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.

DEVONSHIRE. L. M.

Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there 's a no - bler rest a - bove;
To that our laboring souls as - pire, With ar - dent pangs of strong de - sire.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

25.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

26.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine;
In Thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen or angels known.

27.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

L. M.

From ev-ery stormy wind that blows, From ev-ery swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'T is found beneath the mer-cy-seat.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

28.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

29.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord;
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with Thee;
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

"Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face;
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place.

30.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn, the height and breadth and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

31.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue:
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God, and He
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
O fear and love Him, all ye saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

L. M.

Come in, thou bless - ed of the Lord, En - ter in Je - sus' pre-cious name;
We wel-come thee with one ac - cord, And trust the Sav - iour does the same.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

32.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We 'll seek in fellowship to prove;
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

And while we pass this vale of tears,
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known,
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

33.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

To you and us by grace is given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

May He by whose kind care we meet
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each earthly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of HIM
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

We 'll talk of all He did and said
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He 's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

34.

INDULGENT God of love and power,
Be with us in this solemn hour;
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have and are combine
To forward objects so divine.

L. M.

Ap-proach, my soul, the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus sits to an-swer prayer;
Thus hum-bly fall be-fore his feet, For none have ev-er perished there.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

35.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus sits to answer prayer;
Thus humbly fall before his feet,
For none have ever perished there.

Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I humbly venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And surely such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan tempted, sorely pressed,
By war without and fear within,
I come to Thee, my Lord, for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, safely sheltered near thy side,
I may the fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Jesus, Thou hast died.

36.

ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God has blest.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

37.

COME, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; we, the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

38.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

39.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call Thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

40.

THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world He rules,
And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom, shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

CONCORD. S. M.

Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song of
sweet ac-cord, Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

41.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But favorites of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

42.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' Eternal King.

Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

43.

LET every creature join,
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

By all the earth-born race,
His honors be expressed;
But saints who know his heavenly grace
Should learn to praise Him best.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

44.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

I 've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

Thus till my last expiring day
I 'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

45.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

How happy all thy servants are;
How great thy grace to me;
My life, which Thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

46.

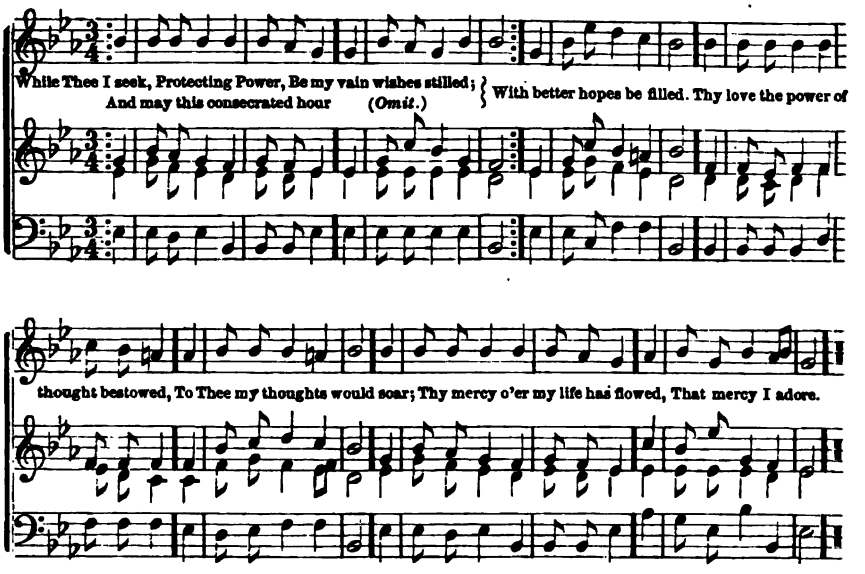
WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God!
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord! impart;
And let thy Gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

Here let the blind their sight obtain:
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In bliss beyond the skies.

C. M. Double.


While Thee I seek, Protecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour (Omit.)
With better hopes be filled. Thy love the power of
thought bestowed, To Thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, That mercy I adore.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

47.

WHILE Thee I seek, Protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

48.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

HALLE. 7s, 6 lines.

Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to - day;
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

49.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

50.

IN this calm, impressive hour
Let my prayer ascend on high;
God of mercy, God of power,
Hear me, when to Thee I cry.
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ thy Son.

With the morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart;
Still o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.

O what joy that word affords,
"Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth";
King of kings and Lord of lords,
Send thy Gospel-heralds forth;
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

51.

NOW from labor and from care
Evening shades have set me free,
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee;
O, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the Gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to Thee I raise;
Lord! accept my song of praise.

C. M.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

52.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
In majesty divine?

I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with crowds of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.

But now my soul 's cast down, O God,
Yet thinks on Zion still,
From Jordan's banks, from Hermon's heights,
And Mizar's lowly hill.

And when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispelled this storm,
To Thee I 'll grateful anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

53.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts, this day
Around thine altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

They see thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee;
O, hast Thou not a blessing left, —
A blessing, Lord, for me?

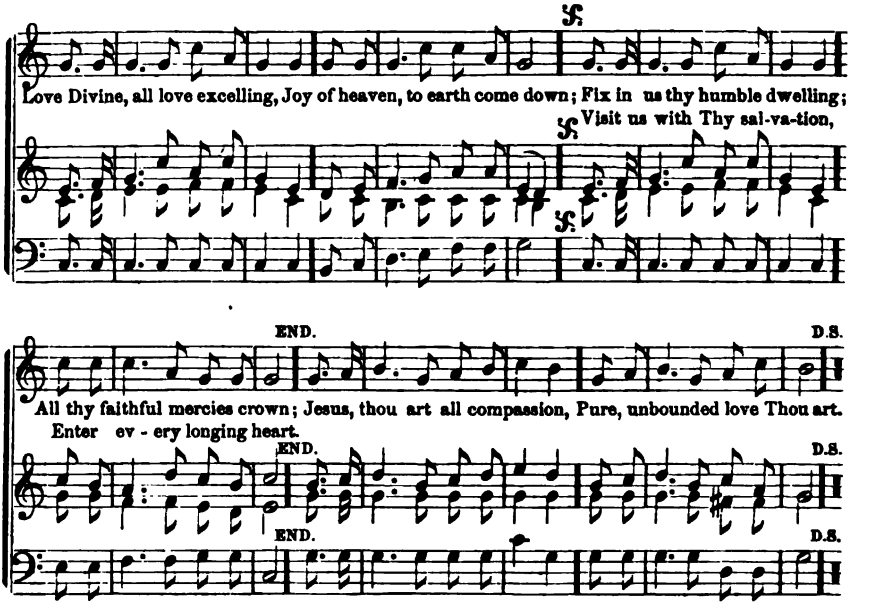
54.

THE dew lies thick upon the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

Behold thy prisoner; — loose my bands,
If 't is thy gracious will;
If not, contented in thy hands,
Behold thy prisoner still.

I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.

8s & 7s.


Love Divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down; Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
Visit us with Thy sal-va-tion,
END.
D.S.
All thy faithful mercies crown; Jesus, thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art.
Enter ev - ery longing heart.
END.
D.S.
END.
D.S.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

55.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

56.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, — I 'm fixed upon it, —
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart, — O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

FORTY-SIXTH PSALM. L. M.

God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-hold Him pres-ent with his aid.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

57.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

58.

WHERE high the heavenly Temple [stands,
The House of God not made with hands,
A Great High Priest our nature wears;
The guardian of mankind appears.

He who for man their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

With boldness, therefore, at the Throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son! to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore
Forever and forevermore.

59.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song;
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To all around, my willing tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

With reverence and with filial fear
His saints should to his temple press;
His love and peace their hearts shall cheer
Who his almighty name confess.

Happy, thrice happy, they who hear
Thy blessed Gospel's joyful sound,
Who at thy sacred courts appear,
And are with thy salvation crowned.

For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favor spring;
The Lord of Hosts is our defence,
The Just and Holy One our King.

L. M.

Command thy bless-ing from a-bove, O God, on all as-sem-bled here;
Be-hold us with a Fa-ther's love, While we look up with fil-ial fear.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

60.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,—
Say to the weakest, Follow me.

Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One True, Eternal God confessed;
Whom Thou hast joined none may divide;
None dare to curse whom Thou hast blessed.

61.

PRAISE for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple-gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

How blest thy saints, how safely led,
How surely kept, how richly fed;
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee.

Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills;
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

Lord, on our souls thy influence pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

62.

HAIL, morning known among the blest;
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest;
Pledge of the endless rest above.

Bless'd be the Father of our Lord
Who from the dead hath brought his Son;
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose,— unsetting Sun,
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

Mercy looked down with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
And Hope with gladness raised her head.

11s.

'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints; To
find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

63.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.

While here in the valley of conflict I stray,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

64.

HOW honored, how dear, is that sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near to their Father and God;
'Mid worldly commotion my wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion, the home of thy saints.

Thou Hearer of prayer, O still grant me a place
Where Christians repair to the courts of thy grace,
More blest beyond measure one day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure by worldlings enjoyed.

Me more would it please keeping post at thy gate,
Than lying at ease in the chambers of state,
The meanest condition outshines with thy smiles
The pomp of ambition, the world with its wiles.

The Lord is a Sun, and the Lord is a Shield;
What grace has begun will with glory be sealed;
He hears the distresséd, He succors the just,
And they shall be blesséd who make Him their trust.

10s & 11s, or 5s & 6s.

O praise ye the Lord; prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of sal-va-tion be glad in their King.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

65.

O PRAISE ye the Lord; prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

With glory adorn'd, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to Him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

Ye angels above, his glories who 've sung,
In loftiest notes, now publish his praise;
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue,
Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

66.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, He rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give Him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

II.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

"LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING."

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

END.
Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace.
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness.
END.
END.
D.C.
Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace.
D.C.
D.C.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

67.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Then, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

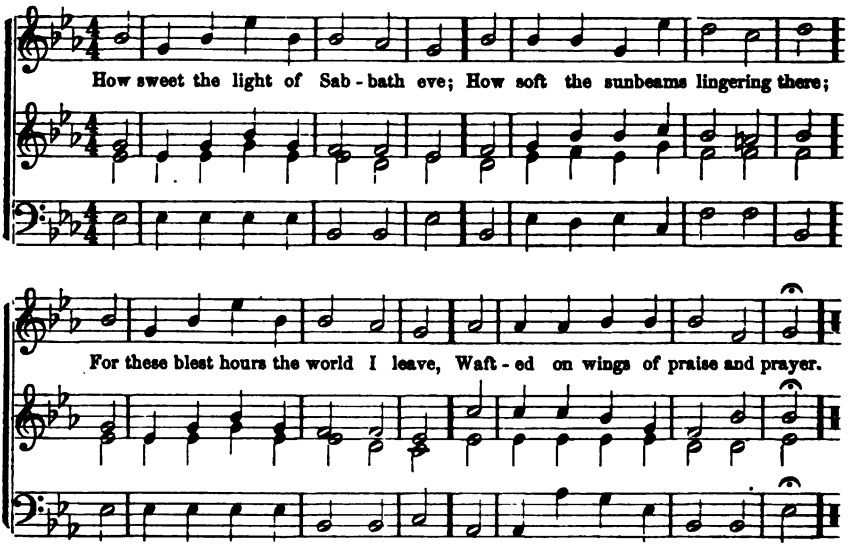
68.

GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Saviour, keep us,—
Keep us safe from every foe.

May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face;
Save us from unhallowed leaven,
All that might obscure thy grace;
Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place.

As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

L. M.


How sweet the light of Sab - bath eve; How soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave, Waft - ed on wings of praise and prayer.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

69.

HOW sweet the light of Sabbath eve;
How soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

The time how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

70.

ONE day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with Thee.

God is a Sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a Shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy favorites of his care.

O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on Thee.

71.

MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed.

From east to west, the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came out to hear their songs.

Thy poor have all been freely fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more,—and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord;
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son!
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord.

L. M.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power pro-longs my days;
And ev - ery evening should make known Some fresh me - mo - rials of his grace.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

72.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell,
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

73.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

74.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, How sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

7s.

Chil-dren of the Heaven-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

75.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

76.

MASTER, (may we ever say,)
Taken from the world away,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our souls may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still He calls mankind his own.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Looking for a happier home.

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,—
Find a heaven of heavens in Thee.

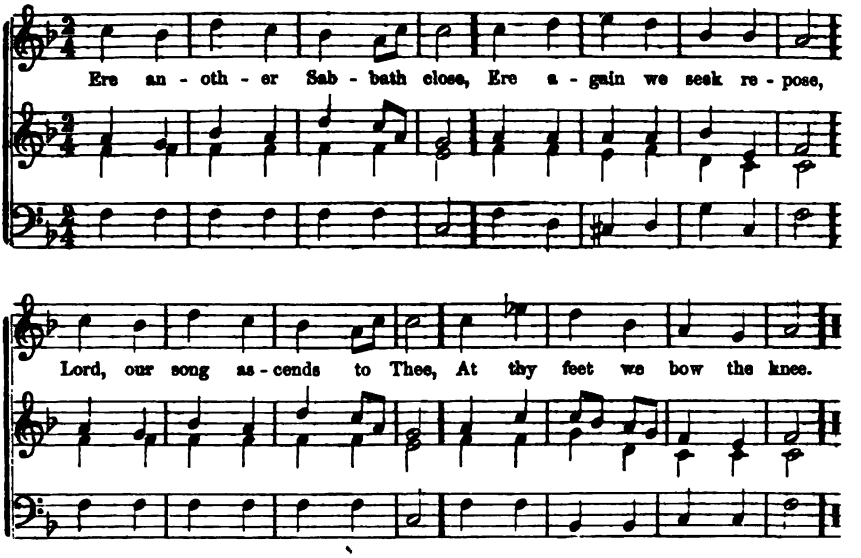
77.

NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

7s.



CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

78.

ERE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above,
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

79.

PRAISE on Thee, in Zion's gates,
Daily, O Jehovah, waits;
Unto Thee, who hearest prayer,
Shall the tribes of men repair.

Though with conscious guilt oppressed,
On thy mercy still we rest;
Thy forgiving love display,
Take, O Lord, our sins away.

O, how blessed their reward,
Chosen servants of the Lord,
Who within thy courts abide,
With thy goodness satisfied.

80.

THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move,
O, how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song; —

When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows.

From thy works our joys arise,
Thou the only good and wise;
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are?

Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers with all their might
Ever in thy praise unite.

BANKFIELD. S. M.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

81.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

82.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

83.

JESUS, accept the praise
Which to thy name belongs;—
The theme of our unending lays,
The life of all our songs.

In flesh we part awhile;
But still, in spirit joined,
Take up once more the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned.

O, let us still go on
In all his pleasant ways;
And, armed with patience, let us run
With joy the appointed race.

84.

SOON we shall meet again
When all our toils are o'er,
Where sin, and death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more.

O, happy, happy day
That calls thy exiles home;
The flaming heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive her doom.

Saviour, we wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor that we may be found
Of Thee in perfect peace.

85.

FROM the first dawning light,
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.

Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

86.

TO Thee our wants are known,
From Thee are all our powers;
Accept, O Lord! what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours.

O grant that each of us
Now met before Thee here
May meet at last together thus,
When Thou and thine appear.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

87.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.

O, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He 'll make your wants his care.

88.

TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon
Shall have his leave to smite,
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

89.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T is heaven, on earth begun.

Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by Thee thine own;—

May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold Thee face to face.

90.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let incense-flames arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

Awake, our love; awake, our joy,
Awake, our heart and tongue;
Sleep not; when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

This day God was our Sun and Shield,
Our Keeper and our Guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

New time, new favor, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

91.

DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by Thee.

38 "LORD, THOU WILT HEAR ME WHEN I PRAY."

ST. LAWRENCE. C. M.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

92.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine;
I fear before Thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and Thee.

I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

93.

BLEST be the dear, uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And Christians part no more.

O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

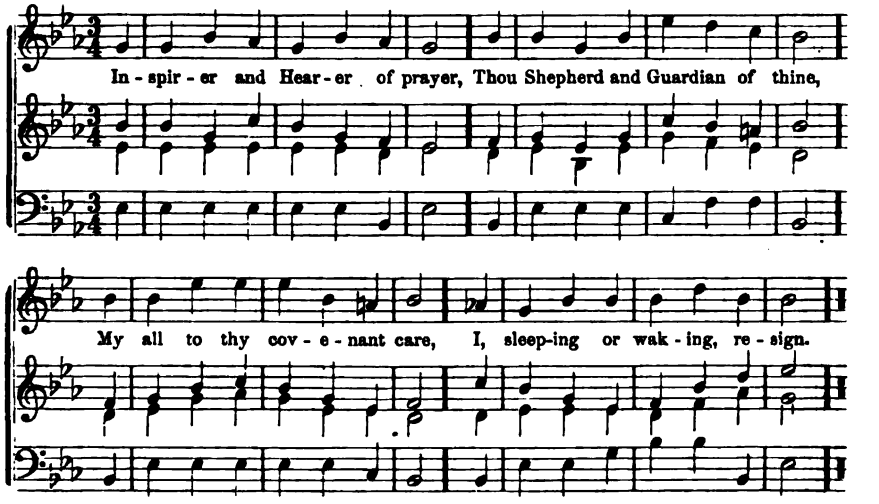
94.

I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen;
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.

O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight;
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

8s.


In - spir - er and Hear - er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy cov - e - nant care, I, sleep-ing or wak - ing, re - sign.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

95.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
While thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch, while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

96.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

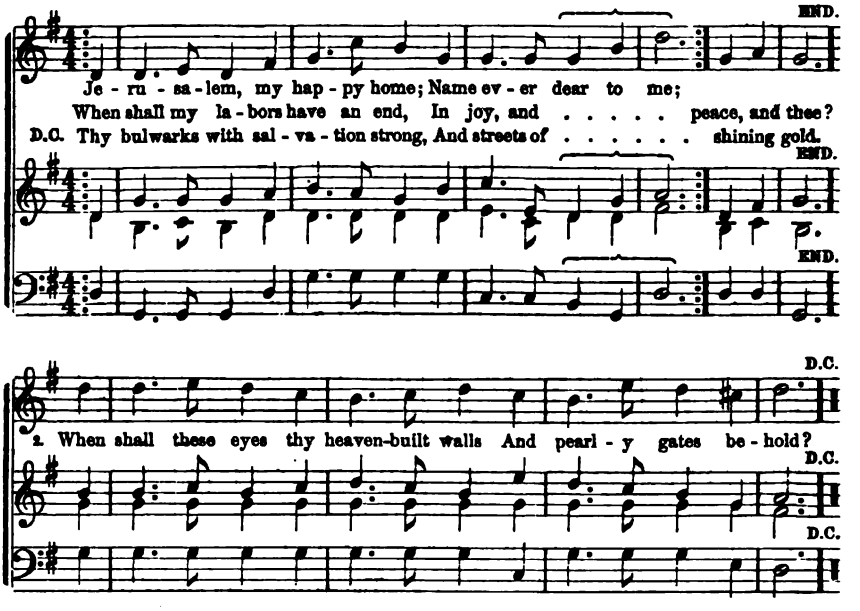
The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Imprest on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

97.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'T is Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We 'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come

C. M. Double.


Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home; Name ev - er dear to me;
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and . . . . . peace, and thee?
D.C. Thy bulwarks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of . . . . . shining gold.
2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold?

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

98.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace in thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone;
The Lamb of God, the Light thereof,
Sits there upon the throne.
O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

99.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee;
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!
O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil;
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see;
Thy King in glory on his throne,
And thy felicity?
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
Full sore I long to see;
O that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell with thee.

100.

JERUSALEM, the happy seat!
Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred City! Queen and wife
Of Christ eternally.
O comely Queen with glory clad,
With honor and degree;
All fair art thou, exceeding bright;
No spot is found in thee.

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For it is sweet and beautiful;
No ill can it befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear,
No night, no shade, no winter foul;
Time doth not alter, there.

O Lord, with speed dissolve my bonds,
These gins and fetters strong;
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar over long.
Lord, take away my miseries,
That I may then be bold
With Thee in thy Jerusalem,
Thy glory to behold.

101.

JEHOVAH, Lord, now come, I pray,
And end my grief and plaints;
Take me to thy Jerusalem,
Place me among thy saints;—
Who there are crowned with glory great,
And see God face to face;
They triumph all and do rejoice;
Most happy is their case.

But we who are in banishment
Continually do roam;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,
Perpetually do groan.
Our sweetness is all mixed with gall,
Our pleasures are but pain,
Our joys are not worth looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

Along those streets with pleasant sound
The stream of life doth flow,
And on its banks on every side
The Tree of Life doth grow.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy King in glory on his throne,
And thy felicity.

102.

O LORD, that I Jerusalem
With speed might go behold!
For why?— the joys that there abound
With tongues cannot be told.
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl;
O God, if I were there!

There David stands with harp in hand,
Among the heavenly choir;
A thousand times that man were blest,
Who might their music hear.
There Magdalen hath left her moan,
And cheerily doth sing
With all blest saints;— their harmony
Through every street doth ring.

They love, they praise, they praise and love,
They Holy, Holy, cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
But laud continually.
O happy thousand times were I,
If after wretched days
I might with listening ears enjoy
Those heavenly songs of praise.

103.

O PASSING happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
And there his praises sound,—
Which to th' Eternal King are sung
By heavenly choirs above,
By sacred souls and angels sweet,
To praise the God of love.

O Father dear! said Christ, let them
Whom Thou hast given of old
To me, be with me where I am,
My glory to behold.
And still, If any man loves me,
Him loves my Father dear;
Whom I do love, to him myself
In glory shall appear.

Yet once again, I pray Thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife;
That to thy hill I may obtain,
And dwell there all my life;—
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And holy souls of men,
To sing thy praise, O Lord of Hosts,
Forevermore, Amen!

S. M.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

104.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

105.

AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Still and forever joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;

Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain.
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

106.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit! come,
And speed me to my rest.

My spirit homeward turns
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion! droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To Thee, to Thee, I press
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness
And reach the saints' abode.

God of my life! be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here;
And bring me home at last!

III.

GOD.

"ALL FROM THE SUN'S UPRISE."

H. M.

All from the sun's uprise, Unto his setting rays, Resound in jubilees The great Jehovah's praise.
Him serve a - lone; In tri - umph bring Your gifts, and sing Be - fore his throne.

GOD.

107.

ALL from the sun's uprise,
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Jehovah's praise.
Him serve alone; In triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing, Before his throne.

Man drew from man his breath;
But God his nobler frame,
Built of the ruddy earth,
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are; Sheep by Him led,
Preserved and fed With tender care.

O to his portals press,
In your divine resorts;
With thanks his power profess,
And praise Him in his courts.
How good! how pure! His mercies last;
His promise passed, Forever sure.

108.

YE boundless realms of joy!
Exalt your Maker's name;
His praise your tongues employ
Above the starry frame.
Your voices raise, Ye Cherubim!
And Seraphim! To sing his praise.

His chosen saints by grace
He lifts to thrones on high,
And favors Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh.
O therefore raise Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice The Lord to praise.

DENMARK. L. M.

GOD.

109.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care;
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We 'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

110

JEHOVAH reigns; He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

Forever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure,
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

111.

YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God; 't is He alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

L. M.

Na - ture, with all her powers, shall sing God the Cre - a - tor, and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas, De - ny the trib - ute of their praise.

GOD.

112.

NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
God the Creator, and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Nations, pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna, from ten thousand tongues.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

113.

TO God, the great, the ever blessed,
Let songs of honor be addressed;
His mercy firm forever stands;
Give Him the thanks his love demands.

Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice.
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to Thee.

114.

NOT unto us, Almighty Lord,
But to Thyself the glory be;
Created by thy awful word,
We only live to honor Thee.

Where is their God? the heathen cry,
And bow to senseless wood and stone;
Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,
And calls ten thousand words his own.

Vain gods, vain men! the Lord alone
Is Israel's Worship, Israel's Friend;
O fear his power, his goodness own,
And love Him, trust Him, to the end.

Who lean on Him, from strength to strength,
From light to light, shall onward move,
Till through the grave they pass at length,
To sing on high his saving love.

L. M.

He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns; Praise Him in e - van - gel - ic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs re - joice, And dis - tant isl - ands join their voice.

GOD.

115.

HE reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise Him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

In robes of judgment, lo, He comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

116.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

117.

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

C. M.

GOD.

118.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

Behold, He comes! He comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

119.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our Eternal King.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

He said, Let the wide heaven be spread,
And heaven was stretched abroad;
Abraham, I'll be thy God, He said,
And He was Abraham's God.

O, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine!
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I'd trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C. M.

Great God! how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worth-less worms are we;
Let the whole race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.

GOD.

120.

GREAT God! how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God! how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

121.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

Now is the time; He bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
Ye shall not see my rest.

122.

TO God, ye choir above, begin
A hymn so loud and strong,
That all the universe may hear,
And join the grateful song.

Sing Him, ye distant worlds and suns,
From whence no travelling ray
Hath yet to us, through ages past,
Had time to make its way.

Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
Ye creatures great and small,
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
That made and governs all.

From all the boundless realms of space,
Let loud hosannas sound;
Loud send, ye wondrous works of God,
The grateful concert round.

LONDON. C. M.

GOD.

123.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Time like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 't is night.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

124.

O GOD, we praise Thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To Thee all angels cry aloud,
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim
Continually do cry,

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey;
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company
The prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy Church, throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That thou th' eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty; —

Thy honored, true, and only Son;
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy; — O Christ,
Of glory thou art King.

C. M.

GOD.

125.

THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

126.

AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapors rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

All power that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with Him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be named,
Where our Jehovah's known.

Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

O nation! know thy living God,
Serve Him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honors there.

127.

O GOD! my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

Be Thou, O God! exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

LENOX. H. M.

Ye tribes of Adam, join With heaven, and earth, and seas, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song, In worlds of light Begin the song.

GOD.

128.

YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng Of angels bright,
In worlds of light, Begin the song.

The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, And all their frame
From nothing came, To praise the Lord.

He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past;
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In different ways His works proclaim
His wondrous name, And speak his praise.

Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
While earth and sky Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise His honors high.

129.

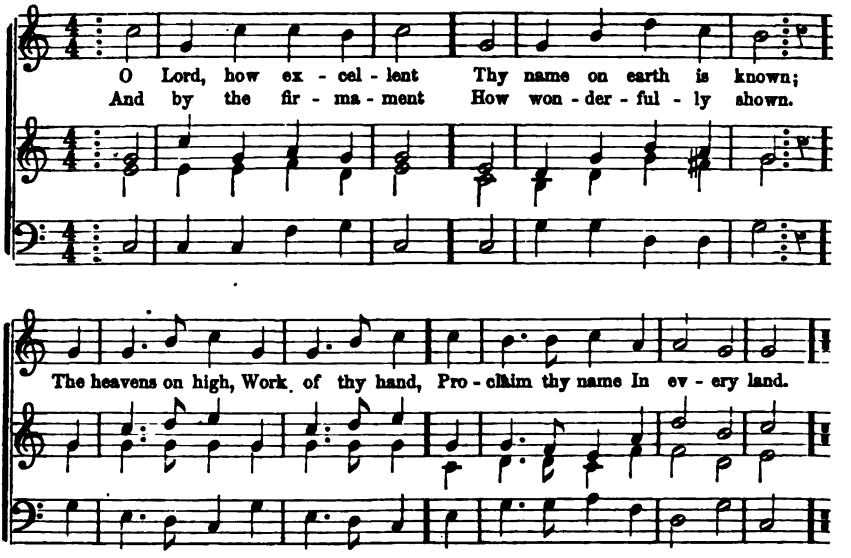
GIVE thanks to God Most High,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace Are still the same;
And let his name Have endless praise.

He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure;
And ever sure Abides thy word.

He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe;
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace Are still the same;
And let his name Have endless praise.

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the Heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure;
And ever sure Abides thy word.

H. M.


O Lord, how ex - cel - lent Thy name on earth is known;
And by the fir - ma - ment How won - der - ful - ly shown.
The heavens on high, Work of thy hand, Pro - claim thy name In ev - ery land.

GOD.

130.

O LORD, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known;
And by the firmament,
How wonderfully shown.
The heavens on high, Work of thy hand,
Proclaim thy name In every land.

O Lord, why shouldst thou deign
On man to set thy love;
Give him on earth to reign,
Then fill a throne above?
How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
World without end Let earth proclaim.

131.

ERE mountains reared their forms,
Or earth in order stood,
Before the birth of time,
Forever Thou art God.
A thousand years Are as one day,—
Future and past,— To Thee, alway.

But our brief life 's a dream,
A passing thought, soon o'er,
That fades with morning's beam,
And fills the mind no more.
To us, O Lord, True wisdom give,
That we at length With Thee may live.

132.

A VOICE in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Sets forth the wondrous tale
Of thy Almighty power.
The birds that sing Proclaim thy praise;
With voiceful Spring Their anthem raise.

Shall I be mute, alone,
Midst Nature's loud acclaim?
My heart with answering tone
Breathes forth thy holy name.
Nature and time Shall cease to be;
But God's own breath Still breathes in me.

133.

THOU, the Eternal Lord,
Art high above our thought,
Worthy to be adored
By all thy hands have wrought.
None can compare With Thee, nor vie;
For in thine eye Worlds nothing are.

Of thine unbounded power
To Thee the praise we give;
Thy Being we adore,
Which none can e'er conceive.
Thou dost excel, Art wise alone,
Unsearchable, In dust we own.

C. M. Double. Arranged from BILLINGS'S "MAJESTY."

The Lord descended from above, And bowed the heavens high; And underneath his feet He cast The darkness of the sky.
On cherubins, on cherubins, Full royally He rode, And on the wings of all the winds Came flying all abroad.

GOD.

134.

THE Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath his feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
On cherubins, on cherubins,
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

And from above the Lord sent down
To fetch me from below,
And plucked me out of waters great
That would me overflow.
For, Lord, with him that holy is
Wilt Thou be holy too;
And with the good and virtuous man
Right virtuously wilt do.

135.

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.
The Lord will light my candle so
That it shall shine full bright;
The Lord my God will make also
My darkness to be light.

Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is purely tried;
He is a sure defence to such
As in his ways abide.
My God, my Rock, in whom I trust,
The Worker of my wealth!
My Refuge, Buckler, and my Shield,
The Horn of all my health!

136.

THE Lord is only my support,
And He that doth me feed;
How can I then lack anything
Whereof I stand in need?
He doth me fold in cotes most safe,
The tender grass fast by,
And after drives me to the streams
Which run most pleasantly.

And when I feel myself near lost,
Then doth He home me take,
Conducting me in his right paths,
E'en for his own name's sake.
And though I were e'en at death's door,
Yet would I fear none ill;
For with thy rod and shepherd's crook
I comforted am still.

Thou hast my table richly decked,
In despite of my foe;
Thou hast my head with balm refreshed;
My cup doth overflow.
And finally, while breath doth last,
Thy grace shall me defend,
And in the house of God will I
My life forever spend.

Old "TEN COMMANDMENTS TUNE." L. M.

With glo - ry clad, with strength ar-rayed, The Lord that o'er all na - ture reigns
The world's foundations strongly laid, And the vast fabric still sus - tains.

GOD.

137.

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

How sure established is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art King from all eternity.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

138.

GOD is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If He resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what He does?

He wounds the heart, and He makes whole;
He calms the tempests of the soul;
When He shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

These are a portion of his ways,
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure the light? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

139.

GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in songs of honor, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend, precarious, on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.

His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and died,
To engage his justice on our side.

Each of his words demands my faith,
My soul can rest on all He saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.

IV.

CHRIST.

"ERE THE BLUE HEAVENS."

L. M. CHINA.

Ere the blue heavens were stretched a-broad, From ev - er - last - ing was the Word:
With God He was; the Word was God, And must di - vine-ly be a-dored.

CHRIST.

140.

ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God He was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

By his own power were all things made;
By Him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?

Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

141.

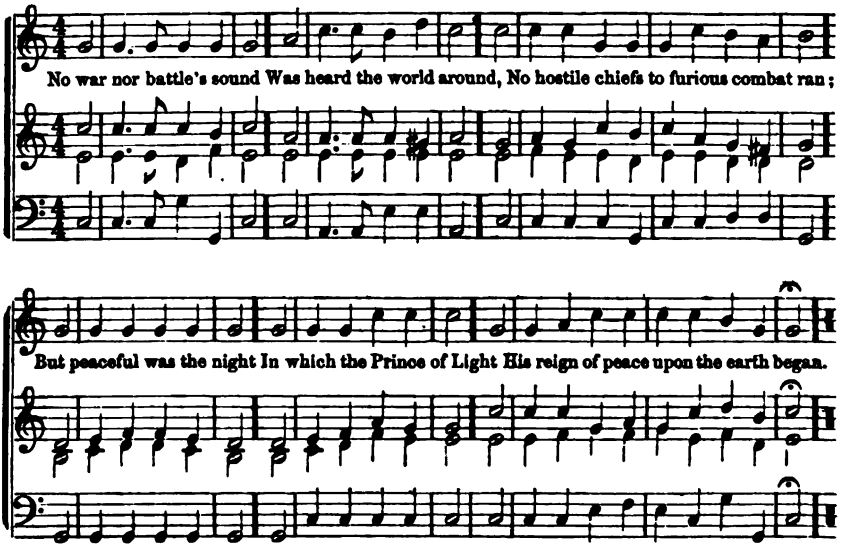
BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To Thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who among the sons of light
Pretends comparison with Thee?

Yet there is one, of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own Him Lord.

● 6s & 10s.


No war nor battle's sound Was heard the world around, No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night In which the Prince of Light His reign of peace upon the earth began.

CHRIST.

142.

NO war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night
In which the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

The shepherds on the lawn
Look for the point of dawn,
Abiding in the fields while darkness grows;
When lo, such music sweet
Their hearts and ears doth greet!—
With echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

Hail! hail! auspicious morn!
The Saviour, Christ, is born!—
Such was th' immortal seraph's song sublime;
Glory to God in heaven!
To man sweet peace be given!
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time.

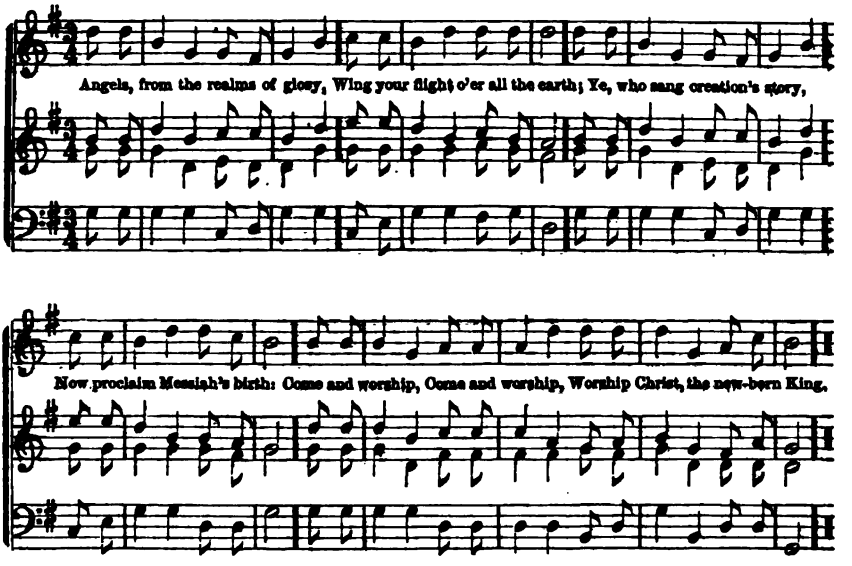
143.

WHAT sudden blaze of song
Spreads all the stars among!
In waves of light it thrills the firmament,
From yonder central fire
Beyond the starry choir;
Glory to God! is the great song's intent.

Now wrapped in swaddling bands,
Christ soon will bless all lands.
No peaceful home upon his cradle smiled;
Guests rudely went and came,
Nor felt one joy, nor shame,
That with them should sojourn the royal child.

Think on th' eternal home
The Saviour left, to come
And dwell on earth, and in such hearts untrue;
Think how your Holy Lord,
With God, was God! The Word!
Man! lead Heaven's host! and give Him praises due.

8s, 7s, & 4s. Or 8s & 7s, by repeating the last two lines.


Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth: Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

CHRIST.

144.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

145.

HARK, what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo, the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest! glory!
Glory be to God most high.

Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high.

C. M. Arranged from BETHLEHEM.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel of the
Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

CHRIST.

146.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.

147.

IN heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend;
Though earth and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

148.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given:
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

C. M.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-ery heart pre-
pare Him room, And heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven and na-ture sing.

CHRIST.

149.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

150.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

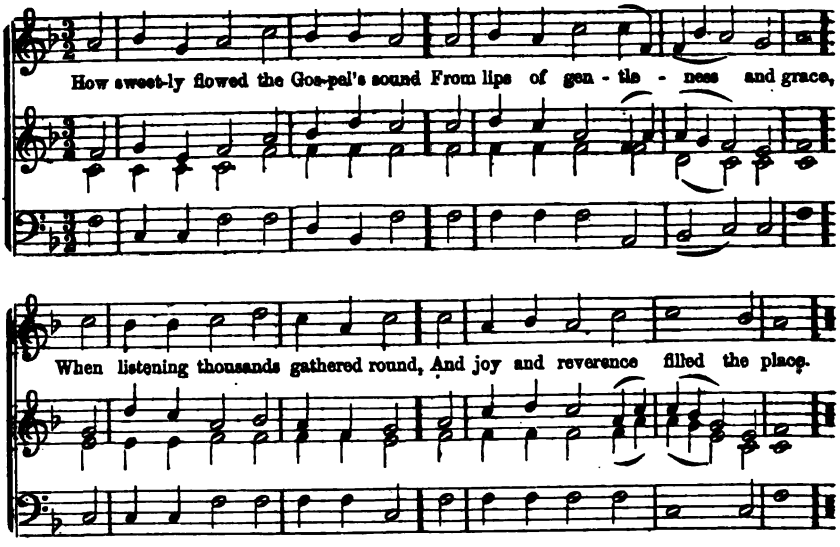
151.

TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And Peace abound below.

L. M.


How sweet-ly flowed the Gos-pel's sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and reverence filled the place.

CHRIST.

152.

HOW sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

Decay, then, tenements of dust,
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

153.

SEE how He loved! exclaimed the Jews,
When Jesus o'er his Lazarus wept;
My grateful heart the words shall use,
While on his life my eye is kept.

See how He loved! who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain begone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

See how He loved! who, firm yet mild,
With patience bore the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provoked, yet ne'er reviled,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.

See how He loved! who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

154.

TO us a child, of royal birth,
End of the promises, is given;
Th' Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

A Saviour born, in love supreme,
He comes, our fallen souls to raise;
He comes, his people to redeem,
With all his plenitude of grace.

The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Filled with the Holy Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King, behold;
And Lord of all the world adore.

The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne, on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

S. M. MORNINGTON.

CHRIST.

155.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree;
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

156.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head.

How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke;
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

I'll give Him, saith the Lord,
A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long.

157.

MY soul, with cheerful eye
See where thy Saviour stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With incense in his hands.

Teach my weak heart, O Lord,
With faith to call Thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word —
Father — with joy divine.

MT. EPHRAIM. S. M.

CHRIST.

158.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

159.

THOU very Paschal Lamb!
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,—
Thy ransomed people lead.

Angel of Gospel grace!
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people pour
The manna of thy love.

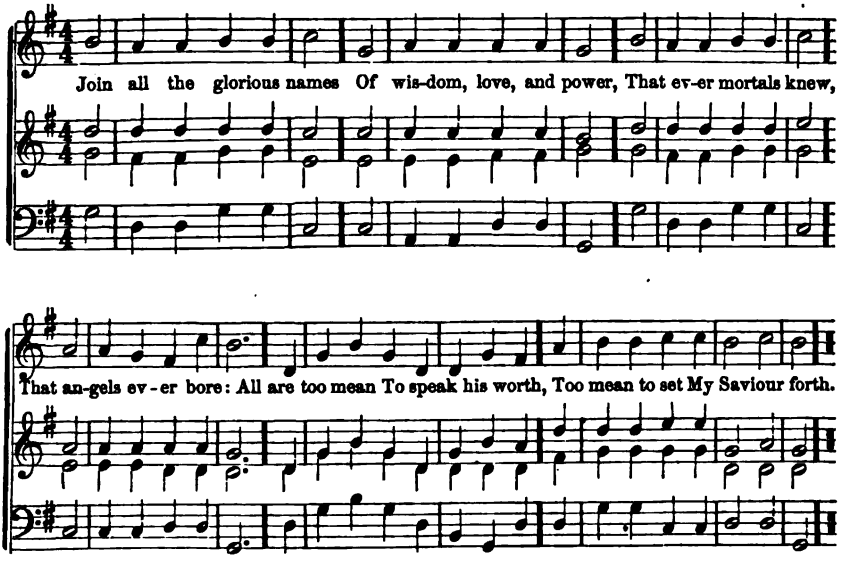
160.

TO Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God Most High,
The Father of the world to come,
We lift our joyful cry.

O Fount of endless life!
O Spring of water clear!
O Flame celestial! cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near.

Hide me in thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly,
There seek thy grace in life, in death
Thine immortality.

H. M.


Join all the glorious names Of wis-dom, love, and power, That ev-er mortals knew,
That an-gels ev-er bore: All are too mean To speak his worth, Too mean to set My Saviour forth.

CHRIST.

161.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean To speak his worth,
Too mean to set My Saviour forth.

But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy And wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul At freedom set,
My Surety paid The dreadful debt.

I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep.
He feeds his flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears The tender lambs.

162.

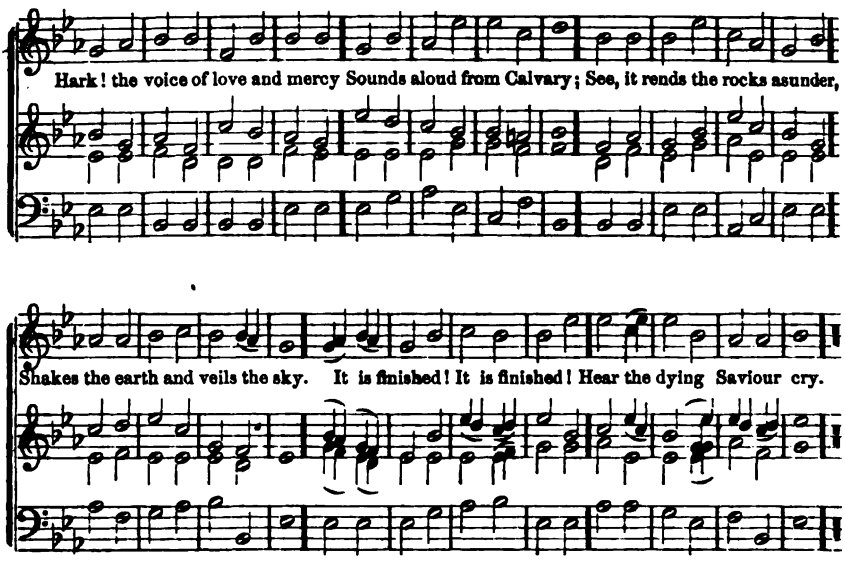
JESUS, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood Did once atone,
And now it pleads Before the throne.

My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, His love away.

Now let my soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint Shall win the day.
Though death and hell Obstruct the way.

Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe, For Christ displays
Superior power, And guardian grace.

8s & 7s, 6 lines.


Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary; See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky. It is finished! It is finished! Hear the dying Saviour cry.

CHRIST.

163.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
It is finished!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

164.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the man of sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow.
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour! angels crown Him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels! crowd around Him,
Own his title, praise his name.
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation,
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

L. M.

'T is finished! so the Sav-iour cried, And meek-ly bowed his head, and died.
'T is finished! yes, the race is run, The bat - tle fought, the vic - tory won.

CHRIST.

165.

'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died.
'T is finished! yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

'T is finished! this thy dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this thy last expiring breath.

'T is finished! Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

'T is finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'T is finished! let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

166.

JESUS, behold the wise from far
Led to thy cradle by a star;
O guide us by thy light, that we
Our hearts, our all, may bring to Thee.

Jesus, the pure and spotless Lamb,
Who to the Temple humbly came,
O make our proud, our stubborn will
All thy wise, gracious laws fulfil.

Jesus, who on the fatal wood
Pour'dst out thy life's last drop of blood,
O may we ever ready be
To bear shame, pain, and loss for Thee.

Jesus, who by thy own love slain,
By thy own power took'st life again,
O may thy death our souls revive
And e'en on earth a new life give.

Jesus, who to thy heaven again
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign,
O may our parting souls take flight
Up to that land of joy and light.

167.

LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of Thee help us to bear
Our woes, and count the world as loss.

When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

C. M.

CHRIST.

168.

BLEST angels, who adoring wait
Around the Saviour's throne,
O tell us, for your eyes have seen,
The wonders He has done.

Ye saw Him when the heavens and earth
A chaos first He made,
And Night involved the formless deep
In her tremendous shade.

In all his toils and dangers too,
Ye did his steps attend;
Oft paused and wondered how at last
This scene of love would end;

Tended his chariot up the sky,
And bore Him to his throne;
Then swept your golden harps and cried,
The glorious work is done.

My soul the joyful triumph feels,
And thinks the moments long,
Ere she her Saviour's glory sees,
And joins your rapturous song.

169.

INFINITE pity touched the heart
Of the Eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapped his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

To Thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

Thine honor shall forever be
The business of our days;
Forever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

170.

COME, let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts, in solemn lays,
Be with our voices joined.

Should we, through fear or shame, refrain,
The very stones would sing
And tell the universal reign
Of our immortal King.

Worship and honor, thanks and love,
Be to our Saviour given
By men below, by saints above,
By all in earth and heaven.

C. M.

CHRIST.

171.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

172.

I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when He fell;
'T is finished! said his dying breath;
And shook the gates of hell.

'T is finished! our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed, to reach the crown.

Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

173.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music to our ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

HARTS. 7s.

CHRIST.

174.

ANGEL! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey!
See, He rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

'T is the Saviour! angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see Him rise
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Heaven displays her portals wide;
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,—
Thy great Father's and thy own.

Powers of Heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song;
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where is hell's once dreadful King?
Where, O Death, thy mortal sting?

175.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Lo our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,—
Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King,—
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save,—
Where thy victory, boasting grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hid till Christ our Life appear,
Glorious in his members here;
Joined to Him, we then shall shine,
All immortal, all divine.

7s.

CHRIST.

176.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies!
See the glorious Saviour rise.

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

177.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven.

There the pompous triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in.

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still He calls mankind his own.

Still for us He intercedes,
Prevalent his death He pleads;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

178.

CHRIST to heaven has gone before
In the body here He wore;
He that as our Brother died,
Is our Brother glorified.

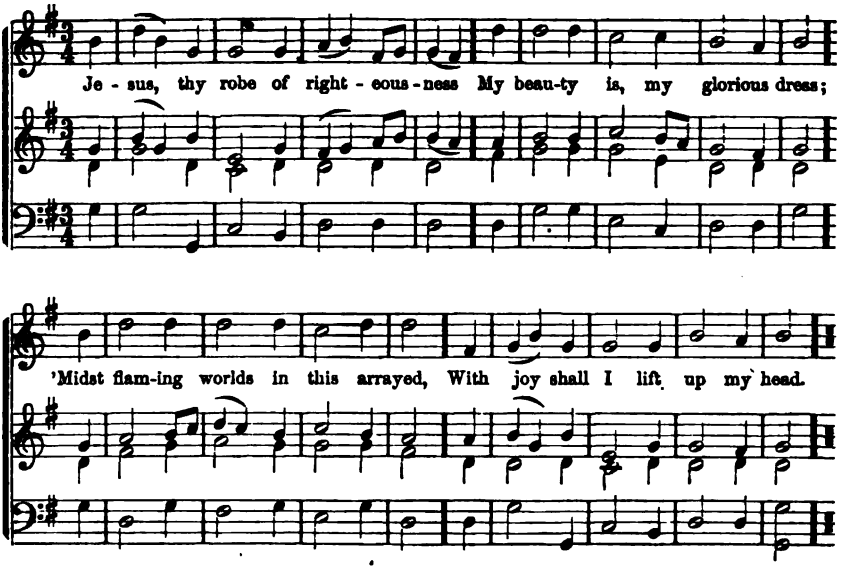
All the angels wondering own,
'T is our nature on the throne;
'How He lovéd them, behold!'—
Trembles on the harps of gold.

Fear not, ye of little faith,
For He hath abolished death;
Death? No longer now we die;
We but follow Christ on high.

And before each fainting one,
Dreading the dark way alone,
Now appear his footsteps bright,
Leading onward into light.

As our Shepherd, He is there,
With the comfort of his care;
Fear no evil, doubt no more,
Christ to heaven is gone before.

L. M.


Je - sus, thy robe of right - eous - ness My beau-ty is, my glorious dress;
'Midst flam-ing worlds in this arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

CHRIST.

179.

JESUS, thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through Thee, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

180.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, 'God is Love';
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

To Christ who won for sinners grace,
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
Forever and forevermore.

181.

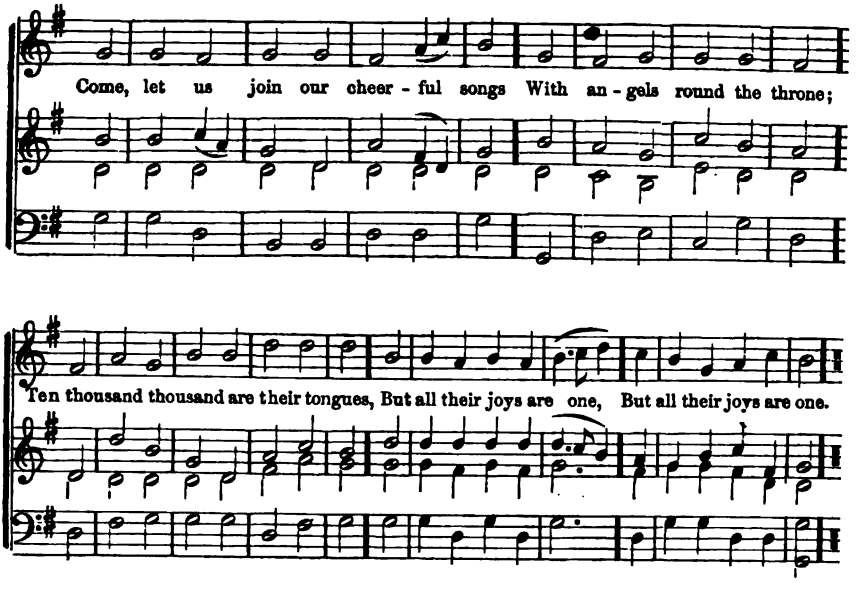
NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell, we bless his name;
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

'T was his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels, doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before He spread the starry sky.

Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions passed,
And brings immortal blessings down.

He dies, and in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, He brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

C. M.


Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

CHRIST.

182.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

183.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds extended wide
Obey his sovereign will.

While harps unnumbered sound his praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this high rock his people run,
And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious He, how happy they
In such a glorious Friend,
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

184.

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire our songs
With thine immortal flame;
Enlarge our hearts, unloose our tongues,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove
The height and depth and breadth and length
Of such transcendent love.

8s & 7s. Double.

Hail, thou once-despisèd Jesus! Hail, thou Galilean King! Thou didst suffer to release us, Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour! Bearer of our sin and shame; By thy merits we find favor, Life is given through thy name.

CHRIST.

185.

HAIL, thou once-despisèd Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By thy merits we find favor,
Life is given through thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

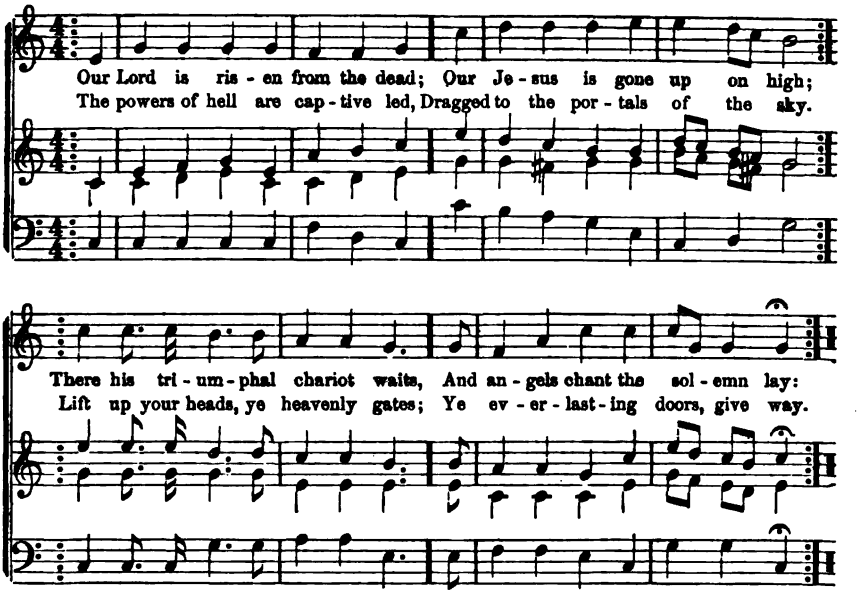
Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

186.

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord, who came to die.
Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow, my praise, forever flow.
Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own.

L. M. Double.


Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky.
There his tri - um - phal chariot waits, And an - gels chant the sol - emn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates; Ye ev - er - last - ing doors, give way.

CHRIST.

187.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blessed.

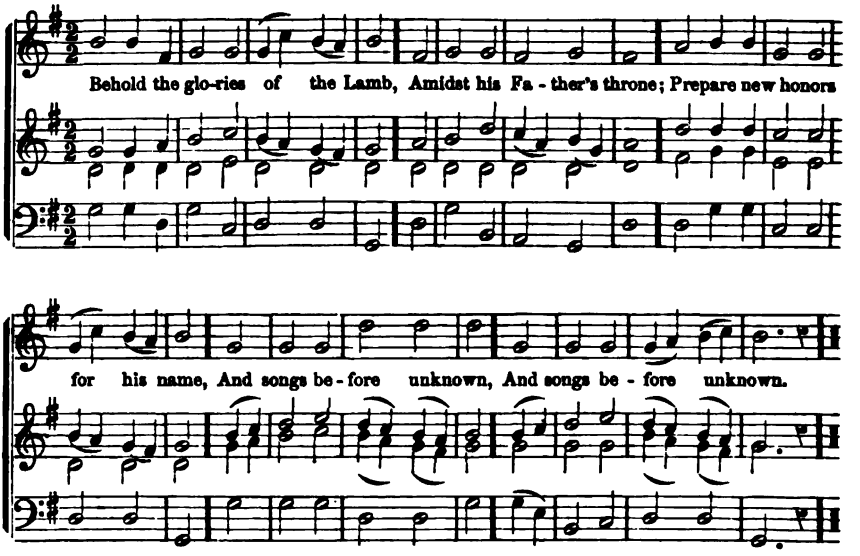
188.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell loud the wonders He hath done.
Sing, how He left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes He wore above;
How swift and joyful was the flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

Hell and its lions roared around;
His precious blood the monsters spilt;
While weighty sorrows pressed him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.
Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
The Almighty Captive prisoner lay;
The Almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.
Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

DEVIZES. C. M.


Behold the glo-ries of the Lamb, Amidst his Fa - ther's throne; Prepare new honors
for his name, And songs be - fore unknown, And songs be - fore unknown.

CHRIST.

189.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood;
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God;
And we shall reign with Thee.

190.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King;
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I 'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

191.

BY faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our noblest strain;
The Father of celestial Powers,
The Friend of earth-born man.

Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransomed worms, look down
For Heaven's superior praise.

The King whose glorious face ye see
For us his crown resigned;
That fulness of the Deity,—
He died for all mankind!

C. M.

CHRIST.

192.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see Him wear the crown.

Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at his feet.

His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine
And circle it around.

This is the Man, the exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.

193.

SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation, let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

194.

COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While with our praises and complaints
We bow before thy throne.

Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

"LET US AWAKE OUR JOYS."

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

Let us awake our joys, Strike up with cheerful voice, Each creature sing. Angels, be-
gin the song, Mortals, the strains prolong, In accents sweet and strong, Je-sus is King.

CHRIST.

195.

LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing.
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents, sweet and strong, —
Jesus is King.

Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame,
What wonders done;
Shout through hell's dark profound,
Let the whole earth resound,
Till the high heavens rebound, —
The victory's won.

He vanquished sin and hell,
And the last foe will quell;
Mourners rejoice.
His dying love adore;
Praise Him now raised in power,
And triumph evermore,
With a glad voice.

All hail the glorious day
When through the heavenly way,
Lo! He shall come,
While they who pierced Him wail; —
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail;
Come, dear Lord, come.

196.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye his name.
His love and grace adore
Who all our sorrows bore,
And sing forevermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In Him we will rejoice
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

What though we change our place?
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name.
To Him our songs we bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

7s, Double.

END.
Je - sus, my Re-deem - er, lives; O the joy this sen - tence gives!
Je - sus lives, who once was dead, Lives, my ev - er - liv - ing head.
D.C. Lives, all - glo - rious in the sky; Lives, ex - alt - ed there on high.
END.
END.
D.C.
Lives, tri - um-phant from the grave, Lives, e - ter - nal - ly to save;
D.C.
D.C.

CHRIST.

197.

JESUS, my Redeemer, lives;
O the joy this sentence gives!
Jesus lives, who once was dead,
Lives, my ever-living head.
Lives, triumphant from the grave;
Lives, eternally to save;
Lives, all-glorious in the sky;
Lives, exalted there on high.

Lives, to bless me with his love,
Lives, to plead for me above;
Lives, my hungry soul to feed;
Lives, to help in time of need.
Lives, to grant me rich supply,
Lives, to guide me with his eye;
Lives, to comfort me when faint;
Lives, to hear my soul's complaint.

Lives, to silence all my fears,
Lives, to stoop and wipe my tears;
Lives, to calm my troubled heart,
Lives, all blessings to impart.
Lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,
Lives, and loves me to the end;
Lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

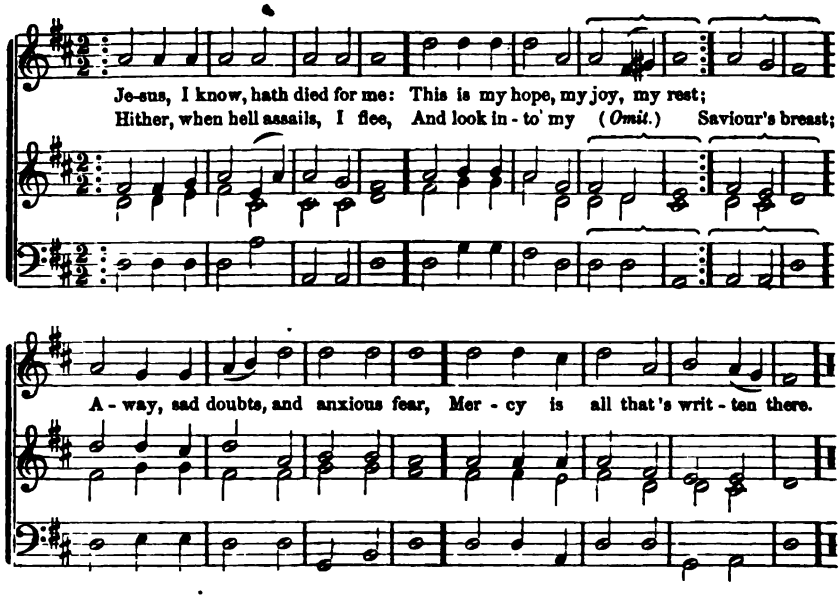
Lives, and grants me daily breath,
Lives, and I shall conquer death;
Lives, my mansion to prepare,
Lives, to bring me safely there.
Lives, all glory to his name,
Lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the joy this sentence gives,
Jesus my Redeemer lives!

198.

SERAPHIM his praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
Ranks of might that never cowers.
Angel hosts his word fulfil,
Ruling Nature by his will;
Round his throne archangels pour
Songs of praise forevermore.

Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state,
For true Man their Lord they see,
Christ, the Incarnate Deity.
Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the choirs above,
Praising, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

L. M. 6 lines.


Je-sus, I know, hath died for me: This is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee, And look in - to my (Omit.) Saviour's breast;
A - way, sad doubts, and anxious fear, Mer - cy is all that 's writ - ten there.

CHRIST.

199.

JESUS, I know, hath died for me;
This is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubts, and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that 's written there.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

200.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me;
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

201.

WHEN Thou hadst rendered up thy breath,
And, dying, drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portals of the skies;
That all who trust in Thee alone
Might follow, and partake thy throne.

Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all his glory reign;
Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes divine;
And Thou, with judgment clad, shalt come,
To seal our everlasting doom.

EDGEWARE. 8s.

CHRIST.

202.

MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable Name.

To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
To feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;

To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view with eternal delight
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see Thee descend on the cloud
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd.

O when wilt Thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on Thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?

203.

I LONG to behold Him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love.

I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God.

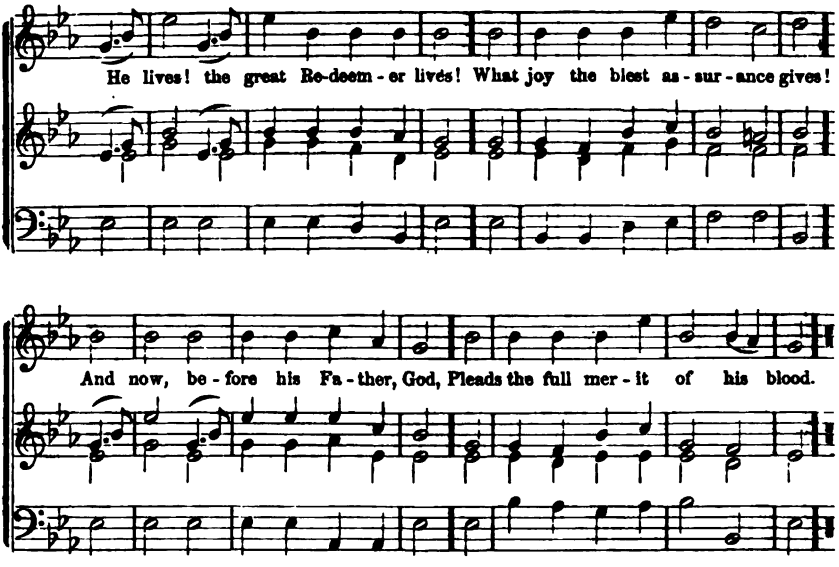
With Him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord.

But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in Thee.

How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above;
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.

Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

L. M.


He lives! the great Re-deem-er lives! What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!
And now, be-fore his Fa-ther, God, Pleads the full mer-it of his blood.

CHRIST.

204.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

205.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name?

Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Life, who groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

All riches are his native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred Name,
And every creature say, AMEN.

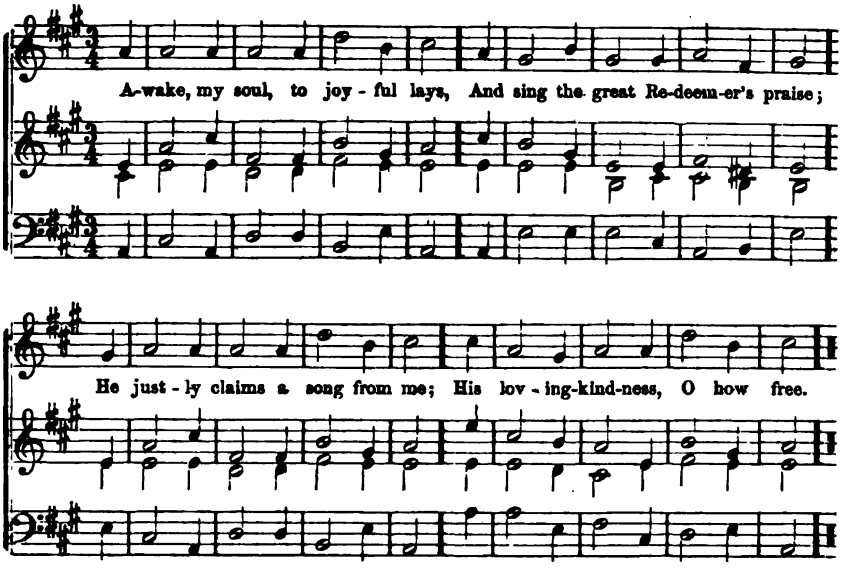
206.

HE reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

Come make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

L. M.


A-wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re-deem-er's praise;
He just - ly claims a song from me; His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how free.

CHRIST.

207.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O how free.

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great.

Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong.

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good.

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

208.

JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace;
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears to me.

Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of salvation leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

Should death and hell and powers unknown
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

209.

WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest.

Yet still, O Lord, our waiting eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around Thee shine.

TRURO. L. M.

CHRIST.

210.

NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

Grace! 't is a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

O, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

211.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

'T was He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood;
'T is He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.

Behold, on flying clouds He comes!
And every eye shall see Him move;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Now He displays his pardoning love.

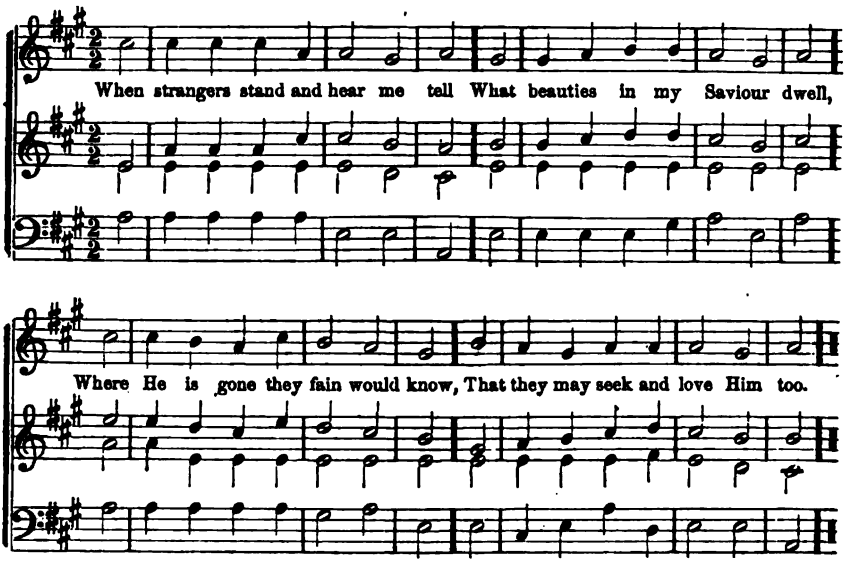
The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

212.

WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heaven the Lord of all;
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

Higher, still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice! the note prolong;
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign;
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

L. M.


When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where He is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love Him too.

CHRIST.

213.

WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where He is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love Him too.

My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But He descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

He has engrossed my warmest love;
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell can make us part.

He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.

O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my Love.

214.

HARK, the Redeemer, from on high,
Sweetly invites his favorites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt
He gently speaks and calls us out.

Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my side.

215.

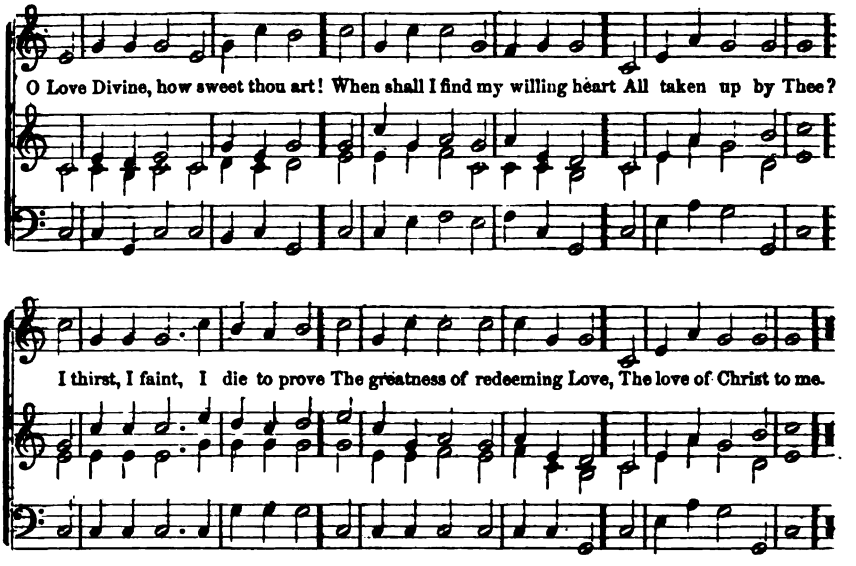
JESUS, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day;
The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

C. P. M.


O Love Divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming Love, The love of Christ to me.

CHRIST.

216.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of Redeeming Love,
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God!
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

217.

O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith!
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
Thy Maker is thy Friend.

The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away;
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount upon his sable wings,
To everlasting day.

C. P. M.

O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings In notes almost divine.

CHRIST.

218.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

219.

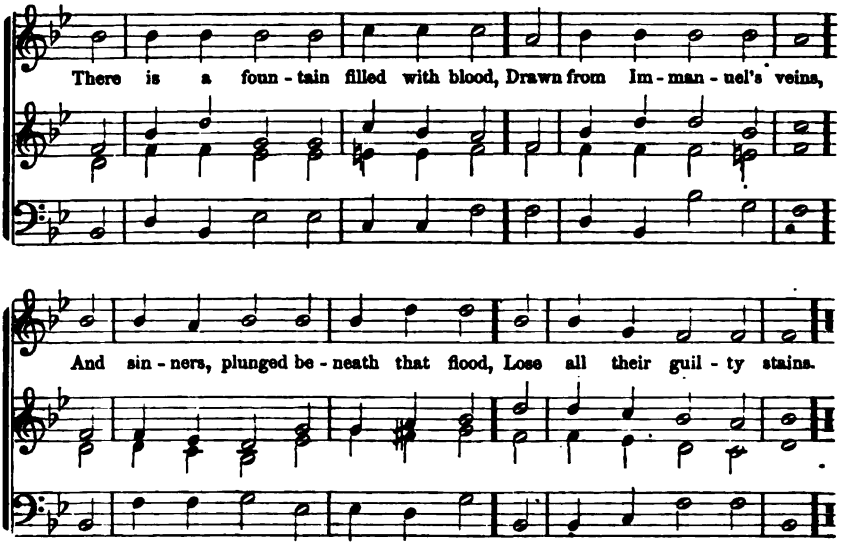
LORD, thou hast won! at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to Thee;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

Lord! since Thou hast thy love revealed,
And shown my soul a pardon sealed,
I can resist no more;
Couldst Thou for such a sinner bleed?
Canst Thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore.

If Thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For Thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by Thee.

C. M.


There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

CHRIST.

220.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

221.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own,
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

222.

UPON a world of guilt and night
The Morning-star arose;
"Enough! mine eyes have seen its light;
Now welcome death's repose.

Now lettest Thou thy servant, Lord,
In peace his soul resign;
These eyes, according to thy word,
See Judah's Day-star shine."

Faith still beholds her risen Lord,
Though hid from mortal sight;
Shine forth, O Saviour, in thy word,
And fill the world with light.

C. M.

CHRIST.

223.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

224.

FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home;
The Lord my portion is.

Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven and earth and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give Himself to me.

His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while He pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

For Him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for Him renown;
Well may I glory in my cross,
While He prepares my crown.

C. M.

Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow;
His head with ra-diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

CHRIST.

225.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

226.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is his; is his by right, —
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal Light.

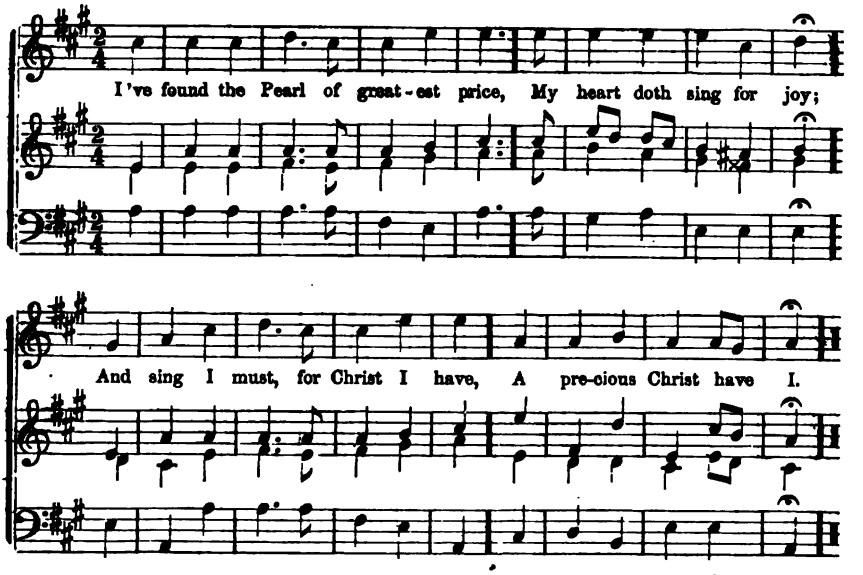
The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests his love,
And grants his Name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

C. M.



CHRIST.

227.

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
A precious Christ have I.

Christ Jesus is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings,
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

Christ Jesus is the heaven of heaven;
My Christ, what shall I call?
Christ is the first, Christ is the last,
Yea, Christ is all in all.

All glory to the God of love,
One God in persons three;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
One equal glory be.

228.

THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious Light have seen;
The light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness!
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on his shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God, by all adored.

229.

LORD, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'T is strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other Name but thine.

C. M.

CHRIST.

230.

I'LL speak the honors of my King;
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

Justice and truth attend Thee still;
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill,
With most peculiar joys.

231.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To Thee their prayers and songs ascend;
In Thee their wishes meet.

Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.

Thou art their triumph, and their joy;
They find their all in Thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

232.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love, immortal flame!
Tune every heart and tongue.

His love what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

C. M.

CHRIST.

233.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

234.

JESUS! our Hope, our hearts' desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death
To set thy people free.

But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

O may thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we stand around thy throne,
And see thy glory there.

Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

All praise to Thee who dost ascend
Triumphantly to heaven;
All praise to God the Father's name,
And Holy Ghost be given.

C. M.

CHRIST.

235.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God!
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

'T is by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'T is by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

236.

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the vail;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

His promise stands forever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are
When with eternal, future things,
The present we compare.

I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

237.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

PILESGROVE. L. M.

Thou, whom my soul ad - mires a - bove All earth - ly joy and earth - ly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know, Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

CHRIST.

238.

THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

His dearest flesh He makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here, to these hills, my soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

239.

NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
Jesus the Lord! how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

Thy throne, O God, forever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

240.

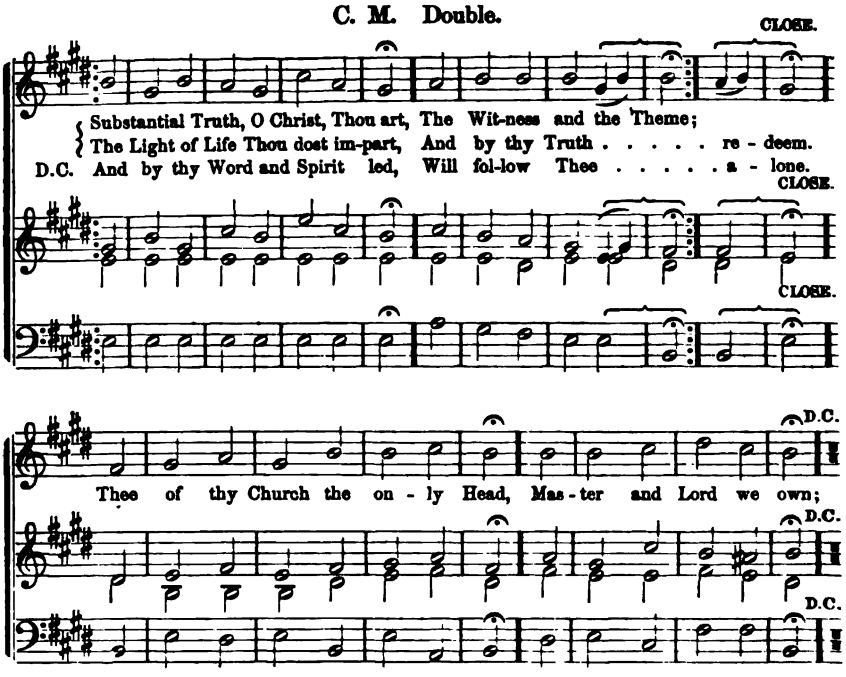
JESUS! Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
From the blest bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

We taste Thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus! ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

C. M. Double.


CLOSE.
Substantial Truth, O Christ, Thou art, The Wit-ness and the Theme;
The Light of Life Thou dost im-part, And by thy Truth . . . . . re - deem.
D.C. And by thy Word and Spirit led, Will fol-low Thee . . . . . a - lone.
CLOSE.
CLOSE.
D.C.
Thee of thy Church the on - ly Head, Mas - ter and Lord we own;
D.C.
D.C.

CHRIST.

241.

SUBSTANTIAL Truth, O Christ, Thou art,
The Witness and the Theme;
The Light of life Thou dost impart,
And by thy Truth redeem.
Thee of thy Church the only Head,
Master and Lord we own;
And by thy Word and Spirit led,
Will follow Thee alone.

Thou Lamb of God for sinners slain,
We glorify thy love;
High-Priest in heaven's eternal fane,
Our Advocate above.
Now, through thy rended veil of flesh,
We dare the Throne draw nigh,
And, sprinkled with thy blood afresh,
With boldness, Abba, cry.

Thou art the King of glory, Lord,
Of every realm and race;
Omnipotent thy sovereign word,
Invincible thy grace.
Assume thy universal sway,
Tread down thy monster foes;
Let earth and heaven thy will obey,
And sin's mad conflict close.

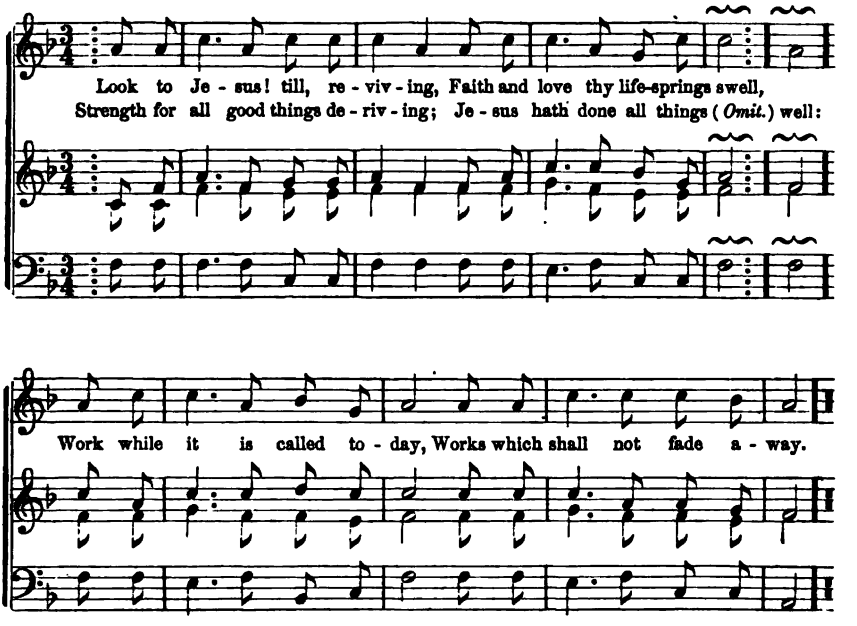
Prophet, Redeemer, Prince supreme,
In whom all fulness dwells!
Thy praise is heaven's eternal theme,
Thy love all praise excels.
Worthy art Thou by filial right
To share the Father's throne;
All creatures own thy sovereign might;
O make all hearts thy own.

242.

NO condemnation! O my soul,
'T is God that speaks the word,
Perfect in comeliness art Thou,
In Christ thy glorious Lord.
In heaven his blood forever speaks
In God the Father's ear;
His Church engraven on his heart,
Jesus will ever hear.

No condemnation! precious word!
Consider it, my soul;
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid;
His stripes have made me whole.
Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
On Christ, the spotless Lamb;
So shall we love thy gracious will,
And glorify thy name.

8s & 7s. 6 lines.


Look to Je - sus! till, re - viv - ing, Faith and love thy life-springs swell,
Strength for all good things de - riv - ing; Je - sus hath done all things (*Omit.*) well:
Work while it is called to - day, Works which shall not fade a - way.

CHRIST.

243.

LOOK to Jesus! till, reviving,
Faith and love thy life-springs swell,
Strength for all good things deriving;
Jesus hath done all things well.
Work, while it is called to-day,
Works which shall not fade away.

Look to Jesus, prayerful waking
Where thy feet on roses tread;
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
With thy cross, where He hath led.
Baffled shall the tempter flee,
And God's angels come to Thee.

Look to Jesus, when, dark lowering,
Perils thy horizon dim;
Once from Him a band fell cowering;
Calm in tempests, look on Him;
Wind and billow, fire and flood,—
Forward! brave by trusting God.

Look to Jesus still to shield thee,
When no longer thou may'st live;
In that last need, He will yield thee
Peace the world can never give;
He who finished all for thee
Takes thee, then, with Him to be.

244.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above:
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns! the God of love!
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

King of glory, reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing!
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps, we'll sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

8s & 5s.

CHRIST.

245.

SING of Jesus, sing forever
Of the love that changes never!
Who, or what, from Him can sever
Those He makes his own?

With his blood the Lord hath bought them,
When they knew Him not, He sought them,
And from all their wand'rings brought them.
His the praise alone.

Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
And through all their way He speeds them
To their home above.

There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from heaven and sought them,
Him who by his Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

246.

SAINTS in glory! we together
Know the song that ceases never;
Song of songs! Thou art, O Saviour!
All that endless day.

Theme of Adam when forgiven,
Theme of Abraham, David, Stephen;
Souls, ye chant it entering heaven,
Now, henceforth, alway.

O the God-Man! O Immanuel!
Cloud by day! Jehovah-Angel!
Fire by night! He led his Israel,
So He leads us home.

Lo! before us He is going;
Though in tears we're often sowing,
Yet his praises round us strowing,
Lo! we come! we come!

Evermore He 'll bear the nail-print;
Evermore we 'll see the thorn-print;
Evermore He 'll feel the spear-print;
These our joy and pride.

Come, ye angels, round us gather,
While to Jesus we draw nearer;
In his throne He 'll seat forever
Those for whom He died.

Underneath his throne, a river
Clear as crystal flows forever,
Like his fulness, failing never;
Hail, enthronèd Lamb!

O the unsearchable Redeemer!
Shoreless Ocean, sounded never!
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus Christ, the same.

V.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"ETERNAL SPIRIT! WE CONFESS."

L. M.

E - ter - nal Spir - it! we con-fess, And sing the won-ders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our bless-ings down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

247.

ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to-day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

248.

ON all the earth thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let Him opposers all o'errun,
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

Yea, let Him, Lord! in every place
His richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

Grant this, O Holy God, and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due;—
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

DUNDEE. C. M.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

249.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

250.

GREAT Spirit! by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
With joy we then shall feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

251.

COME, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire!
Fountain of life and love!

Water with heavenly dew thy word,
In this appointed hour;
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
And bid it come with power.

Open the hearts of them that hear,
To make the Saviour room;
Now let us find redemption near;
Let faith by hearing come.

L. M. 6 lines.

Creator Spirit! by whose aid The world's foundations first were laid, Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind; From sin and sorrow set us free, And make us temples worthy Thee.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

252.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

Thou Strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command!
Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter! to Thee.

253.

O THAT the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast,
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

Come, Holy Ghost! my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire;
Let no more doubt or cloud remain;
Give me the sense of sin forgiven,
Sweet foretaste of approaching heaven.

O give th' indisputable seal,
That witnesses the kingdom mine;
That seal of heaven I long to feel,
The signature of love divine;
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

L. M.

Come, Ho - ly Ghost! our souls in - spire, And light-en with ce - les - tial fire;
Thou the A - noint - ing Spir - it art, Who dost thy sevenfold gifts im - part.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

254.

COME, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and power of love;
Enable, with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
They still may be our endless song.

255.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
My sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Lead me to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let me from his pastures stray;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

Then I, conducted still by Thee,
A child of God beloved shall be;
Here to his family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

256.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love!
O shed thy influence from above;
And still from age to age inspire
Thy Church with Pentecostal fire.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our Great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort! heavenly Guide!
Still o'er thy favored Church preside;
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

8s. & 7s.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

257.

HOLY Ghost! inspire our praises;
Shed abroad a Saviour's love;
While we chant the name of Jesus,
Deign on every heart to move.

Source of sweetest consolation!
Breathe thy peace on all below;
Bless, O bless thy congregation;
Bid our hearts with influence flow.

God to us his Son hath given!
Saints, your noblest anthems raise;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Shout the great Jehovah's praise.

258.

HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness!
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy Life, and spread thy Light.

From that height which knows no measure
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish or God can send.

Known to Thee are all recesses
Of the earth and spreading skies;
Every sand the shore possesses
Thy omniscient mind descries.

Manifest thy love forever;
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our reliever,
Guide and teach, support and guide.

259.

FROM thy habitation holy,
Spirit of all truth! descend,
While we sinners, poor and lowly,
At the throne of mercy bend.

Come Thou, as the dew of Hermon
Softly falls on Zion's hill;
Let us in thy strength determine
Henceforth to obey thy will.

Brooding o'er us as on chaos,
Cause our darkness to retreat;
Shine into our hearts, and lay us
Humbled at the Mercy-Seat.

When the heart is crushed and broken,
When bereavement dims the eye,
Let us claim the promise spoken
By those lips which cannot lie.

When we tread the waves of Jordan,
O be near us, Sacred Guest!
Seal to us our hope of pardon,
Guide us to eternal rest.

C. M.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

260.

ETERNAL Spirit! God of Truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing mind
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'T is thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only Thee.

Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

261.

LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

262.

O THAT in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning! come.

Refining Fire! go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

My steadfast soul from sin set free,
Nor let me longer rove:
Let Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

C. M.

Spir - it Di-vine! at - tend our prayer, And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers; O come, Great Spir - it! come!

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

263.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers;
O come, Great Spirit! come!

Come as the Light; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the Fire, and cleanse our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the Dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to know
Thy testifying power.

Come as a Dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

Spirit Divine! attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers;
O come, Great Spirit! come!

264.

SPIRIT of power and might! behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator-Spirit! as of old,
Move on the formless void.

Give Thou the word; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angels' harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew?

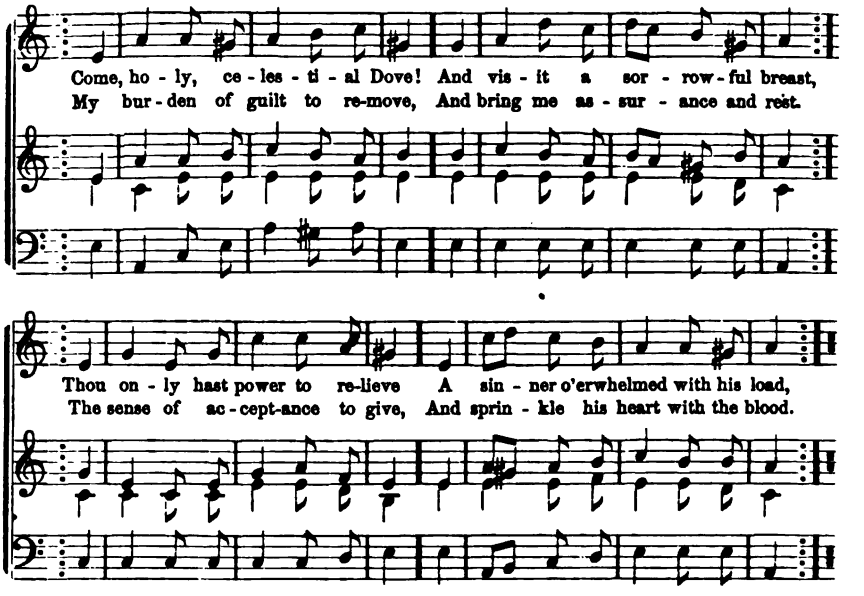
And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice
To whom that Saviour came.

265.

SPIRIT of life, and light, and love!
Thy glorious gifts impart;
From heaven descending like a dove,
Dwell Thou in every heart.

Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit! Thee
Let heaven and earth adore;
Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou shalt be
God blessed evermore.

8s. Double.


Come, ho - ly, ce - les - ti - al Dove! And vis - it a sor - row - ful breast,
My bur - den of guilt to re-move, And bring me as - sur - ance and rest.
Thou on - ly hast power to re-lieve A sin - ner o'erwhelmed with his load,
The sense of ac - cept-ance to give, And sprin - kle his heart with the blood.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

266.

COME, holy, celestial Dove!
And visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest;
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load,
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

If, when I have put Thee to grief,
And madly to folly returned,
Thy pity has been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourned;
Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.

If now I lament after God,
And pant for a taste of his love,
If Jesus hath bought Thee with blood,
For me to receive from above,
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True witness of mercy divine!
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine.

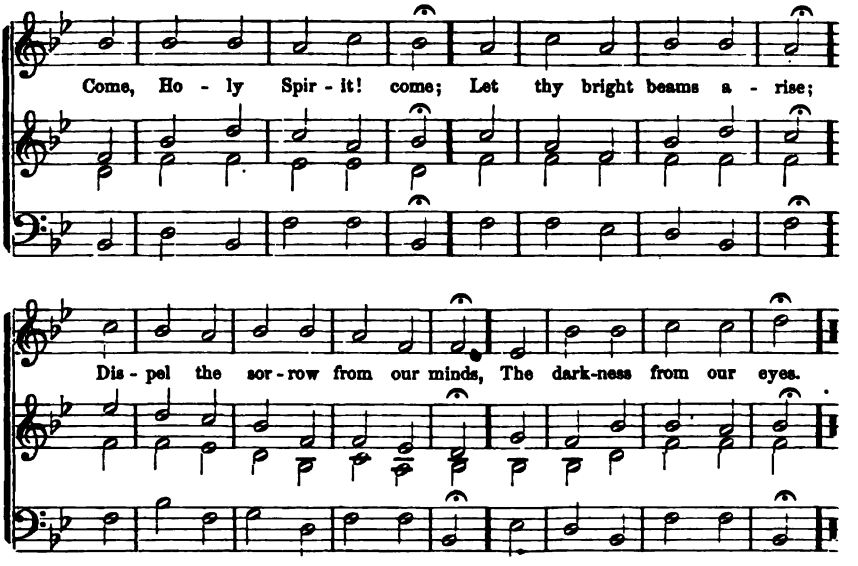
267.

O SAVIOUR! thy word I believe;
My unbelief do Thou remove;
Thy Spirit to quicken me give,—
That unction which comes from above.
Then show me how good, Lord, Thou art;
My soul with thy fulness, Lord, fill;
The Witness send forth in my heart;
The Comforter in me reveal.

In sin dead and hopeless I lie,
Bereft of all power to arise,
Till inwardly He has come nigh,
Thy blood of atonement applies.
That gift of all gifts now impart,
Renew, cleanse me, pardon, and seal;
The Witness send forth in my heart,
The Comforter in me reveal.

Him whom the world cannot receive,
O manifest, Saviour, in me;
For, Lord! I am ceasing to live,
Unless I am living to Thee.
Impute to my soul thy desert;
Restore to the state whence I fell;
The Witness send forth in my heart;
The Comforter in me reveal.

S. M.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

268.

COME, Holy Spirit! come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell, Spirit! in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

269.

COME, Spirit, Source of light;
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

Thy teachings make us know,
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

While through this maze we stray,
O spread thy beams abroad;
Point out the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

270.

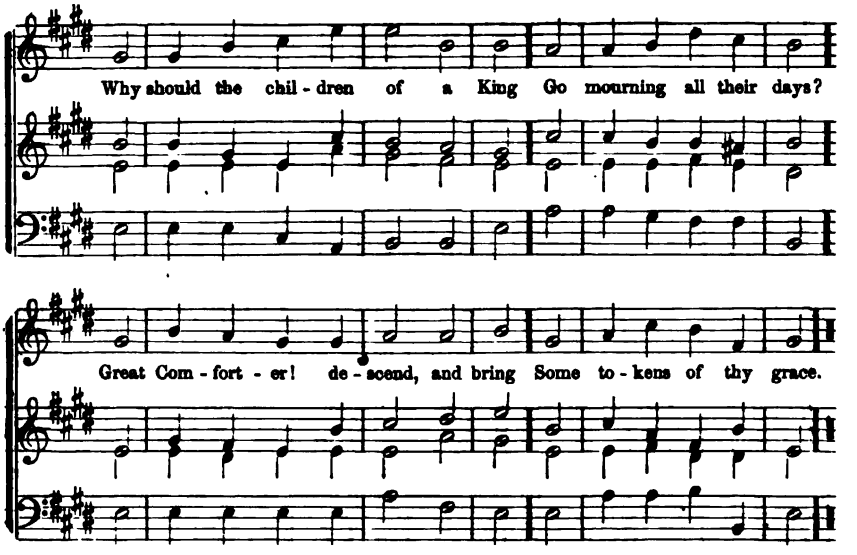
BLEST Comforter Divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

Draw, with thy still, small voice,
From every sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
Thine all-sufficient grace.

C. M.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

271.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

272.

SPIRIT of holiness! look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And when we tremble at thy frown,
O bring thy comforts near.

The terror thy convictions wrought,
O let thy grace remove;
And may the souls which Thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

Complete the work Thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light;
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

273.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love.

Great Comforter! our souls confess,
Without thy presence here
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless prayer.

Wake, heavenly Wind! arise, and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid the whole assembly keep
Attention to Thee, Lord.

VI.

THE TRINITY.

"GOD IS A NAME MY SOUL ADORES!"

L. M.

God is a name my soul a - dores! Th' Almighty Three, th' E-ter - nal One!
Na-ture and grace, with all their powers, Con-fess the In - fi - nite Un - known.

THE TRINITY.

274.

GOD is a name my soul adores!
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

Thy voice produced the sea and spheres;
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

275.

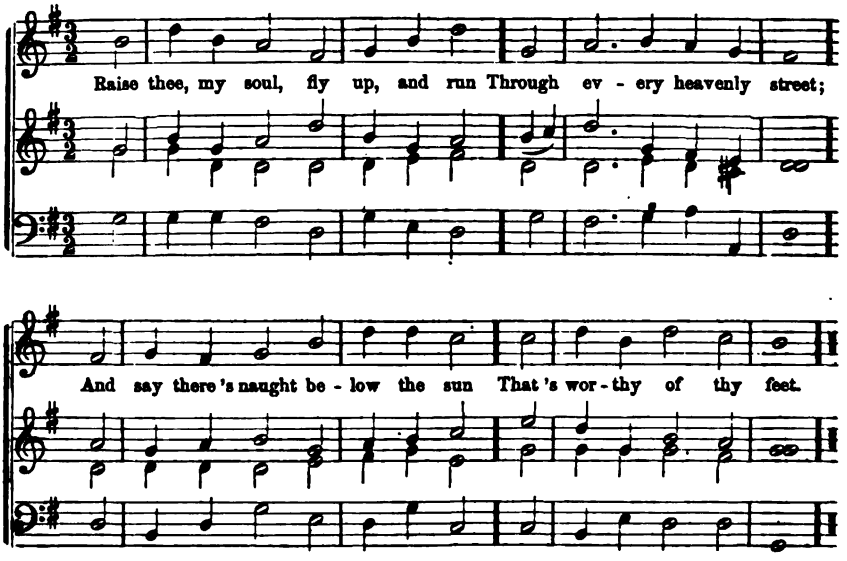
FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

C. M.


Raise thee, my soul, fly up, and run Through ev - ery heavenly street;
And say there 's naught be - low the sun That 's wor - thy of thy feet.

THE TRINITY.

276.

RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street;
And say there 's naught below the sun
That 's worthy of thy feet.

There, on a high, majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

Amid those ever-shining skies,
Behold the Sacred Dove!
While, banished, sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The Infinite Three-One.

Jesus! and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there!

277.

THOUGH Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Seraph to seraph sings,
And angel choirs, with one accord,
Worship with veiled wings;—

Though earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,
Thy way amidst the sea,
Thy path deep floods, thy steps unknown,
Thy counsels mystery;—

Yet wilt Thou look on him who lies
A suppliant at thy feet,
And listen to the feeblest cries
That reach thy mercy-seat.

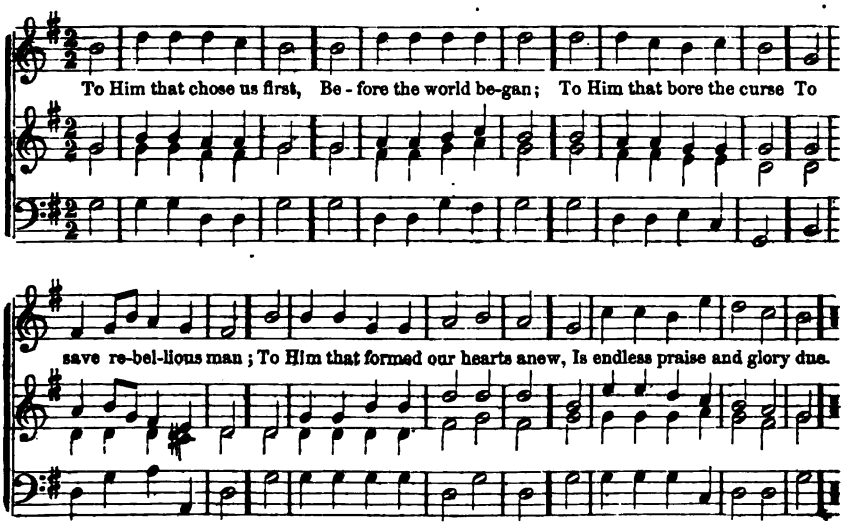
Between the cherubim of old
Thy glory was expressed;
But God through Christ we now behold
In flesh made manifest.

278.

WE raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to the united THREE,
The undivided ONE.

'T was He, and we 'll adore his name,
That formed us by a word;
'T is He restores our ruined frame;
Salvation to the Lord!

H. M.


To Him that chose us first, Be - fore the world be-gan; To Him that bore the curse To
save re-bel-lious man; To Him that formed our hearts anew, Is endless praise and glory due.

THE TRINITY.

279.

TO Him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him that formed
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.

The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address
The Spirit's name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.

Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One;
Thus heaven shall raise
His honors high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

280.

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives,
And now He reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honor done, —
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One.
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

6s. & 4s.

Come, thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father all
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.

THE TRINITY.

281.

COME, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise.
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise!
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord! hear our call.

Come, Thou Incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend.
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

Come, Holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

To the great ONE in THREE
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

282.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One!
All praise be given;
Crown Him, in every song;
To Him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven.

Come, O ye blessed Three!
Come now and visit me;
Dwell in my breast.
Have ye not chosen me?
Have ye not ransomed me?
Have ye not sealed me?
Then with me rest.

ALCESTER. 7s.

THE TRINITY.

283.

HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord,
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,—

All thy works around Thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore.

Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King.

Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

284.

GOD eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at thy feet we fall.
All the earth doth worship Thee;
We amid the throng would be.

All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice holy, God Most High!
Glorified Apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise.

With thy prophets' goodly line,
We in mystic bond combine;
Martyrs in a noble host
Of thy cross are heard to boast.

All thy Church in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth,
Own the God who all has made,
And the Spirit's soothing aid.

Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Slain, and Victor o'er the tomb!
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thy own.

Day by day we magnify
Thee, and would to Thee be nigh.
Keep us from the tempter's snare,
Spare thy people, Jesus! spare.

S. M.

THE TRINITY.

285.

WHILE all the angel-throng
Gives thanks to God on high,
Let earth repeat the joyful song,
And echo to the sky.

Father! in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thine eternal love.

Incarnate Deity!
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

Spirit of holiness!
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

Eternal, glorious Lord!
Let all the saints above,
Let all the sons of men, record,
And celebrate thy love.

286.

SPIRIT of Truth! come down,
Reveal the things of God.
And make to us the Saviour known;
Apply his precious blood.

His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the vail away,
And breathe the living word.

Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord! my God!

287.

TO God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

L. M.

The peace which God a-lone re-veals, And by his word of grace im-parts,
Which on-ly the be-liev-er feels, Di-rect, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

THE TRINITY.

288.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

289.

BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To which celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to Thee, great Son of God!
From whose dear, wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give Thee, Sacred Spirit! praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

290.

BLESSING and honor, praise and love,
Coequal, coeternal Three!
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to Thee.

Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

291.

BLEST Trinity! from mortal sight
Veiled in thine own eternal Light!
We Thee confess, in Thee believe;
To Thee with loving hearts we cleave.

O Father! Thou Most Holy One!
O God of God! Eternal Son!
O Holy Ghost! Thou Love divine!
To join them both is ever thine.

The Father is in God the Son,
And with the Father He is One;
In both the Spirit doth abide,
And with them both is glorified.

Eternal Father! Thee we praise;
To Thee, O Son! our hymns we raise;
O Holy Ghost! we Thee adore!
One mighty God, forevermore!

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

To Thee all an-gels cry a-loud, And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both cher-u-bin and ser-a-phin, The heavens and all the powers therein.

THE TRINITY.

292.

TO Thee all angels cry aloud,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both cherubin and seraphin,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

The Apostles join the glorious throng;
The Prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King,
Thee, O Lord God of Hosts! they sing;
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound thy glory and thy love.

Thee we adore, Eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints who here thy goodness see
Through all the world do worship Thee.

293.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known.

Jehovah in Three Persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou wilt eternal life reveal.

O let our pardoned hearts believe
That Thou art pure, essential Love!
The proof then in ourselves receive,
Of the Three Witnesses above.

Our fallen, ruined souls to raise,
The knowledge of thyself bestow;
Reveal the riches of thy grace,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

294.

O KING of Kings! before whose throne
The angels bow! no gift can we
Present, that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to Thee.

O Jesus, set at God's right hand!
With thine eternal Father plead
For all thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth thy succor need.

O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath!
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade.

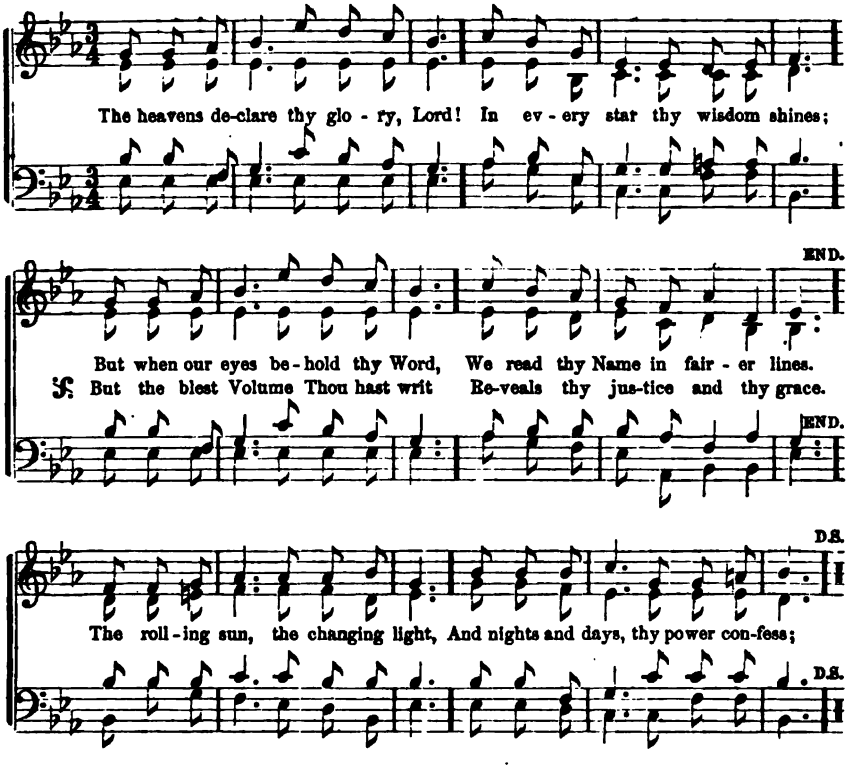
And grant that we through all our days
May share thy gifts, and sing thy praise;
For us in weakness still provide,
And through the world our footsteps guide.

VII.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"THE HEAVENS DECLARE THY GLORY, LORD."

L. M.


The heavens de-clare thy glo - ry, Lord! In ev - ery star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes be-hold thy Word, We read thy Name in fair - er lines.
But the blest Volume Thou hast writ Re-veals thy jus-tice and thy grace.
The roll-ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days, thy power con-fess;
END.
D.S.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

295.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest Volume Thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy Word my guide to heaven.

L. M.

Let everlasting glories crown Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord! Thy hands have brought sal-
vation down, And writ the blessings in thy Word, And writ the blessings in thy Word.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

296.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord!
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy Word.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I 'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.

297.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his Name who died for me.

Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy Word, and must endure.

298.

NOW let my soul, Eternal King,
To Thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed Word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy Name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

L. M. 6 lines.

When qui - et in my house I sit, Thy Book be my com - pan - ion still;
My joy thy say - ings to re - peat, Talk o'er the rec - ords of thy will,
And search the or - a - cles di - vine, Till ev - ery heart-felt word be mine.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

299.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy Book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast;
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious Word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the Church above.

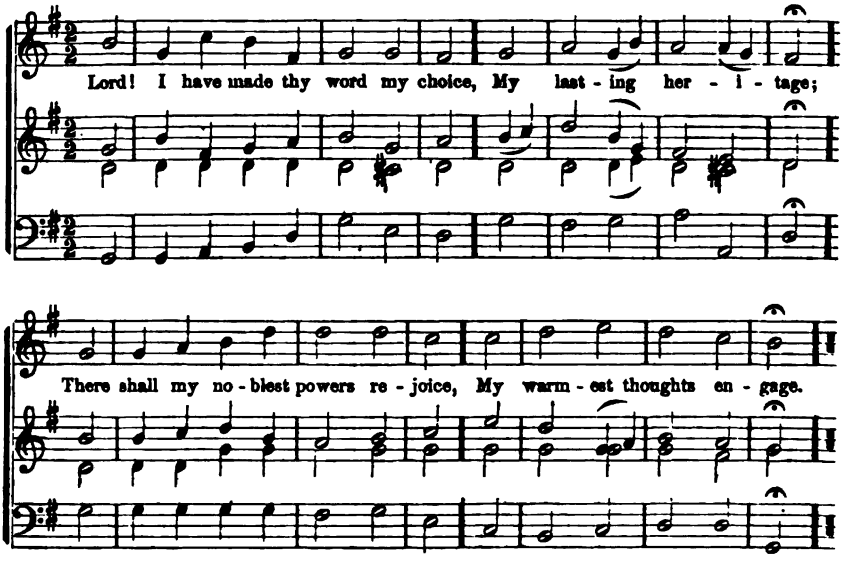
300.

SPIRIT of Truth, essential God!
Who didst thine ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallowed lips with fire;—
Our God from all eternity!
World without end we worship Thee.

Still we believe, Almighty Lord!
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written Word
Is by thy inspiration given;
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

Come, then, divine Interpreter!
The Scriptures to our hearts apply;
And, taught by Thee, we God revere;
Him in three Persons magnify;
And still the triune God adore,
Who was, and is, forever more.

C. M.


Lord! I have made thy word my choice, My last - ing her - i - tage;
There shall my no - blest powers re - joice, My warm - est thoughts en - gage.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

301.

LORD! I have made thy Word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

I 'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

302.

THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

303.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

CANTERBURY. C. M.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

304.

O HOW I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy Word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy Gospel, Lord.

How doth thy Word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope;
And there I write thy praise.

305.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written Word.

The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

This is the Judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

O may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

306.

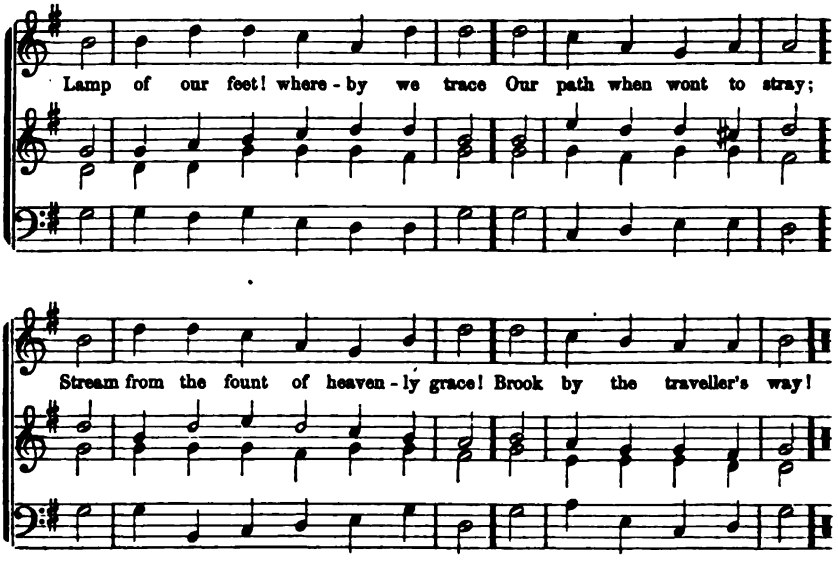
FATHER of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines;
Forever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be Thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Saviour there.

DUNFERMLINE. C. M.


Lamp of our feet! where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heaven-ly grace! Brook by the traveller's way!

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

307.

LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveller's way!

Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True Manna from on high!
Our Guide and Chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And radiant Cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark
Our Anchor and our Stay!

Word of the Everlasting God!
Will of His glorious Son!
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

Lord! grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts,
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

308.

O THAT thy statutes, every hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

To meditate thy precepts, Lord!
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy Word;
Thy Word is all my joy.

How would I run in thy commands,
If Thou my heart discharge
From sin's and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large.

My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I 'll speak thy Word, tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

309.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light!
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

Let these, O God! my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears,
The dayspring to mine eyes.

By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord! save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

L. P. M.

I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford To souls be-night-ed and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear for-bids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

310.

I LOVE the volumes of thy Word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is thy blessed Gospel, Lord!
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

311.

GREAT God! the heavens' well-ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice;
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his Maker, God;
All nature joins to show thy praise.
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines;
But fairer is the book of grace.

132 "HOW SHALL THE YOUNG SECURE THEIR HEARTS."

RINETON. C. M.

How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rule im - parts, To keep the conscience clean.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

312.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

The men who keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

313.

THE starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

But still, thy law and gospel, Lord!
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy Word;
Nor stars so nobly shine.

Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

314.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord!
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy wonders there.

My heart was fashioned by thy hand;
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Since I 'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

315.

WHEN I confessed my wandering ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work forever I 'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

VIII.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

"COME HITHER, ALL YE WEARY SOULS."

L. M.

Come hith - er, all ye wea - ry souls! Ye heavy - la - den sin - ners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

316.

COME hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

They shall find rest who learn of me;
I 'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

Jesus! we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

317.

SINNERS! obey the Gospel word;
Haste to the supper of the Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own,
And greet his late-returning son;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his love;
He will the stony heart remove,
Apply and witness with the blood,
And wash, and seal you sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Their harps are tuned, they long to praise
The wonders of Redeeming grace.

WELLS. L. M.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' in-sure the great re-ward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sin-ner may re-turn.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

318.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace; and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

319.

NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God;
Behold, the months come hastening on
When you shall say, My joys are gone.

Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

Eternal King! I fear thy name!
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

320.

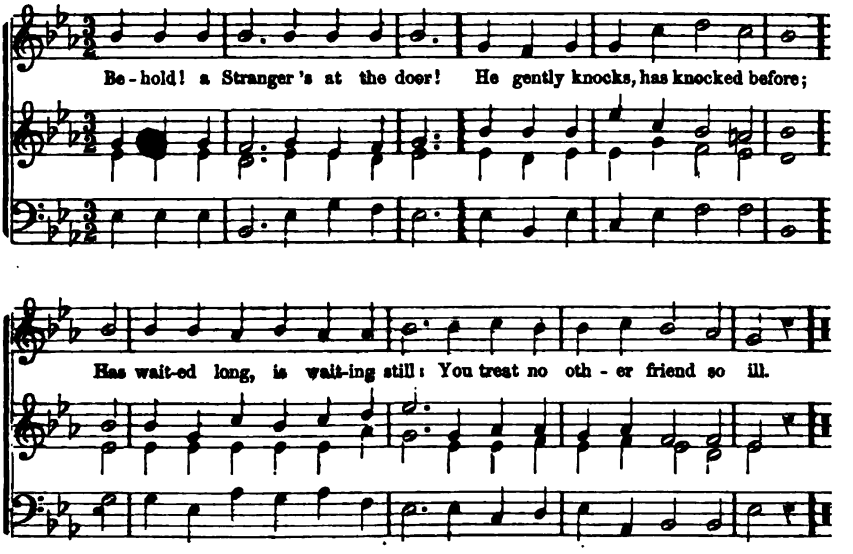
HASTE, traveller! haste; the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light; thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.

The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

Poor, lost, benighted soul! wilt thou
Seek and accept salvation now?
There yet is hope; hear mercy's call;
Truth, Life, Light, Way, in Christ is all.

L. M.


Be-hold! a Stranger 's at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

321.

BEHOLD! a Stranger 's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

Admit Him; for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
Admit Him; or the hour 's at hand
When at his door denied you 'll stand.

Art thou a weeper? grief shall fly;
For who can weep with Jesus by?
No terror shall thy hopes annoy;
No tear, except the tear of joy.

Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of Peace!
O may thy gentle reign increase;
Throw wide the door, each willing mind!
And be his empire all mankind!

322.

TO-DAY, if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

Leave to the world its glittering toys;
Come, share with us eternal joys.
Or, must we leave you bound to hell?
And must we say the long farewell?

Once more we ask you in his name,
For yet his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

323.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul! and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.

See, in the Saviour's dying blood
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'T is only this dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

324.

NOW is th' accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners! come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

Now is th' accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

325.

TO-MORROW, Lord! is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care;
O, be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

326.

OUR Heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

God pities all my griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

Jesus, my living Head!
I bless thy faithful care;
Mine Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.

Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

S. M.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

327.

THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

Ye mortals! mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

328.

THE Lord Jehovah calls!
Be every ear inclined;
May such a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.

If He in thunder speaks,
Earth trembles at his nod;
But gentle accents here proclaim
The condescending God.

O harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to-day,
Lest ere to-morrow's earliest dawn
He calls your souls away.

Almighty God! pronounce
The word of conquering grace;
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
And scorners seek thy face.

329.

YE wretched, starving poor!
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

Jesus with open arms
Is calling you to come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

Room in the Saviour's heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

The Father, reconciled,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

6s & 4s.

Child of sin and sorrow! Filled with dismay, Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come While yet there's room. Child of sin and sorrow! Hear and o - bey.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

330.

CHILD of sin and sorrow! filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there 's room.
Child of sin and sorrow!
Hear and obey.

Child of sin and sorrow! why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high;
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow!
Would bring thee nigh.

Child of sin and sorrow! where wilt thou flee
Through that long to-morrow, Eternity!
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam,
Child of sin and sorrow!
Where wilt thou flee?

Child of sin and sorrow! lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow, in worlds on high.
In that high home,
Graven thy name;
Child of sin and sorrow!
Swift homeward fly.

331.

WHY that soul's commotion, trembling, oppressed,
Like the troubled ocean, heaving its breast?
Some hidden grief
Demands relief.
Why that soul's commotion,
Panting for rest?

Why that soul's commotion? cease from thy sin;
Choose the better portion; cleanse thee within.
A fountain flows
To heal thy woes;
Why that soul's commotion?
Wash and be clean.

Why that soul's commotion? Heaven can forgive;
With thy heart's devotion, firmly believe;
To-day return,
And cease to mourn.
Why that soul's commotion?
O turn and live!

S. M.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL

332.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

Ye sinners! seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

333.

AND am I born to die!
To lay this body down!
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown!

A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

Soon as from earth I go
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

O Thou! that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery,

Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That, when Thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

334.

COME! take his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform thy oft-repeated vow,
And render Him thy heart.

Repent! return! receive
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth we live,
We live with God in heaven.

S. M.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

335.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole!

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
Forevermore undone.

336.

THOU Judge of quick and dead!
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:

Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

337.

BUT there 's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind a cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

His truth transcends the sky;
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie;
His anger burns to hell.

How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

L. M.

The day of wrath! that dreadful day! When heaven and earth shall pass a - way!
What power shall be the sin - ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day?

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

338.

THE day of wrath! that dreadful day!
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

339.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God He 's found.

Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God He 's found.

340.

AWAKE, awake, each sluggish soul!
Awake, and view the setting sun!
See how the shades of death advance
Ere half the task of life is done.

Soon will he close our drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more;
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
E'en now He stands before the door!

O Saviour! let these awful scenes
Be ever present to our view;
Teach us to gird our loins about,
And trim our dying lamps anew.

Then, when the king of terror comes,
Our souls shall hail the happy day.
Haste, then, O Saviour! from above,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!

C. P. M.

Thou God of glorious majesty! To Thee against myself, to Thee, A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man; An heir of endless bliss or pain; A sin-ner born to die.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

341.

THOU God of glorious majesty!
To Thee against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure! insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

O God! mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

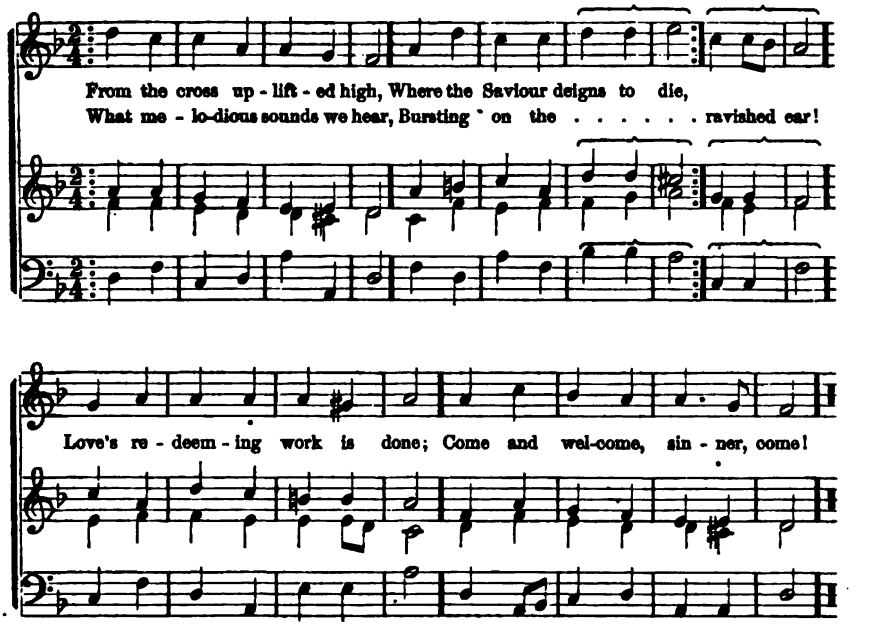
Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live,
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

342.

CHRIST bids us knock and enter in,
Come unto Him, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find;
He bids us ask his grace, and have;
Thou canst, Thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till Thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy Name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

7s. 6 lines.


From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What me - lo-dious sounds we hear, Bursting on the . . . . . ravished ear!
Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Come and wel-come, sin - ner, come!

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

343.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

Spread for thee, the festal board
See! with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

344.

HEARTS of stone! relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast Thou done!
Murdered God's eternal Son.

Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fixed Him there;
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced Him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world He dies.

Will you let Him die in vain?
Still to death pursue your Lord?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No! with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour! take my broken heart.

7s. For 6 lines repeat the last two.

Wea - ry souls, that wan - der wide From the cen - tral point of bliss,
Turn to Je - sus cru - ci - fied; Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sanc - ti - fied by Je - sus' blood, Rise in - to the life of God.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

345.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sanctified by Jesus' blood,
Rise into the life of God.

Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain, He gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan;
Rise, exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's eternal promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind;
Blest in Christ this moment be!
Blest to all eternity!

346.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

See, his mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe his brow;
For his judgment stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee,
Solid mountains melt like wax;
What will then become of thee?

Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

Lord! prepare us by thy grace;
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the Gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

Sin-ners! will you scorn the message Sent in mer-cy from a-bove?
Ev-ery sentence, O how ten-der! Ev-ery line is full of love.
Lis-ten to it! Lis-ten to it! Ev-ery line is full of love.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

347.

SINNERS! will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love.
Listen to it!
Every line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim;
To each rebel sinner, Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name.
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord!
Can you slight it!
Offered to you by the Lord!

O ye angels hovering round us!
Waiting spirits! speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

348.

COME, ye weary, heavy laden!
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you,
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

Lo! th' incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

8s & 7s.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

349.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners! ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all.

Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within,
With infection and uncleanness,
With the leprosy of sin.

Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find.

He that drinks shall live forever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood.

350.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend!
His is love beyond a brother's;
Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love,
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

351.

LORD! with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.

Praise, my soul! the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.

Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear;
And the light of hope revealing
Bid the blood-stained cross appear.

Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth, thy praise.

7s.

Wel-come! wel - come! sin - ner, hear! Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor dis - trust the call; Mer - cy is proclaimed to all.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

352.

WELCOME! welcome! Sinner, hear!
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Welcome to the offered peace;
Welcome, prisoner, to release;
Burst thy bonds; be saved; be free;
Rise and come; He calleth thee.

Welcome, weeping penitent!
Grace had made thy heart relent;
Welcome, long estranged child!
God in Christ is reconciled.

353.

WELCOME to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.

All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest;
All is ready; hear the call;
There is ample room for all.

None can come that shall not find;
Mercy called whom grace inclined;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word, Depart.

O the virtue of that price,
That redeeming sacrifice!
Come, ye bought, but not with gold;
Welcome to the sacred fold.

354.

WHITHER, when you drop this clay,
Shall your spirit wing away?
Words of life! enough for thee:
Where I am, there ye may be.

Yet how reach that high abode?
By what long and untried road?
Hear again the Saviour say,
Lo! I am myself the way.

Christ the Way and Christ the Guide,
Ill can ne'er your soul betide;
Brief the moments that suffice
For the flight to Paradise.

Absent from this mortal frame,
Yet, in consciousness the same,
Death shall swift access afford
To the presence of the Lord.

'T was for this the Saviour died;
That, redeemed and sanctified,
Waking, sleeping with the dead,
Thou mayest live with Christ thy Head.

C. M. Double.

CLOSE.
Let every mor - tal ear at - tend, And every heart re - joice;
The trumpet of the Gos - pel sounds, With an in - vit - ing voice.
D.C. And vain - ly strive, with earth - ly toys, To fill an emp - ty mind.
CLOSE.
CLOSE.
D.C.
Ho! all ye hun - gry, starv - ing souls, Who feed up - on the wind,
D.C.
D.C.

THE GOSPEL'S CALL.

355.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind, —

Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

356.

COME! and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat, —
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.
Come, and He 'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatenings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolved by love.
Or He can take the flint away,
That would not be refined;
And, from the treasures of his grace,
Bestow a softer mind.

There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.
Thus will He pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And He our God of grace.

IX.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

"O THAT MY LOAD OF SIN WERE GONE."

L. M.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

357.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord! Thou know'st I am;
Yet still I cannot come to Thee.

Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all! if mine Thou art,
Give me thy meek, thy lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

358.

FAIN would I learn of Thee, my God!
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

This moment would I take it up,
And after my dear Master bear;
With Thee ascend to Calvary's top,
And bow my head and suffer there.

I would, but Thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Come, Lord! the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear,
My God! my Saviour! come away.

BABYLON'S STREAMS. L. M.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

359.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God! thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord! should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

360.

GREAT God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise, betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.

While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord! let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

361.

LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we 're defiled in every part.

Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, my God! thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types can cleanse me so.

L. M.

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry! Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Be-hold them not with an-gry look, But blot their memory from thy book.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

362.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord!
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

A broken heart, my God! my King!
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

363.

MY soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I 'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

364.

WHEREWITH, O Lord! shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
The first-born led to death, appease?

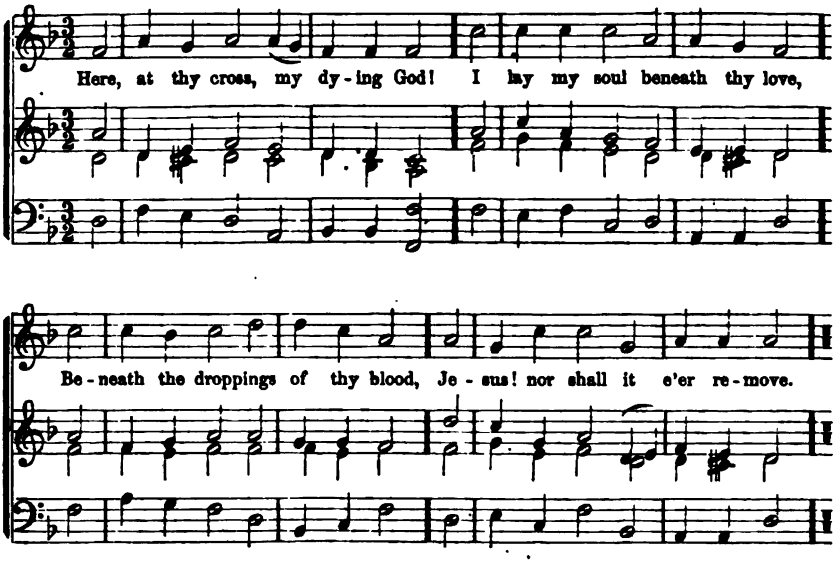
Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

Who would himself to Thee approve
Must take the path thyself hast showed;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone;
Though I to Thee the whole resign,
I only give Thee back thine own.

Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'T is just the sentence should take place;
'T is just, — but O thy Son hath died!

L. M.


Here, at thy cross, my dy-ing God! I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Be-neath the droppings of thy blood, Je-sus! nor shall it e'er re-move.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

365.

HERE, at thy cross, my dying God!
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.

Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that 's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.

But speak, my Lord! and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying God!
And my best honors to his name.

366.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

Thy Name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee! 't is death, — 't is more!
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

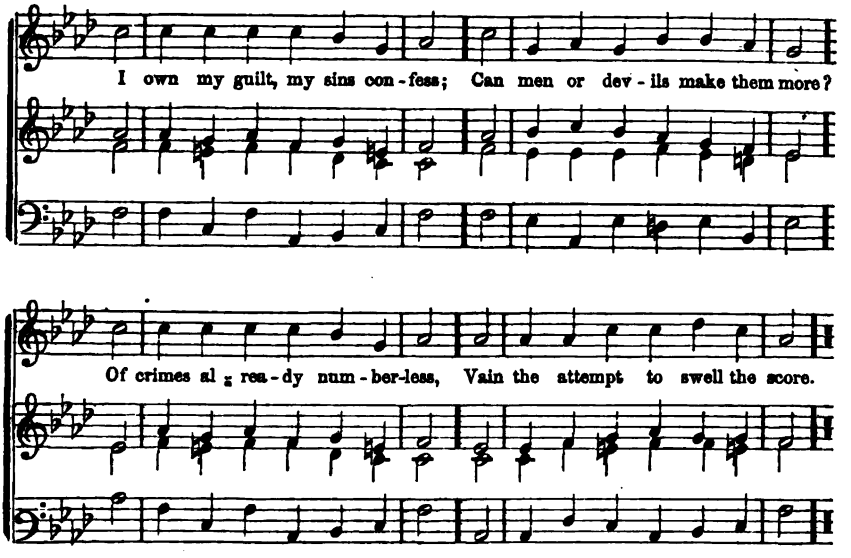
367.

O TURN, great Ruler of the skies!
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

Give me a will to thine subdued;
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

O let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

L. M.


I own my guilt, my sins con-fess; Can men or dev-ils make them more?
Of crimes al-rea-dy num-ber-less, Vain the attempt to swell the score.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

368.

I OWN my guilt, my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember Thou hast died,
'T will only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at thy side.

Low at thy feet I 'll cast me down,
To Thee reveal my guilt and fear,
And, if Thou spurn me from thy throne,
I 'll be the first who perished there.

369.

AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep;
Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,
I come to Thee, my Lord, for rest.

Now, from thy throne of grace above,
Look down upon my soul in love;
That smile shall sweeten all my pain,
And make my soul rejoice again.

By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruined nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord! to thine.

370.

MY soul! with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And every mental power combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace,
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair;

Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

371.

AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart!
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles, widely rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

Dear Lord! to Thee I would return,
And at thy feet, repentant, mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

O let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

C. M.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

372.

O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

My God will pity my complaints,
And drive my foes away;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
When they in sorrow pray.

Arise, my soul! from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

373.

O COULD I lose myself in Thee,
Thou depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

My humbled soul, when Thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies;
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if Thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

374.

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God!
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

How long, dear Saviour! shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt Thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

Break, Sovereign Grace! O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God! thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

S. M.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

375.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

376.

O THAT I could repent!
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart.

A heart with grief oppressed,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

Jesus! on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

377.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer! take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

7s. 6 lines. Or 8 lines, by singing four to each brace.

Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

378.

ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide thyself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no languor know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

379.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

C. M.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

380.

I'LL go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch;
And then the suppliant lives.

Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

381.

FIRM as the earth thy Gospel stands,
My Lord! my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All whom his Heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

382.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour! let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

C. M.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

383.

JESUS! the sinner's rest Thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While Thou art absent from the heart
We look for rest in vain.

O when wilt Thou my Saviour be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal Sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin?

The consolations of thy Word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfilled.

I look to my incarnate God
Till He his work begin;
And wait till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.

O that I now the voice might hear
That speaks my sins forgiven;
Thy word is passed to give me here
The inward pledge of heaven.

384.

LORD! I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone;

A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in;
Now, Saviour! now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

385.

MIGHTY Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to Thee,
Create new powers within.

Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made,
I would forever dwell.

8s & 6s.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

386.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come.

Just as I am, (thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,)
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God! I come.

387.

JESUS! the sinner's friend! to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
O take me, take me in.

Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'T is Thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, till Thou art mine.

What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord! I am sin, but Thou art love;
I give up every plea beside,—
I 'm lost,—but Thou hast died!

388.

CANST Thou reject our dying prayer,
Or cast us out who come to Thee?
Our sins, ah! wherefore didst thou bear?
Remember Calvary!

For us wast Thou not lifted up?
For us a bleeding victim made?
That we, the abjects, we, might hope,
Thou hast a ransom paid.

C. M.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

389.

AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord! for Thee?
This is my joy, since Thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

Yes, let it go; one look from Thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with Thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

Saviour of souls! while I from Thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I 'll glory in my gain.

390.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

Now, Lord! I would be thine alone
And wholly live to Thee;
But may I hope that Thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

Yes, though of sinners I 'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For, if Thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still.

391.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?
Sing, heaven and earth! rejoice and praise
His glorious majesty.

Of Thee I am, through Thee I am,
And for Thee I must be;
'T were better for me not to live,
Than not to live to Thee.

My God! Thou art my glorious Sun,
By whose bright beams I shine;
As Thou, Lord! ever art with me,
Let me be ever thine.

As Thou, Lord! an immortal soul
Hast breathed into me,
So let my soul be breathing forth
Immortal thanks to Thee!

7s.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

392.

PILGRIM! burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.

Knock, He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep, He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

Hark! it is the Saviour's voice!
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest.

Safe from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

393.

SON of God! thy blessing grant;
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life! thy influence shed;
With thy sap my spirit feed.

Tenderest branch, alas! am I;
Wither without thee, and die;
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in Thee!

Unsustained by Thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

All my hopes on Thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

394.

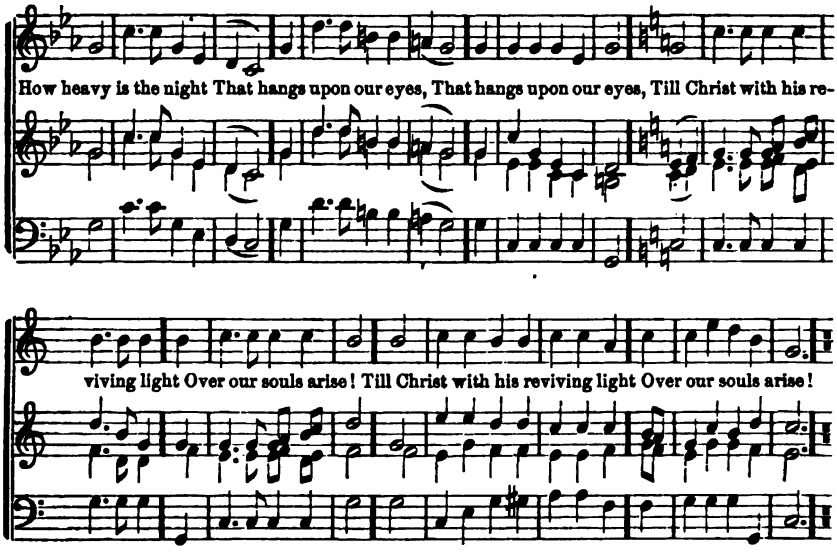
JESUS! save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour! leave me not to die.

Jesus! full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sins forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

All my guilt to Thee is known;
Thou art righteous, Thou alone;
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

Lord! in Thee I now believe;
Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour! leave me not to die.

S. M.


How heavy is the night That hangs upon our eyes, That hangs upon our eyes, Till Christ with his re-
viving light Over our souls arise! Till Christ with his reviving light Over our souls arise!

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

395.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

396.

WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the Rock,
That 's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

397.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;—
Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.

Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit,
To my recovering grace.

Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
Our righteousness and strength is found
In Thee, the Lord alone.

C. P. M.

When with my mind devoutly pressed, Dear Saviour! my revolving breast Would past offences trace;
Trembling I make the black review, Yet pleased behold, admiring too, The power of changing grace.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

398.

WHEN with my mind devoutly pressed,
Dear Saviour! my revolving breast
Would past offences trace;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleased behold, admiring too,
The power of changing grace.

This tongue with blasphemies defiled,
These feet to erring paths beguiled,
In heavenly league agree;
Who would believe such lips could praise!
Or think, from dark and winding ways,
I e'er should turn to thee?

These eyes that once abused the light
Now lift to Thee their watery sight,
And weep a silent flood;
These hands are raised in ceaseless prayer;
O wash away the stains they wear,
In pure, redeeming blood!

Thus art Thou served in every part;
Go on, blest Lord! to cleanse my heart,
That drossy thing refine;
That grace may nature's powers control,
And a new creature, body, soul,
Be all and wholly thine.

399.

O CONQUER this rebellious will!
Willing Thou art, and ready still;
Thy help is always nigh:
The hardness from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord! O give me love,
Or at thy feet I die.

To thee I lift my mournful eye:—
Why am I thus? O, tell me why
I cannot love my God!
The hindrance must be all in me;
It cannot in my Saviour be;—
Witness that streaming blood.

It cost thy blood my heart to win,
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again;
Come, then, my Lord! thy right assert;
Take to thyself my ransomed heart,
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

C. M.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

400.

YE saints! assist me in my song;
Let all your passions move;
To Jesus all the notes belong;
I sing Redeeming love.

Around the circle of his friends
His tender passions move;
And while He lived, his constant theme
Was still, Redeeming love.

Gently He raised his sacred hands
Before his last remove;
And the last whispers of his tongue
Sighed forth, Redeeming love.

Through life's wide waste, with weary feet,
In darkness I may rove;
But never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.

O that before his sacred throne
I all its sweets may prove;
Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be, Redeeming love.

401.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers!
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice! and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure,
Than 't was before I fell.

The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed,
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

402.

FATHER! I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, My Father, God!
With an unwavering tongue.

403.

O JOYFUL sound of Gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out, I view;
Conqu'ror through Him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full, O glorious hope!
Of immortality.

With me, I know, I feel, Thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

My springs are all in Thee, my God!
With Thee my soul is full;
Spring up, O Well! I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.

Come, O my God! thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God! my God.

404.

O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord! of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord! impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart, —
Thy new, best name of Love.

405.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In Him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

Saviour! I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable!
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

Give me thyself. From every boast,
From every wish, set free;
Let all I am in Thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where Thou art, is heaven!

406.

COME! let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise;
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep Him out no more,
Or force Him to depart.

Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

Come quickly in, Thou heavenly guest!
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

407.

I AM thy workmanship, O Lord!
And unto Thee belong;
Thou art my Shield, my Great Reward,
My Glory, and my Song.

Surround me with thy guardian might;
Uphold me with thy grace;
Unharmed, conduct me through the fight,
Unwearied, through the race.

Make me a weapon of thy power,
An angel of thy will;
To Thee devoted, let each hour
Its happy task fulfil.

Yet dare not I, a child of dust!
Thus plead my filial claim,
But as in Him is all my trust,
Who bears a Saviour's name.

170 "WHEN THOU, MY RIGHTEOUS JUDGE! SHALT COME."

C. P. M.

When Thou, my righteous Judge! shalt come To fetch thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them
stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

408.

WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge! shalt come
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call!

Prevent! prevent it by thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord! my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

409.

THOU great, mysterious God unknown!
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

If I have only known thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet, forgiving love.

If now the witness were in me,
Would He not testify of Thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

Father! in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful Thou art;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

L. M.

Who can de-scribe the joys that rise Through all the courts of par-a-dise,
To see a prod-i-gal re-turn, To see an heir of glo-ry born?

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

410.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

411.

LORD! I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

Thine would I live, thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

412.

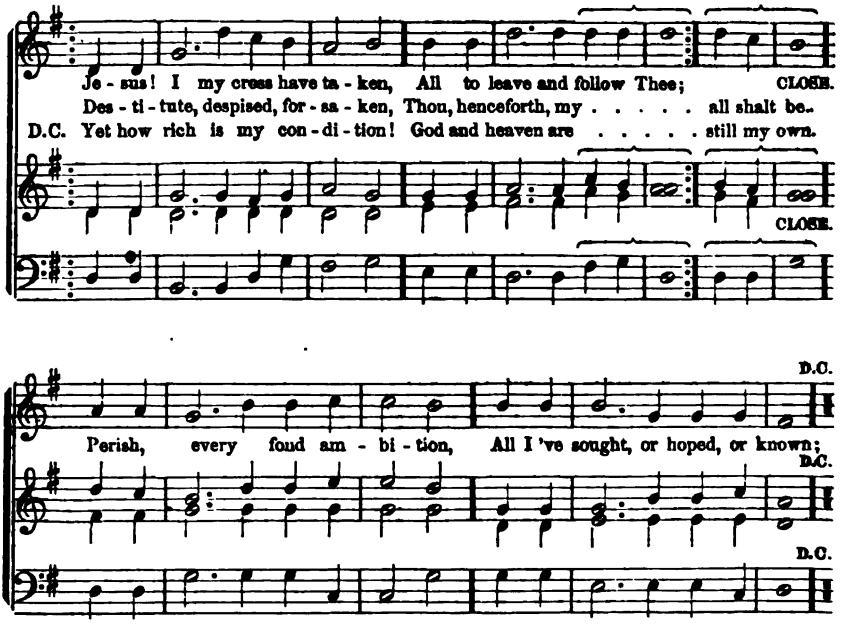
GREAT God! indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

Thou great and good! Thou just and wise!
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray, or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

8s & 7s. Double.


Je - sus! I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and follow Thee;
CLOSE.
Des - ti - tute, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou, henceforth, my . . . . . all shalt be.
D.C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heaven are . . . . . still my own.
CLOSE.
D.C.
Perish, every fond am - bi - tion, All I 've sought, or hoped, or known;
D.C.
D.C.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

413.

JESUS! I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, henceforth, my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue,
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain,
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

413. (2d Part.)

TAKE, my soul! thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee!
What a Father's smile is thine!
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven! shouldst thou repine?

Man may trouble and distress me;
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 't is not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me;
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition;
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

GERMAN HYMN. 7s.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

414.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked Him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Kindled his relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

415.

SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all!
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O hear, my ardent cry!
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels, I have been;
Oft abused Thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Send me to eternal fire.

But with Thee is mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound;
Soothe, O soothe this troubled breast!
Give the weary wanderer rest.

416.

JESUS! I believe Thee near;
Now my fallen soul restore;
Now my guilty conscience clear;
Give me back my peace and power.

I believe thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning, free;
Open are thy arms t' embrace
Me, the worst of rebels! me.

Now the gracious work begin;
Now for good some token give;
Give me now to feel my sin,
Give me now my sin to leave.

174 "DIDST THOU, DEAR JESUS! SUFFER SHAME."

C. M.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

417.

DIDST Thou, dear Jesus! suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal, grow cold.

Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I 'll no more repine.

418.

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.

Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast Thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

Thou know'st I love Thee, O my Lord!
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

419.

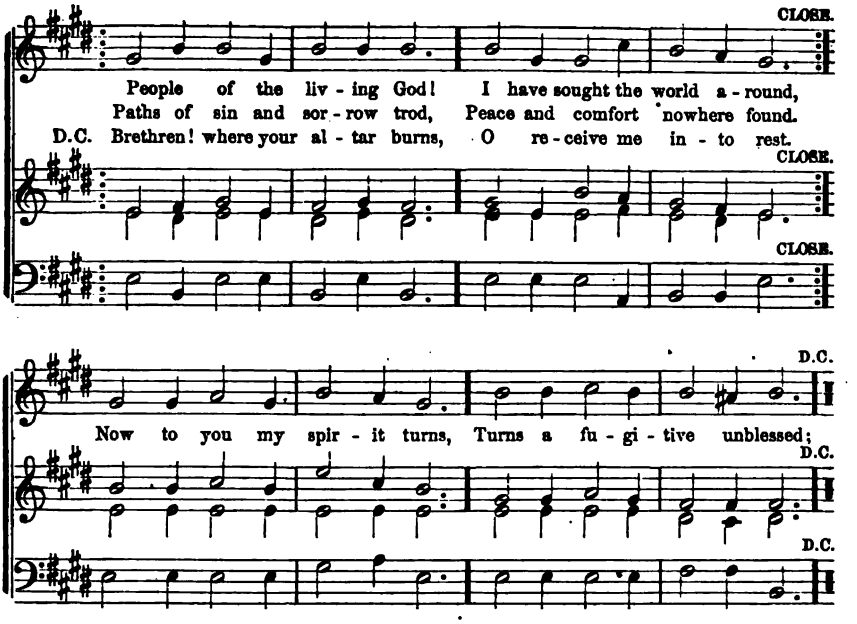
IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I 'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints!
For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I 'll follow where He goes;
Hinder me not! shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

Through duties, and through trials too,
I 'll go at his command;
Hinder me not! for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not! come, welcome death!
I 'll gladly go with thee.

7s. Double.


CLOSE.
People of the liv - ing God! I have sought the world a - round,
Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found.
D.C. Brethren! where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest.
CLOSE.
CLOSE.
D.C.
Now to you my spir - it turns, Turns a fu - gi - tive unblessed;
D.C.
D.C.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

420.

PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblessed;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome! poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.

"Follow me!"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

421.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour; hear his word.
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
Say, poor sinner! lov'st thou me?

I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my reign shalt be;
Say, poor sinner! lov'st thou me?

Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint.
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

C. M.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

422.

I KOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

I find Him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

Jesus! I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord!
And to thyself receive.

423.

WHEN God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possest
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully, in Thee, believe,
'T is more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,
And die to make it known;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

424.

O SAVIOUR! welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival, Lord! depart,
And reign, O Christ! alone.

The world and Satan I forsake;
To Thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Saviour! take,
And fill with love divine.

O may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to Thee.

425.

COME, O my Saviour! come away;
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author! and my End!

Come! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

L. M.

Je - sus! and can it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee!
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor; My soul shall scorn it more and more.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

426.

JESUS! and can it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
May midnight blush to think of noon.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may;
When I 've no sins to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

Till then, (nor is my boasting vain,)
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

427.

JESUS! too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?

Jesus! what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!

Jesus! of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour! Thou art mine.

428.

JESUS! our best beloved Friend,
On thy redeeming name we call;
Jesus! in love to us descend,
Pardon and sanctify us all.

Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts, — our hearts are thine;
Accept the service of our hands.

Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey,
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

Yet, Lord! for us a resting-place
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And, till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

178 "STAND UP, MY SOUL! SHAKE OFF THY FEARS."

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears, And gird the Gos - pel ar - mor on;
March to the gates of end - less joy, Where thy great Cap - tain Saviour's gone.

PENITENCE, FAITH, AND HOPE.

429.

STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

Then let my soul march boldly on;
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

Then shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

430.

AWAKE, our souls! away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake! and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

The mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing Spring!
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

431.

LEADER of faithful souls! and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky!
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely.

From strength to strength we travel on,
This weary world we cast behind;
Our labor this, our only aim,
The New Jerusalem to find.

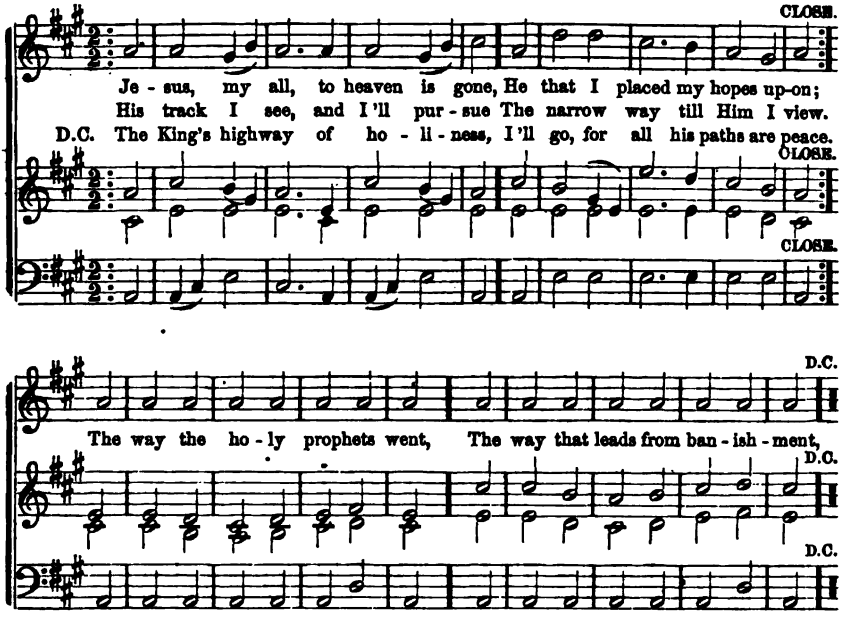
With songs to Zion we return,
That palace of our glorious King;
Contending for our native heaven,
We find it nearer while we sing.

X.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"JESUS, MY ALL, TO HEAVEN IS GONE."

L. M. Double.


CLOSE.
Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, He that I placed my hopes up-on;
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way till Him I view.
D.C. The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
CLOSE.
CLOSE.
D.C.
The way the ho - ly prophets went, The way that leads from ban - ish - ment,
D.C.
D.C.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

(1st Part.) **432.** (2d Part.)

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He that I placed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No ravenous tiger, shall be there.

No, nothing may go up thereon
But travelling souls, and I am one;
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound
Shall only in the way be found.

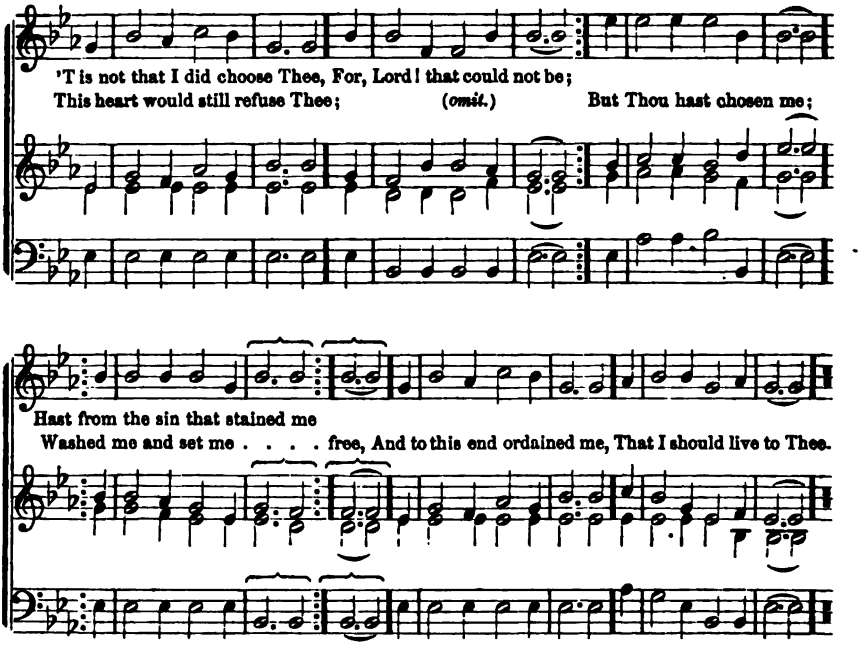
This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long had been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul! for I'm the way.

Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb!
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

I'll tell to all poor sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.

8s & 7s. Double.


'T is not that I did choose Thee, For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse Thee; (omit.) But Thou hast chosen me;
Hast from the sin that stained me
Washed me and set me . . . . free, And to this end ordained me, That I should live to Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

433.

'TIS not that I did choose Thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse Thee;
But Thou hast chosen me;
Hast from the sin that stained me
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.

'T was sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me
To heavenly glories blind.
Thy grace my young heart guiding,
Infixed me in the Root,
In which, by faith abiding,
I bear my humble fruit.

I truly am thy servant,
By birth, by ransom thine;
O that with zeal more fervent
I made thy pleasure mine.
My heart owns none above Thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, — if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

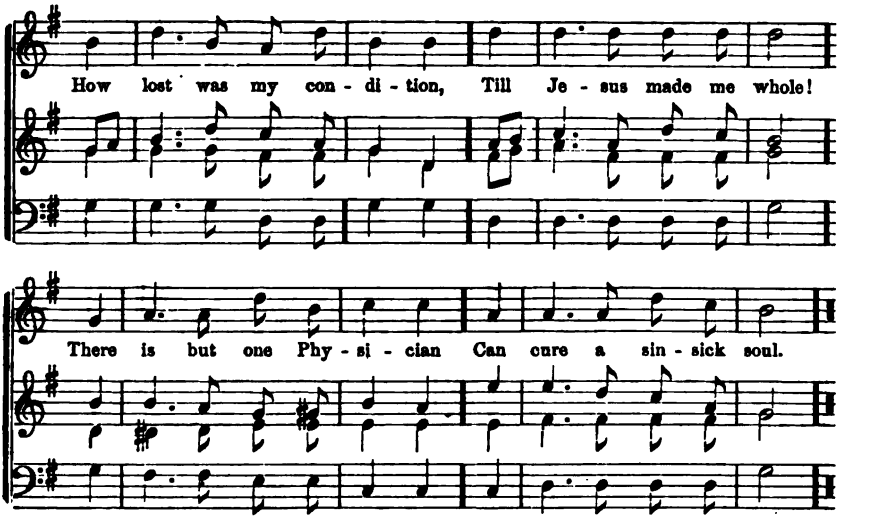
434.

TO Thee, my God, my Saviour!
My soul exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I 'll celebrate thy story
With all the saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love!

Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour! Thou shalt hear:
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode,
There cast my crown before Thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee;
What would an angel more?

7s & 6s. Single.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

435.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death He found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view Him,
For sin my eyes had sealed,
Then bid me look unto Him;
I looked, and I was healed.

A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician;
His help He 'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'T is only, Look and live.

436.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

L. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

437.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy Word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

438.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

439.

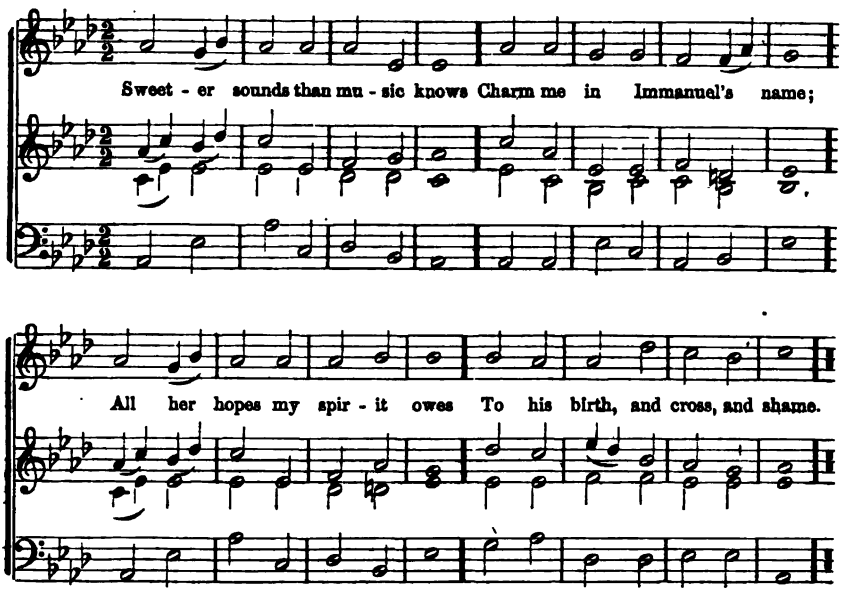
MY gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love's constraining power.

7s. Single. Or 6 lines, repeating, at once, the first brace.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

440.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

When He came, the angels sung,
Glory be to God on high!
Lord! unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

Did the Lord a man become
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

O my Saviour! Shield! and Sun!
Shepherd! Brother! Husband! Friend!
Every precious name in one,
I will love Thee without end.

441.

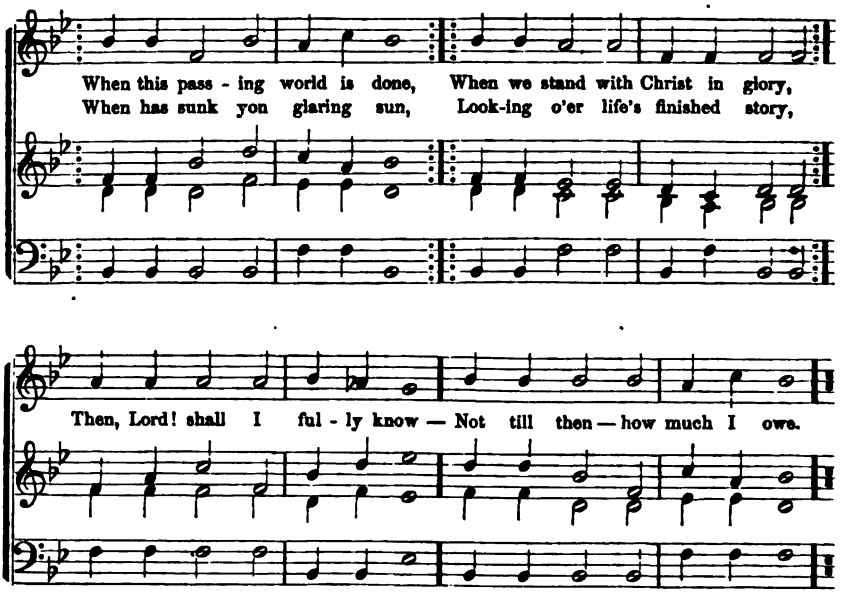
GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of Time,
God's own sacrifice complete,
It is finished, hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay,
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ has risen, He seeks the skies;
Saviour! teach us so to rise.

7s. 6 lines.


When this pass - ing world is done, When we stand with Christ in glory,
When has sunk yon glaring sun, Look-ing o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord! shall I ful - ly know — Not till then — how much I owe.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

442.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know —
Not till then — how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know —
Not till then — how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know —
Not till then — how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know —
Not till then — how much I owe.

Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord! on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

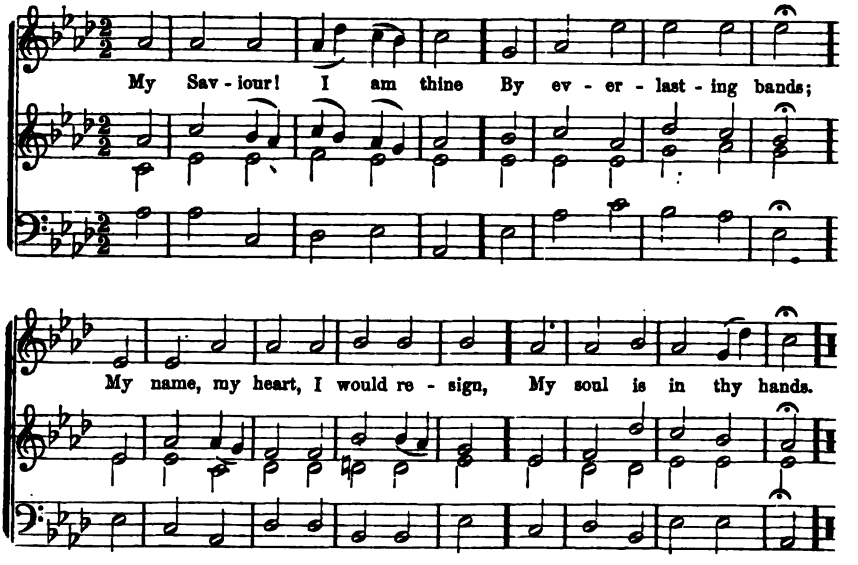
443.

OFT I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But when fear is at its height
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I 'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise;
When Thou comest, Satan flies.
Blessed Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign,
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns;
Morning comes and joy returns.
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe.

S. M.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

444.

MY Saviour! I am thine
By everlasting bands;
My name, my heart, I would resign,
My soul is in thy hands.

To thee I still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.

His Spirit shall unite
My soul to Him, my Head;
Shall form me to his image bright,
And teach his path to tread.

Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay;
But love shall keep me near his side
Through all the gloomy way.

Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear?
If He in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

445.

JESUS! my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

I want a sober mind
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord!
Shall surely come from Thee.

446.

AH! when shall I awake
From sin's soft, soothing power;
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more!

Messiah! Prince of Peace!
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.

L. M.

O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
Well may this glow - ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all abroad.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

447.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'T is done; — the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

448.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

449.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour! my eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

C. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

450.

O LORD! I would delight in Thee,
And on thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

O Lord! I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

451.

O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

He wants no pomp nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.

452.

AMAZING grace (how sweet the sound)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

C. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

453.

O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame,
And light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

454.

MY God! the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

What though my house be not with Thee
As thy commands require?
That cov-e-nant is all my hope,
Salvation, and desire.

Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait thy light above.

Thy covenant, in my dying hour,
Shall dwell upon my tongue;
And when I wake, shall still employ
My everlasting song.

7s.

In themselves as weak as worms, How can poor be - liev - ers stand,
When temp - ta - tions, foes, and storms Press them close on ev - ery hand?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

455.

IN themselves as weak as worms,
How can poor believers stand,
When temptations, foes, and storms
Press them close on every hand?

Weak indeed they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace;
And the God who answers prayer
Helps them when they seek his face.

Though the Lord awhile delay,
Succor they at length obtain;
He who taught their hearts to pray
Will not let them cry in vain.

Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates.

For the wonders He has wrought
Let us now our praises give;
And, by sweet experience taught,
Call upon Him while we live.

456.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

457.

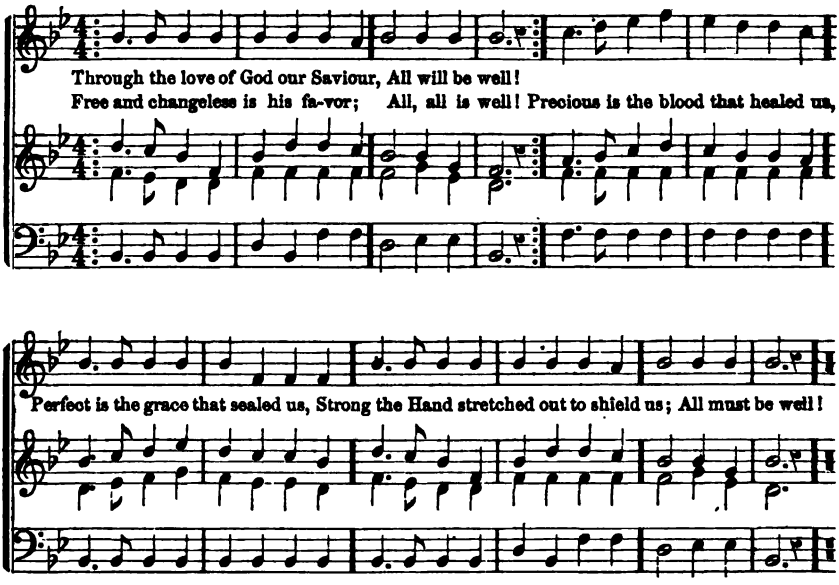
FIX my heart and eyes on thine!
What are other objects worth?
But to see thy glory shine
Is a heaven begun on earth.

Trifles can no longer move;
O, I tread on all beside,
When I feel my Saviour's love,
And remember how He died!

Now my search is at an end;
Now my wishes rove no more;
Thus my moments I would spend,
Love, and wonder, and adore.

Jesus! source of excellence!
All thy glorious love reveal;
Kingdoms shall not bribe me hence
While this happiness I feel.

8s & 4s.


Through the love of God our Saviour, All will be well!
Free and changeless is his fa-vor; All, all is well! Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us, Strong the Hand stretched out to shield us; All must be well!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

458.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well!
Free and changeless is his favor;
All, all is well!
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the Hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well!

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well!
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well!
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well!

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well!
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well!
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well!

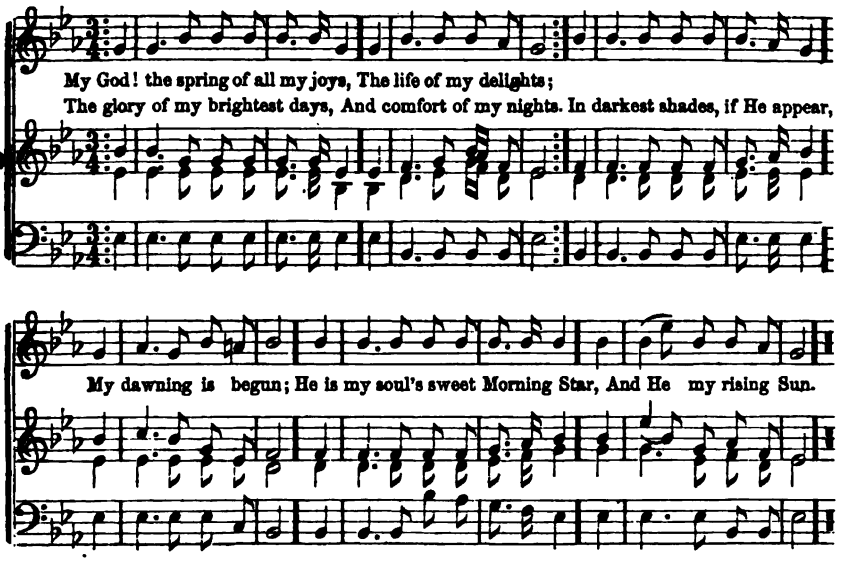
459.

THERE 's a Friend above all others;
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us;
O how He loves!

All thy sins shall be forgiven;
O how He loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven;
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He 'll provide thee;
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee;
Safe to glory He will guide thee;
O how He loves!

Pause, my soul! adore and wonder!
O how He loves!
Naught can cleave his love asunder,
O how He loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation.
O how He loves!

C. M. Double.


My God! the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights. In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun; He is my soul's sweet Morning Star, And He my rising Sun.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

460.

MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And He my rising Sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word!
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I 'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqueror through.

461.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

462.

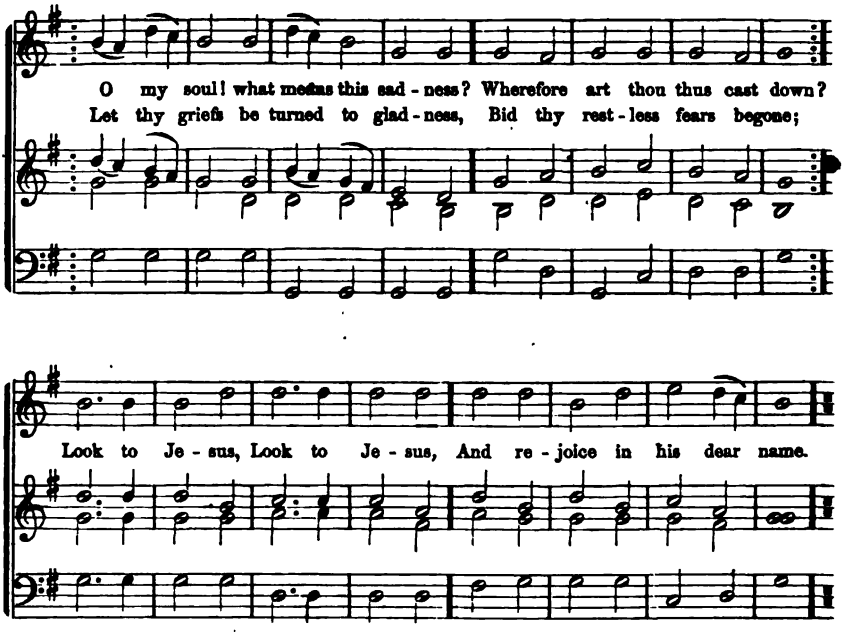
WHY, O my soul! O why depressed,
And whence thine anxious fears?
Let former mercies fix thy trust,
And check thy rising tears.

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave succeeds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows sweep,
I know the Lord can save.

His grace and mercy trust, my soul!
Nor murmur at his rod;
In vain the waves of trouble roll,
While He is still thy God.

[Repeat the first stanza.]

8s, 7s, & 4s.


O my soul! what means this sad-ness? Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to glad-ness, Bid thy rest-less fears begone;
Look to Je-sus, Look to Je-sus, And re-joice in his dear name.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

463.

O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith He 'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin.
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon He 'll bring thee home to God.
Therefore praise Him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

O that I could now adore Him
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before Him,
And unceasing sing his love.
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

464.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer!
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord! I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near.
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here!

ROCHESTER. C. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

465.

GOD, my Supporter, and my Hope!
My Help forever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint.

Behold, the sinners who remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

But to draw near to Thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

466.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All!
I 've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There 's nothing here deserves my joys,
There 's nothing like my God.

To Thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to Thee!
Or what 's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

C. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

467.

O HOW I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,—
O what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the name;
Earth has no higher bliss.

Father of Jesus! Love's Reward!
What rapture it will be
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

468.

JESUS! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

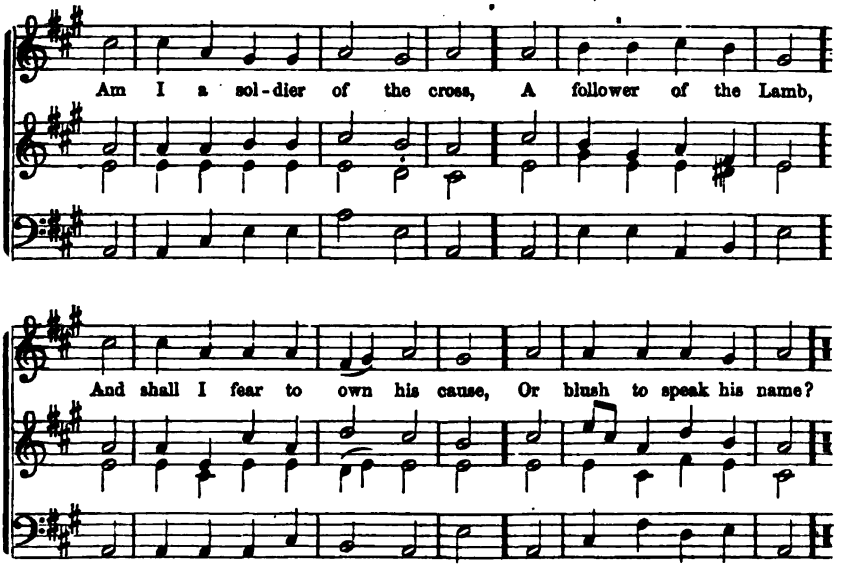
469.

O JESUS! King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renowned!
Thou Sweetness most ineffable!
In whom all joys are found.

May every heart confess thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues forever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

C. M.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

470.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

471.

BLESSED are they who have not seen,
And yet the Christ receive;
In spirit cry, My Lord, my God,
And with free heart believe.

Blessed! who feel their quiet way
In faith, and not in sight,
Who lean upon his unseen grace,
And trust his unseen might.

472.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

Blest Saviour! introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

6s.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

473.

MY spirit longs for Thee
To dwell within my breast;
Although unworthy I
Of so divine a Guest!

Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to Thee!

Until it come to Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found!

No rest is to be found,
But in thy bleeding love.
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

474.

CHEER up, desponding soul!
Thy longing pleased I see;
'T is part of that great whole
Wherewith I longed for thee.

Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left my Father's throne
From death to set thee free,
And claim thee for my own.

To claim thee for my own
I suffered on the cross;
O were my love but known,
All else would be as dross.

All else would be as dross,
And souls, through grace divine,
Would count their gains but loss,
To live forever mine.

475.

JESUS! my happy heart
Now gives itself to Thee;
O never hence depart!
Reign here eternally.

Thy sacred name alone
All my delight shall prove;
No joy my soul shall own,
But in thy holy love.

And O, in after years,
When life is fading fast,
When flow repentant tears
Over my errors past;

Still shall that holy vow
Be breathed still to Heaven,
And fervently, as now,
My heart to Thee be given.

L. M.

Trembling before thine aw-ful throne, O Lord! in dust my sins I own;
Justice and Mer-cy for my life Contend! O smile and heal the strife!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

476.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own;
Justice and Mercy for my life
Contend! O smile and heal the strife!

The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.
But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

477.

WHEN at thy footstool, Lord! I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer.

Think, Lord! how I am still thy own,
The trembling creature of thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull,
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succor me!

478.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her Source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free.

Jesus! vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

Already springing hope I feel;
God will destroy the power of hell,
And, from a land of wars and pain,
Lead me where peace and safety reign.

One only care my soul shall know,—
Father! all thy commands to do,
And feel, what endless years shall prove,
That Thou, my Lord, my God! art love.

L. M.

A - wake, our souls! a - way, our fears! Let every trembling thought be gone;
A - wake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer - ful courage on.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

479.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;—

The mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

480.

COME, Saviour Jesus! from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

That path with humble speed I'll seek
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, Thou! who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

481.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all that train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou treadest on enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

Clad in the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love,
The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth and powers of hell.

S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

482.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise!
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

483.

JESUS, I trust in Thee;
Be thou my sure abode;
My Horn, and Rock, and Buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep,
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

My soul to Thee alone
Forever I commend;
Thou, Jesus! love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

484.

YE servants of the Lord!
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly-word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

485.

MY soul! be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

Then persevere, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

486.

I THE good fight have fought, —
O when shall I declare!
The victory by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.

O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare 's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.

This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gained: —
Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained.

487.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

We follow Thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King!
We follow Thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

488.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord! we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart, —
A temple meet for Thee.

489.

I REST upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord!
Shall surely come from Thee.

Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind;
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

Lord! let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

490.

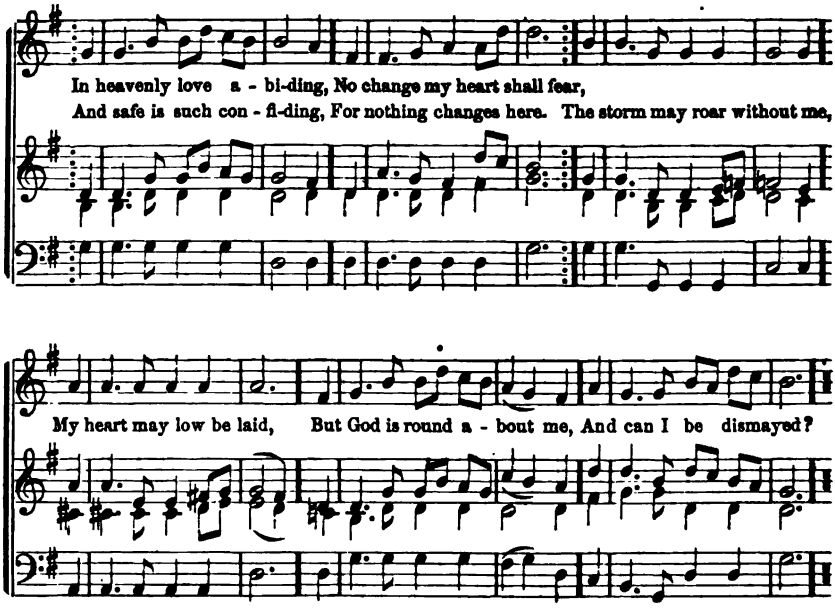
LORD! let me calmly wait
Thy succors from above!
And stand against an open hate,
And well-dissembled love.

My spirit, Lord! alarm,
When men and devils join;
'Gainst all the powers of Satan, arm,
In panoply divine.

But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to Thee for aid,
To Thee my weakness show.

I'll seek, in love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
To see Thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with Thee to reign.

7s & 6s.


In heavenly love a - bi-ding, No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such con - fi-ding, For nothing changes here. The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

491.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

492.

FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure,
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

What though we are but strangers
And sojourners below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there 's a rest above;
And onward still we 're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

493.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
On hillside and in dale 't is found;
Go forth, then, everywhere!

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest-home.

494.

LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow.

Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of Gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy laborers attend.

On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

495.

O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

Lord! may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep: —
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

496.

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

I love to see Thee bring to naught
The plans of wily men;
Where simple hearts outwit the wise,
O Thou art loveliest then.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons, behind Thee, take
The road that Thou hast won.

497.

O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

O blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

O learn to scorn the praise of men,
O learn to lose with God,
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

498.

I COME to Thee once more, my God!
No longer will I roam;
For I have sought the wide world through,
And never found a home.

O bright and many are the spots
Where I have built a nest;
Yet in the brightest still I pined
For more abiding rest!

For Thou hast made this wondrous soul
All for thyself alone;
Ah, send thy sweet transforming grace
To make it more thine own.

C. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

499.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
Alas, what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
Wilt thou forsake me too?

Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast
I feel I must, I shall, decline,
And prove like them at last.

Yet Thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from Thee?

Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

What anguish has this question stirred,
If I will also go!
Yet, Lord! relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

500.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

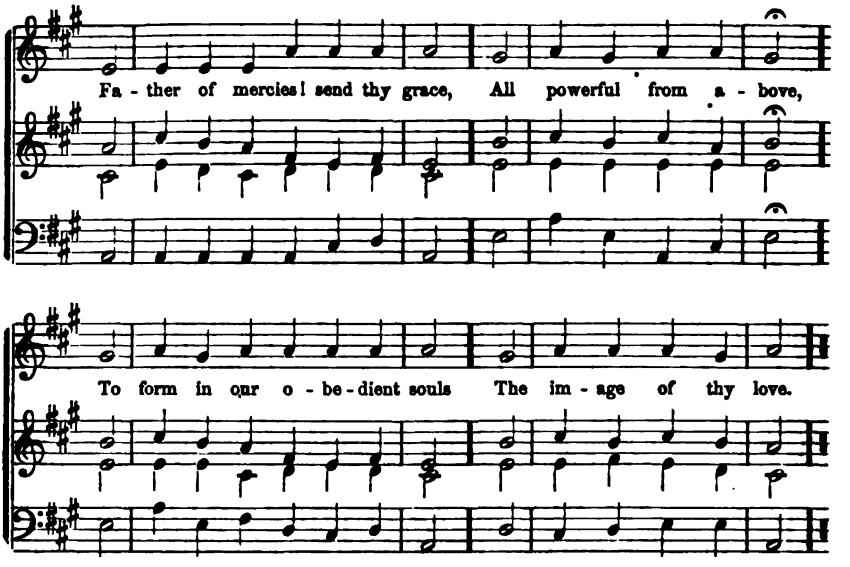
Yet sovereign mercy calls, Return!
Dear Lord! and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

And canst Thou, wilt Thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

Almighty grace! thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

Thy pardoning love so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour! I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

C. M.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

501.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,—
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And, 'midst the embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

502.

HELP us, O Lord! thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
The law of love fulfil.

He that hath pity on the poor
Doth lend unto the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure;
For more shall be restored.

To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move, and live;
Freely we have received from Thee;
And freely may we give.

And while we thus obey thy word,
And every want relieve,
O may we find it, gracious Lord!
More blest than to receive.

503.

JESUS! my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

Thy face with reverence and with love
I in the poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from Thee.

C. M.

When I sur - vey life's varied scene, A - mid the dark - est hours,
Sweet rays of com - fort shine between, And thorns are mixed with flowers.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

504.

WHEN I survey life's varied scene
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

Lord! teach me to adore thy hand
From whence my comforts flow;
And let me, in this desert land,
A glimpse of Canaan know.

And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that I am thine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

505.

MY soul, arise, shake off thy fears,
And wipe thy sorrows dry;
Jesus in heaven thy witness bears,
Thy record is on high.

Cheerful I'll bow to all his will,
And at his footstool lie;
My witness lives in heaven, and still
My record is on high.

Behold, my soul! whate'er betides,
Thou shalt not, canst not die;
My witness lives in heaven, and still
My record is on high.

Thus while I sing of Christ, my Lord,
And angel's harps outvie,
My witness lives in heaven adored,
My record is on high.

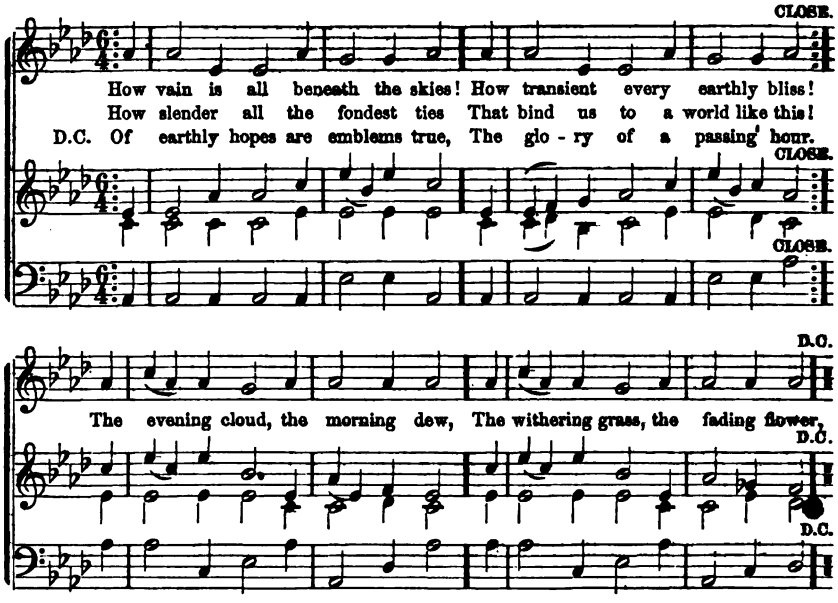
506.

NOW it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord! when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

L. M. Double.


CLOSE.
How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties That bind us to a world like this!
D.C. Of earthly hopes are emblems true, The glo - ry of a passing hour.
CLOSE.
CLOSE.
D.C.
The evening cloud, the morning dew, The withering grass, the fading flower,
D.C.
D.C.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

507.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears;
If God be ours, we 're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

508.

WE 'VE no abiding city here;
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

We 've no abiding city here;
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,—
We seek a city yet to come.

We 've no abiding city here;
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

We 've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion, its name; the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

509.

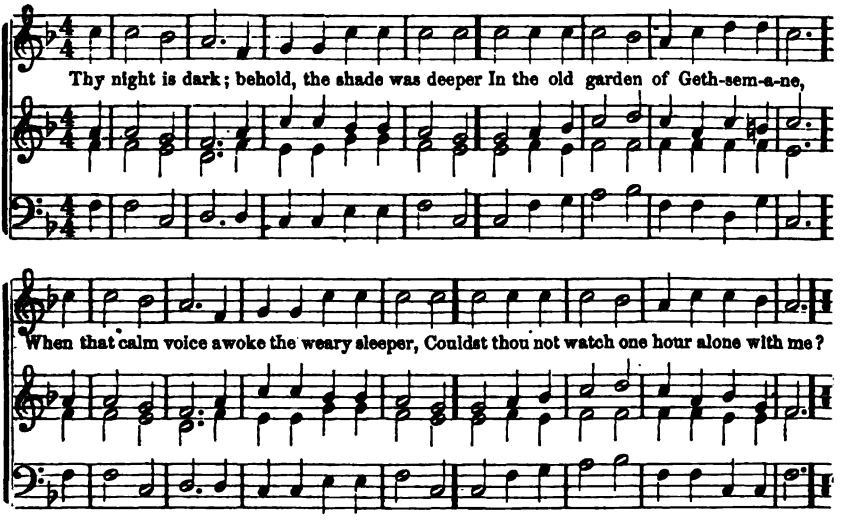
ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field delude the tiller's toil;

Although the stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,—
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

Though comfortless my soul remain,
And not a gleam of light appear,
Though joy be sought, and sought in vain,
And though despair itself be near;

Although assurance all be lost,
And blooming hopes cut off I see,—
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that He died for me.

11s & 10s.


Thy night is dark; behold, the shade was deeper In the old garden of Geth-sem-a-ne,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper, Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with me?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

510.

THY night is dark; — behold, the shade was deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper, —
Couldst Thou not watch one hour alone with me?

What if thou always suffer tribulation?
And if thy Christian warfare never cease?
The gaining of thy quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone;
Watch thou in patience through this hour only,
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
With Him who trod the wine-press all alone;
Thou may'st not find one human hand to aid thee,
One human soul to comprehend thine own.

In meek obedience to thy heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can only find its peace,
Seeking no aid from any human creature,
Looking to God alone for his release.

511.

THE captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian! must not take thy rest.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription, —
Behold we count them happy which endure?
What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy water to secure?

And God will come in his own time and power,
To set his earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for Thee.

L. M.

The billows swell, the winds are high; Clouds o - ver - cast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call, My fears are great, my strength is small.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

512.

THE billows swell, the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord! the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, Peace! be still!

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-tost and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shattered bark again.

513.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts
To Thee, my God! I raise my cries;
If Thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

But Thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

514.

MY spirit sinks within me, Lord!
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

I 'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge in grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise Him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

In the floods of trib - u - la - tion, While the billows o'er me roll, Je-sus whispers
con - so - la-tion, And supports my sinking soul; Sweet affliction! Bringing Jesus to my soul.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

515.

IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my sinking soul;
Sweet affliction!
Bringing Jesus to my soul.

In the darkest dispensations
Doth my faithful Lord appear
With his richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer.
Sweet affliction!
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given;
Strengthened thus I still press forward
Singing on my way to heaven.
Sweet affliction!
And my sins are all forgiven.

All I meet shall still befriend me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy.
Sweet affliction!
Every promise gives me joy.

Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I 'll ne'er forget;
But exulting cry, It led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat.
Sweet affliction!
Which has brought me to his feet.

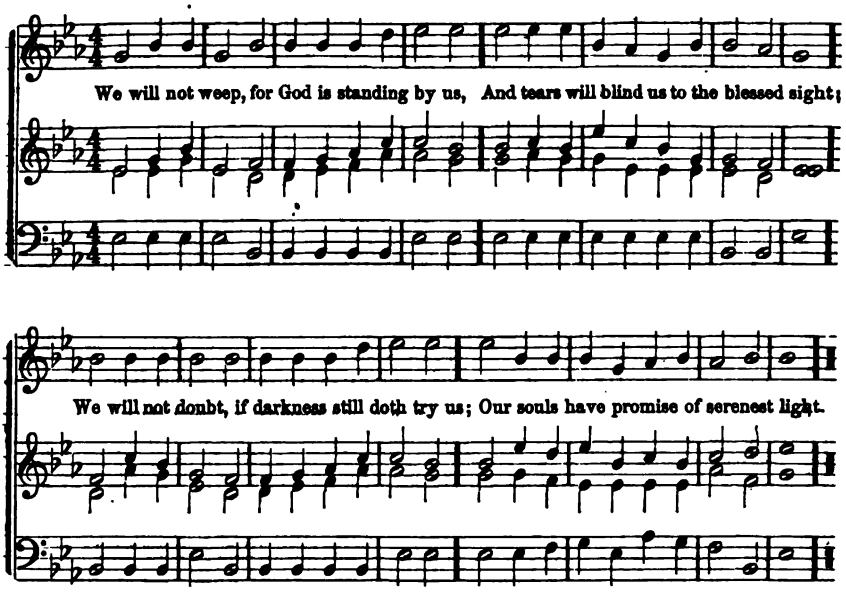
516.

LEAD us, Heavenly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee.
Yet possessing } *Same Notes.*
Every blessing, }
If our God our Father be.

Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe.
Lone and dreary
Faint and weary
Through the desert thou didst go.

Spirit of our God descending!
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy.
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

11s & 10s.


We will not weep, for God is standing by us, And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us; Our souls have promise of serenest light.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

517.

WE will not weep, for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us;
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint, if heavy burdens bend us;
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us;
We shall be braver for the past despair.

O not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us more when death is past.

Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their Friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

518.

ALMIGHTY Father! Thou hast many a blessing
In store for every erring child of thine;
For this I pray:—Let me, thy grace possessing,
Seek to be guided by thy will divine.

Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the dearest,
Would I my supplications raise to Thee;
Nor for the hopes that to my heart are nearest;—
But only that I give that heart to Thee.

I pray that Thou wouldst guide and guard me ever;
Cleanse, by thy power, from every stain of sin;
I will thy blessing ask on each endeavor,
And thus thy promised peace my soul shall win.

7s.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

519.

WHEN, my Saviour! shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

Only Thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light?
Only mighty in thy might?

So I may thy Spirit know,
Let Him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with Thee be one.

Let me in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

520.

AFTER all that I have done,
Saviour, art thou pacified?
Whither shall my vileness run?
Hide me, Earth! the sinner hide!

Let me sink into the dust,
Full of holy shame, adore!
Jesus Christ, the Good, the Just,
Bids me go, and sin no more.

O confirm the gracious word,
Jesus! Son of God and Man!
Let me never grieve thee, Lord!
Never turn to sin again.

Till my all in all Thou art,
Till Thou bring thy nature in,
Keep this feeble, trembling heart;
Save me, save me, Lord! from sin!

521.

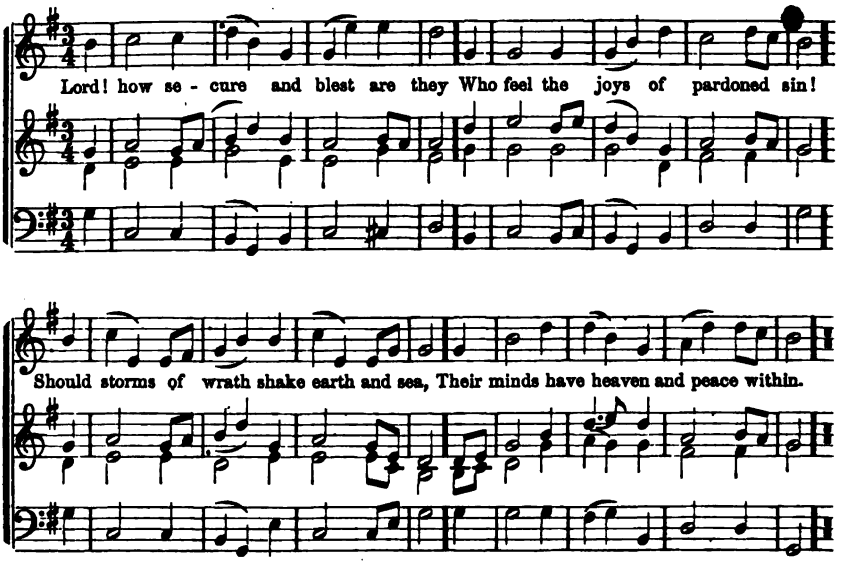
JESUS! shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon Thee?
Never by thy work abide?
Never in thy wounds reside?

O how wavering is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind;
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

Jesus! let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable;
Great Jehovah! Great I AM!
Speak into my soul thy Name.

Grant that every moment I
May believe and feel Thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablished with abiding grace.

L. M.


Lord! how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace within.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

522.

LORD! how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And, soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grovelling in the dust below;
Almighty grace! renew our souls,
And we 'll aspire to glory too.

523.

REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love Divine!
What, to repay such gifts as thine?

What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from thy hands new blessings seek,
A heart to feel thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee and adore?

O teach me at thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all!
Before thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die to Thee alone.

Thy Spirit, Lord! at large impart;
Expand and raise and fill my heart;
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord! to Thee.

524.

SEE where before the throne He stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer,
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with Him may reign;
Amen! to what my Lord doth say;
Jesus! Thou canst not pray in vain.

C. M. Double.

My Shep - herd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name;
In pas-tures fresh He makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.
He brings my wandering spir - it back, When I for - sake his ways;
And leads me for his mercy's sake In paths of truth and grace.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

525.

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

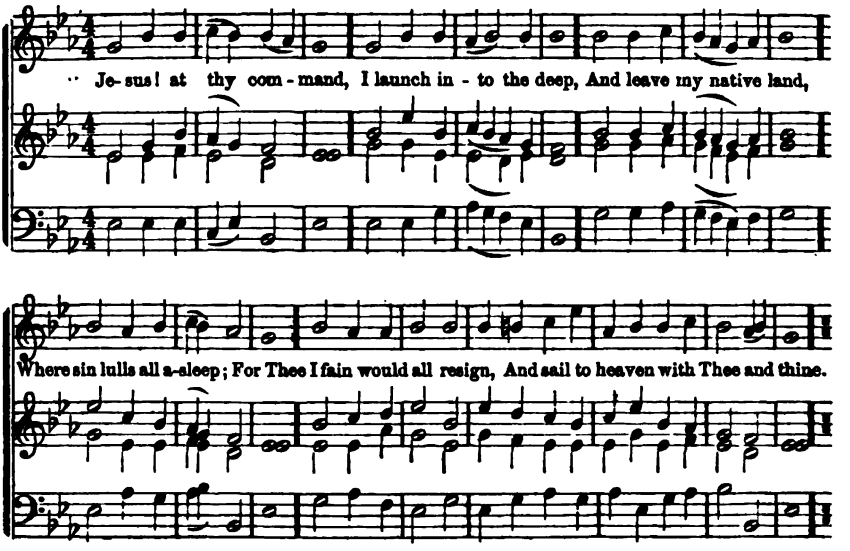
When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

AMHERST. H. M.


Je-sus! at thy com-mand, I launch in-to the deep, And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all a-sleep; For Thee I fain would all resign, And sail to heaven with Thee and thine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

526.

JESUS! at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and thine.

Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy Word;
My soul each storm defies
While I have such a Lord.
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with thine eye.
My anchor, Hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

527.

BY faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul! thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms and winds subside,
Lord! to my succor fly,
And keep me near thy side.
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come! heavenly Wind! and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below
To heaven, my destined place.
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world, and sin, behind.

528.

MAY thy dread voice around,
Thou Harbinger of Light!
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night;
Till judgment come, and on our path
Shall burst the wrath, and deathless gloom.

O God! with love's sweet might
Who dost anoint and arm
Thy soldiers for the fight,
With grace that shields from harm, —
Thrice-blessed Three! heaven's endless
Shall sing thy praise eternally. [days'

S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

529.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;—
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

530.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

531.

THY everlasting Truth,
Father! thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

And whatsoe'er Thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What thy unerring Wisdom chose,
Thy Power to being brings.

Let us in life and death
Thy steadfast Truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

532.

THY way, not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be;
O lead me by thine own right hand;
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
But choose Thou for me, O my God!
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord! be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

533.

MY portion Thou! my cup
With joy or sorrow fill;
As ever best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my joys and cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Guard, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

534.

THY way is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace;
Nor solve, O Lord! the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wondering thoughts confound.

As through a glass we see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do we know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!

In part we know thy will,
And bless Thee for the sight;
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.

With joy shall we survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

H. M.

Their hearts shall not be moved Who in the Lord con - fide;
But, firm as Zi - on's hill, They ev - er shall a - bide; As
mountains shield Je - ru - sa - lem, The Lord shall be a Shield to them.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

535.

THEIR hearts shall not be moved
Who in the Lord confide;
But, firm as Zion's hill,
They ever shall abide;
As mountains shield Jerusalem,
The Lord shall be a Shield to them.

His blessing on them rests,
Like freshening dew from heaven;
And succor from his throne
In all their need is given;
Omnipotence shall guard them well,
And peace remain on Israel.

One like the Son of God
Is walking at their side,
When by the fervid flame
And fiery furnace tried;
And 't is enough that He is near,
To strengthen them in every fear.

536.

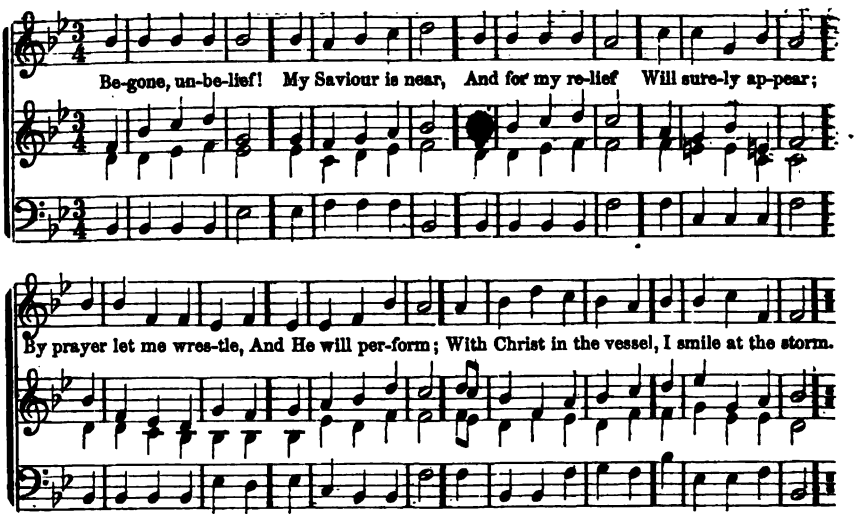
MY trust is in the Lord;
What foe can injure me?
Why bid me like a bird
Before the fowler flee?
The Lord is on his heavenly throne,
And He will shield and save his own.

The wicked may assail,
The tempter sorely try,
All earth's foundations fail,
All nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in his holy shrine,
And I am strong while He is mine.

His flock to Him is dear;
He watches them from high;
He sends them trials here
To form them for the sky;
But safely will He tend and keep
The humblest, feeblest of his sheep.

His foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
But ah! the hour is near
When all their hopes must fail.
While, like the sun, his saints shall rise,
And shine with Him above the skies.

5s & 6s.


Be-gone, un-be-lief! My Saviour is near, And for my re-lief Will sure-ly ap-pear;
By prayer let me wres-tle, And He will per-form; With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

537.

BEGONE, unbelief!
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can He have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
'T is mine to obey,
'T is his to provide;
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

His love, in time past,
Forbids me to think
He 'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Though painful at present,
'T will cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

538.

OUR Saviour alone,
The Lord, let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jesus!
Our Lord and our God!

We thankfully sing
Thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful Spring
Of pity and grace.
Thy kindness forever
To men we will tell,
And say, Our dear Saviour
Redeemed us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
While here we abide;
O never remove
Thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation,
Till each of us see,
With joy, the blessed vision,
Completed in Thee.

L. M.

How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed foot-steps swerve Which lead me to his seat a - bove?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

539.

HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve
Which lead me to his seat above?

Lord! should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

O let me think how Thou didst leave,
Untasted, every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the lonesome night.

To fast, to grieve; to die for me
Thou camest, not thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross;
But Thou canst give the victory.

540.

WHEN, in the hour of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;

When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
O this shall check each rising sigh,—
My Saviour is forever nigh.

His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are;
And He shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

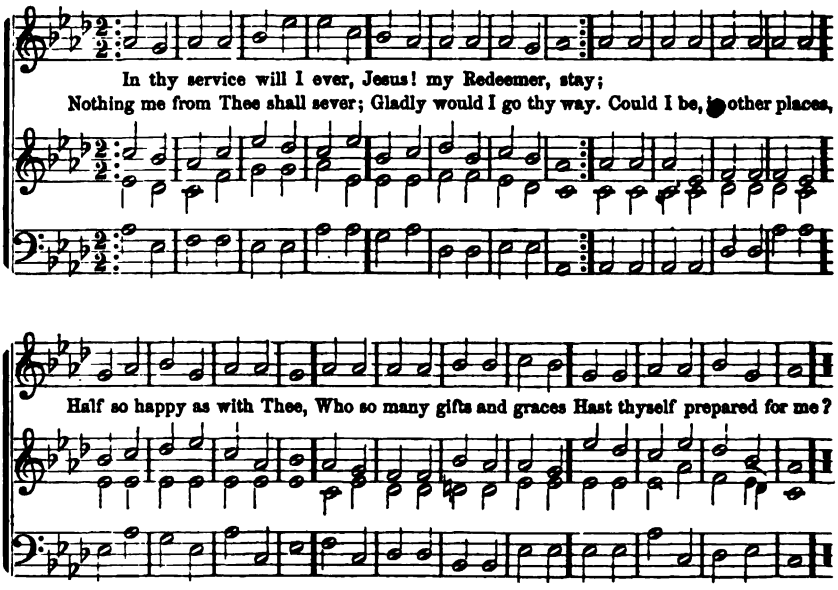
541.

JESUS! on whom but Thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love!
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with Thee?

My flesh is hastening to decay;
Soon shall the world have passed away;
And what can mortal friends avail
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?

But O, be Thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is forever mine.

8s & 7s. Double.


In thy service will I ever, Jesus! my Redeemer, stay;
Nothing me from Thee shall sever; Gladly would I go thy way. Could I be, in other places,
Half so happy as with Thee, Who so many gifts and graces Hast thyself prepared for me?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

542.

IN thy service will I ever,
Jesus! my Redeemer, stay;
Nothing me from Thee shall sever;
Gladly would I go thy way.
Could I be, in other places,
Half so happy as with Thee,
Who so many gifts and graces
Hast thyself prepared for me?

Yes, Lord Jesus! I am ever
Thine in sorrow and in joy,
Death the union shall not sever,
Nor eternity destroy.
I am waiting, yea, am sighing,
For my summons to depart;
He is best prepared for dying
Who in life is thine in heart.

Where shall I find such a Master,
Who hath done my soul such good,
And retrieved the great disaster
Sin first caused, — by his own blood?
Is not He my rightful Owner,
Who for me his own life gave?
Were it not a foul dishonor
Not to love Him to the grave?

543.

LET thy light on me be shining
When the day is almost gone,
When the evening is declining
And the night is drawing on.
Bless me, O my Father! laying
Both my hands on my meek head;
"Here thy day is ended," saying,
"Yonder live the faithful dead."

'T is not yet the hour appointed!
I make answer to my heart,
When, depressed and disappointed,
It is longing to depart.
When a thousand griefs and troubles
Leave no rest by day or night,
When the storm its force redoubles
And is almost at its height.

Stay beside me when the stillness
And the icy touch of death
Fills my trembling soul with chillness,
Like the morning's frosty breath.
As my failing eyes grow dimmer
Let my spirit grow more bright,
As I see the first faint glimmer
Of the everlasting light.

S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

544.

FASTENED within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.

Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

Yet learn, in every state,
To make his will your own;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone.

Tarry his leisure, then,
Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.

Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveal his love with power.

545.

LEAVE to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way
How wise! how strong his hand.

When Thou arisest, Lord!
Who shall thy work withstand?
When all thy children want, Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

546.

THE people of his choice
God will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.

Still on his plighted love
At all events rely;
The very hidings of his face
Shall train thee up to joy.

The time of love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see
Not only that He shed his blood,
But that it flowed for thee.

6s & 4s.

Near-er, my God! to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to Thee, Nearer, my God! to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

547.

NEARER, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darknes comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

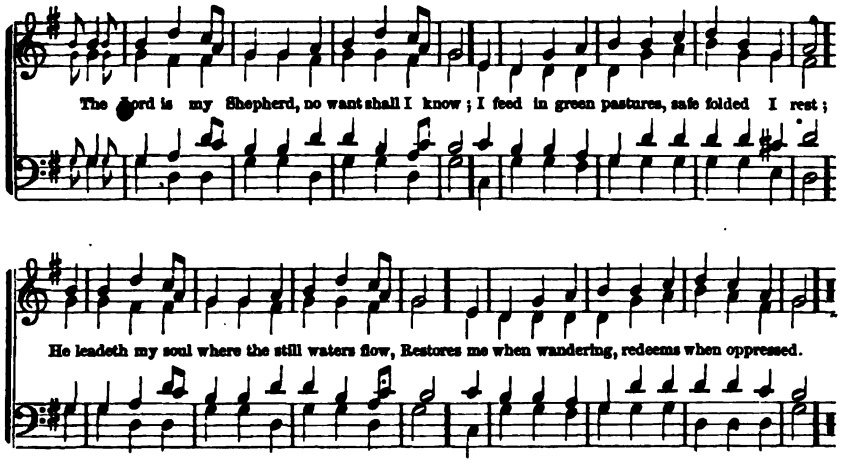
And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

548.

COME, all ye saints of God!
Spread Jesus' fame;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what his love has done,
Trust in his name alone,
Shout to his lofty throne,
Worthy the Lamb!

Hence! gloomy doubts and fears!
Swell the glad theme;
Dry up your mournful tears,
Swell the glad theme.
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

11s.


The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

549.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

550.

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God;
I knew not my danger and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah, Redeemer! was nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me; I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see;
Jehovah, Redeemer! my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free;
Jehovah, Redeemer! is all things to me.

Jehovah, Redeemer! my treasure and boast!
Jehovah, Redeemer! I ne'er can be lost!
In Thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate and shield.

E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah, Redeemer! my death-song shall be.

9s & 6s.

Oh, show me not my Saviour dying, As on the Cross He bled; Nor in the tomb, a captive
lying, For He has left the dead. Then bid me not that form extended For my Redeemer
own, Who, to the highest heavens as - cend - ed, In glo - ry fills the throne.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

551.

OH, show me not my Saviour dying,
As on the Cross He bled;
Nor in the tomb, a captive lying,
For He has left the dead.
Then bid me not that form extended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.

Weep not for Him at Calvary's station;
Weep only for thy sins;
View where He lay, with exultation;
'T is there our hope begins.
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding
Amid the scenes He trod;
Look up, and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

Still, in the shameful Cross I glory,
Where His dear blood was spilt;
For there the Great Propitiatory
Abolished all my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succor give?
He lives! the Captain of Salvation;
Therefore His servants live.

By death, He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave;
Rising, the triumph He completed;
He lives! He reigns to save!
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him;
He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him, and adore Him;
Lord Jesus! own me then.

8s & 7s.

I believe, and so have spoken; Hear what God hath done for me; I believe, and by this
token I con-fess Him o-pen-ly,— That there is no name whereby Sin-ners
can be saved but his, God himself, the Lord Most High, Jesus Christ our Righteousness.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

552.

I BELIEVE, and so have spoken;
Hear what God hath done for me;
I believe, and by this token
I confess Him openly, —
That there is no name whereby
Sinners can be saved but his,
God himself, the Lord Most High,
Jesus Christ our Righteousness.

I believe, and therefore ever
Will I love my God and Guide;
I believe, and therefore never
Shall aught move me from his side.
And to all will I declare
That my saving health is He,
And that where He is not, there
I wish not myself to be.

I believe, and therefore sink not
Under grief, distress, and pain;
I believe, and therefore shrink not
E'en from death, for death is gain.
For He gives me health and strength,
Even in the last, dread strife,
And shall bring me safe at length
Into everlasting life.

Suffer not my faith to fail me,
But uphold me with thy hand;
That, whatever foes assail me,
I may reach the promised land.
Jesus! thou my Joshua be,
Let me follow in thy train,
That I may at last with Thee
In the heavenly Canaan reign.

7s & 4s.

Head of the Church triumphant! We joyfully adore Thee; Till Thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices With blest anticipation, And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our salvation.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

553.

HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand, at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

554.

WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength, ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to, that God is true,
And reigns a King forever.

Omnipotent Redeemer!
Our ransomed souls adore Thee;
Our Saviour Thou! we find it now,
And give Thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm not shortened,
Brought through our sore temptation;
With heart and voice in Thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy sheep passed through the deep,
By crystal walls protected.
Thy glory was our rear-ward,
Thine hand our lives did cover,
And we, e'en we, have passed the sea,
And marched triumphant over.

XI.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

"BLOW YE THE TRUMPET, BLOW!"

H. M.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow! The glad - ly solemn sound;
Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mo - test bound,
The year of ju - bi - lee is come! Re - turn! ye ransomed sin - ners, home.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

555.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return! ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad.
The year of jubilee is come!
Return! ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come!
Return! ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of jubilee is come!
Return! ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee is come!
Return! ye ransomed sinners, home.

The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of jubilee is come!
Return! ye ransomed sinners, home.

H. M.

Hark! hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heavenly plains! And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains. Some new delight in heaven is known, Loud sound the harps around the throne.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

556.

HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains!
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains.
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

Bear, bear the tidings round!
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity He can show.
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll!
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

Strike, strike the harps again
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise! ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.
Angels and men! wake every string;
'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing.

557.

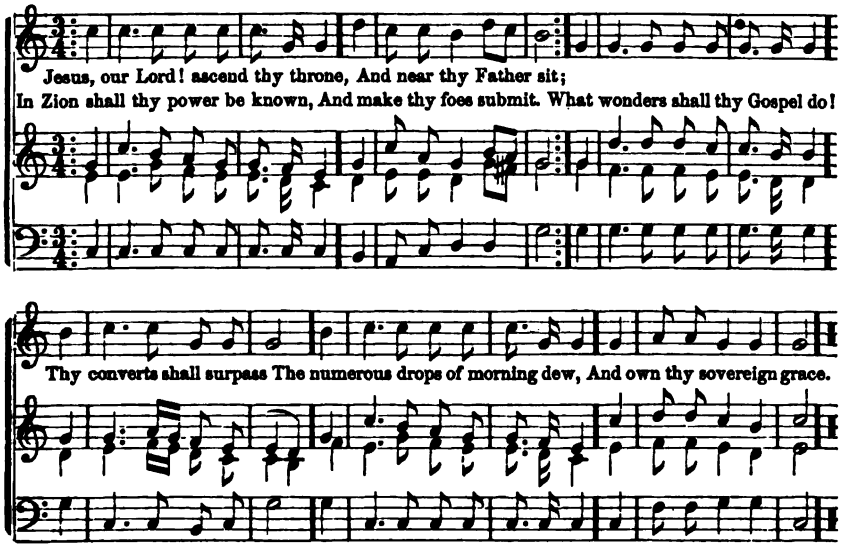
GOD is gone up on high
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

God seen in flesh below,
For us He reigns above;
Let all the nations know
The Saviour's conquering love.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King!

All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join,
Join! all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

C. M. Double.


Jesus, our Lord! ascend thy throne, And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known, And make thy foes submit. What wonders shall thy Gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass The numerous drops of morning dew, And own thy sovereign grace.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

558.

JESUS, our Lord! ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

What wonders shall thy Gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what He swore: —
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That King of high degree,
That holy man who Abraham blest,
Was but a type of Thee."

Jesus, our Priest, forever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, forever gives
The blessings of his love.

God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

559.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

560.

COME, blessed Lord! let every shore,
And answering island, sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth responsive, now,
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

Jesus! thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory, now,
The palm of victory thine.

C. M.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

561.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house, we 'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come, then! O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

562.

GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

But, Lord! thy greater love has sent
Thy Gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

Smile, Lord! on each divine attempt
To spread the Gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy grace.

563.

O LORD, our King! how excellent
Thy name on earth is known;
Thy glory in the firmament,
How wonderfully shown!

O Lord! how excellent thy name;
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

L. M.

Fall down, ye nations! and a-dore Je-ho-vah on the mer-cy-seat;
Like pros-trate seas on ev-ery shore, That cast their bil-lows at your feet.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

564.

FALL down, ye nations! and adore
Jehovah on the mercy-seat;
Like prostrate seas on every shore,
That cast their billows at your feet.

Let hallelujahs to the skies,
With ocean's everlasting sound,
The voice of many waters, rise
Day without night, as time goes round.

Come from the East, with gifts, ye kings!
With gold, and frankincense, and myrrh;
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.

Come from the West! the bond, the free;
His easy service make your choice;
Ye isles of the Pacific sea,
Like halcyon nests, in God rejoice.

Come from the South! through desert sands
A highway for the Lord prepare;
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Libya pour her soul in prayer.

Come from the North! let Europe raise
In all her languages one song;
Give God the glory, power, and praise,
That to His holy name belong.

565.

THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus He swore:
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
And change from hand to hand no more.

"Aaron and all his sons must die;
But everlasting life is thine,
To save forever those that fly
For refuge from the wrath divine.

"By me Melchisedec was made
On earth a king and priest at once;
And Thou, my heavenly Priest, shalt plead,
And Thou, my King, shalt rule my sons."

Jesus, the Priest, ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honor and success.

Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;
Then shall He judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

Though while He treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance Him near to God.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

For Zi - on's sake I will not rest, I will not hold my peace
Until Je - ru - sa - lem be blest And Judah dwell at ease; And Judah dwell at ease.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

566.

FOR Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace
Until Jerusalem be blest
And Judah dwell at ease;

Until her righteousness return
As daybreak after night,—
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.

The Gentiles shall her glory see,
And kings declare her fame;
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name.

The watchmen on her walls appear,
And day and night proclaim,
"Zion's Deliverer is near;
Make mention of his name."

The Lord upholds her with his hand,
And claims her for his own,—
The diadem of Judah's land,
The glory of his crown.

Go through, go through, prepare the way,
The gates wide open fling;
With loudest voice let heralds say,
"Behold thy coming King!"

567.

YE shores and isles of every sea,
Rejoice! the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

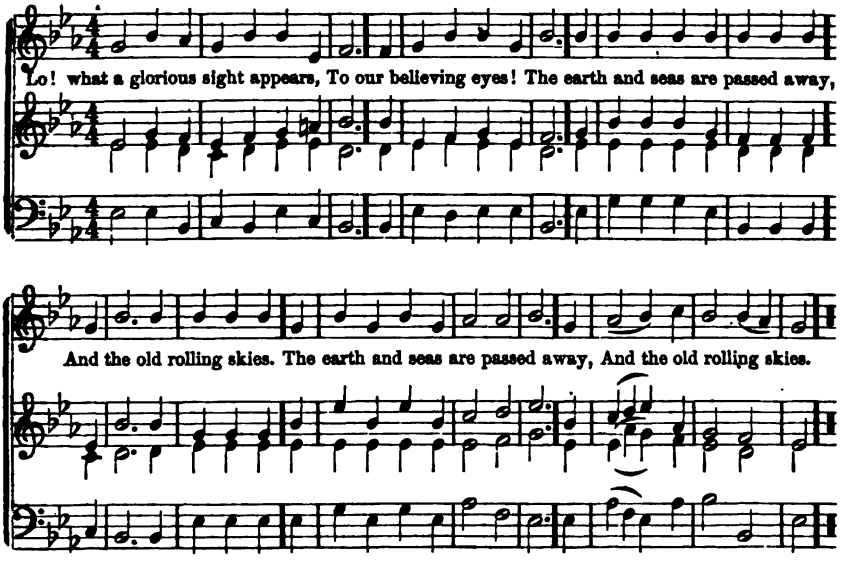
The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made the Redeemer known;
Thus shall He come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.


Lo! what a glorious sight appears, To our believing eyes! The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies. The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

568.

LO! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing: —
Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And He the loving God.

His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

How long, dear Saviour! O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

569.

TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blessed.

He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfils his grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honors of his name
In melody and songs.

570.

O ALL ye nations! praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his Word,
And let his name be sung.

His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
Forever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

7s & 6s.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean! And as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mercy To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them Safe to the destined shore, That man may sit in darkness And death's black shade no more.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

571.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

O Thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with Thee.

572.

O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord! in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to Thee.

573.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

7s & 6s.

Praise God! From Heaven praise Him; In heights praise to Him be; All ye his angels praise Him; His hosts all praise Him ye.
Praise Him both sun and moon; Him Praise all ye stars of light; Ye heavens of heavens praise Him, And floods above your height.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

574.

PRAISE God! From Heaven praise
In heights praise to Him be; [Him;
All ye his angels praise Him;
His hosts all praise Him ye.
Praise Him both sun and moon; Him
Praise all ye stars of light;
Ye heavens of heavens praise Him,
And floods above your height.

Let all the creatures praise Him;
Him, our almighty Lord;
They were, when He commanded,
Created by his word.
He also for all ages
Hath them established sure,
A law to them appointed
Which ever shall endure.

Kings of the earth, all nations,
Princes and judges all,
Both young men, yea, and maidens,
Old men and children small;
Let them God's name praise; his name
Alone is excellent;
His glory reacheth over
Earth and the firmament.

575.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

S. M.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

576.

SEE, what a living Stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his Church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

The Scribe and angry Priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief Corner-Stone.

The work, O Lord! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made.
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the Church be glad.

Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints! He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

We bless thine holy Word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thine altar, Lord!
Our sacrifice of praise!

577.

THY name, almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

578.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine; —

That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
And all the world, O Lord, combine,
To praise thy glorious Name.

L. M.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

579.

NOW let our faith with joy survey
The glories of the latter day;
Its dawn already is begun,
Sure earnest of a rising sun.

Behold the way! ye heralds cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from shore to shore,
And bid the captive sigh no more.

Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell;
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.

The north gives up, — the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day;
Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

580.

ETERNAL Lord! from land to land
Shall echo thine all-glorious name,
Till kingdoms bow at thy command,
And every lip thy praise proclaim.

Exalted high, on every shore,
The banner of the cross unfurled,
Shall summon thousands to adore
The Saviour of a ransomed world.

Thousands shall join thy pilgrim band,
And, by that sacred standard led,
Press forward to Immanuel's land,
Nor fear the thorny path to tread.

Triumphant over every foe,
Their ransomed numbers shall move on
To that blest world where sin and woe
Shall never mingle with their song.

581.

BEHOLD the glorious dawning bright
Of the millennial morn arise!
The prelude of the promised light
Now gladdens the expecting skies.

And shall not those awake, who claim
Their hearts and hopes on high to place?
Who bear the Saviour's sacred name,
While He displays his boundless grace?

How sweet his peaceful reign shall be!
His sway shall all the nations own;
All tongues shall bless Him, every knee
Shall bow submissive to his throne.

7s.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

582.

SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.

More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

583.

HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey.

Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

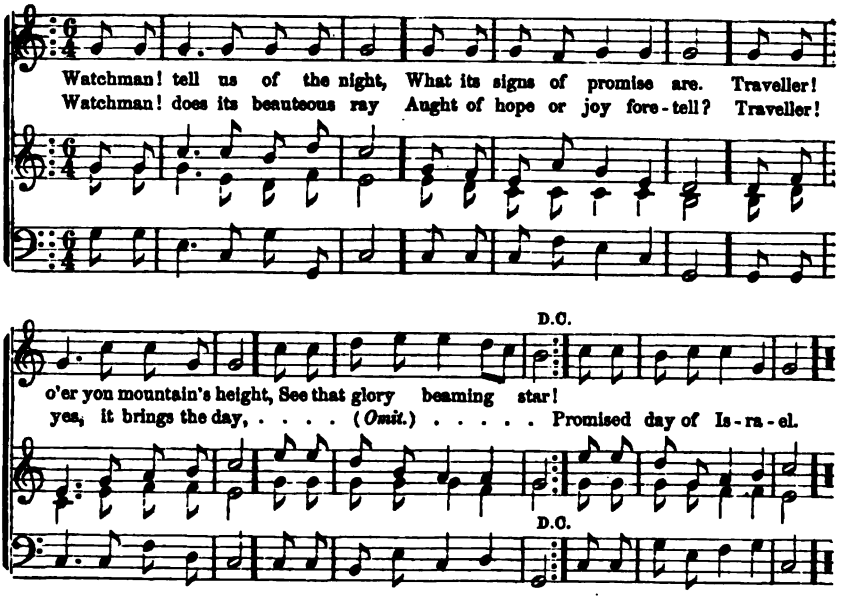
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord!
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

584.

GRANT me, heavenly Lord! to feel
In thy cause a servant's zeal;
More than all to self most near
May I hold thine honor dear.

In the conquests of thy might
May I loyally delight;
In thy ever-spreading reign
Triumph, as my greater gain.

7s. Double.


Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveller!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Traveller!
D.C.
o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beaming star!
yes, it brings the day, ... (Omit.) . . . . . Promised day of Is-ra-el.
D.C.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

585.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

586.

KING of Glory! Prince of Peace!
Whose dominion ne'er shall cease;
He who liveth, yet was dead;
Zion's King, the Church's Head.
He has fixed his court on high,
Angels on his errands fly;
Worshipped there in rapturous strains,
There o'er earth and heaven He reigns.

587.

SEE! the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand;
This before the throne their strain:—
Hell is vanquished, Death is slain;
Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before Him fall,
Lamb of God! and God of all!

Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renewed.
Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things with thy bride say, Come!
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come! and reign forevermore.

S. M.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

588.

O LORD, our God! arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquest of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

O all ye nations! rise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

589.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

590.

THE ever-living God
Th' expiring Church shall raise;
Our hearts his promises receive,
And wake a shout of praise.

Death shall not always reign
Where grace hath fixed his throne;
His soft compassion views the dust
He once hath called his own.

Thy Zion, Lord! believes
A promise so divine,
And looks through all her flowing tears
To see the glory shine.

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

591.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt her power.

Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

The Lord shall raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

592.

O HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart
His sins and errors mourns.

Pleased with the news the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

593.

PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir!
In heavenly heights above,
With harp, and voice, and soul of fire,
Burning with perfect love.

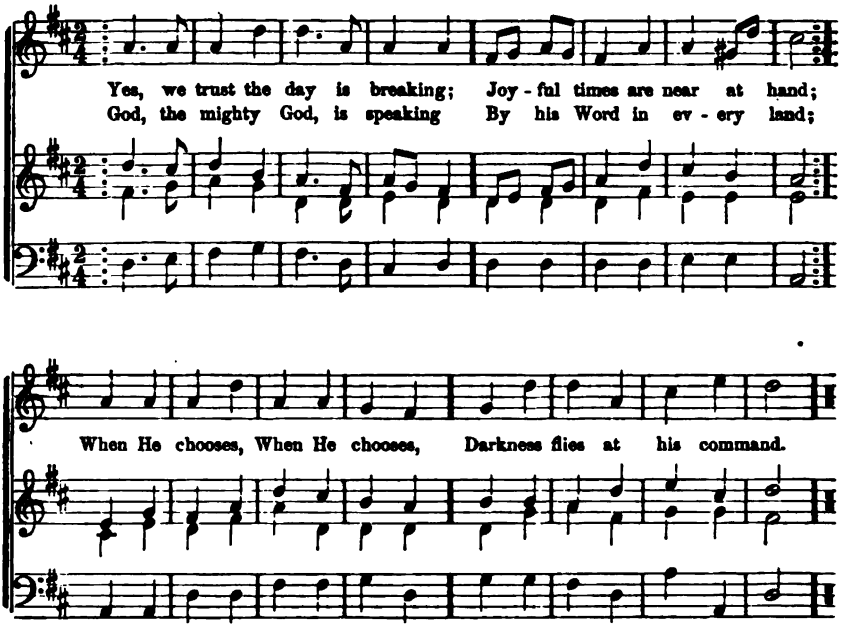
Shine to his glory, worlds of light!
Ye million suns of space;
Ye moons and glistening stars of night,
Running your mystic race.

Shout to Jehovah, surging main!
In deep eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound the strain,
And shore reply to shore.

Storm, lightning, thunder, hail, and snow,
Wild winds that keep his word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.

And round the wide world let it roll,
Whilst man shall lead it on;
Join, every ransomed human soul,
In glorious unison.

8s, 7s, & 4s.


Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joy - ful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking By his Word in ev - ery land;
When He chooses, When He chooses, Darkness flies at his command.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

594.

YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his Word in every land.
When He chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Every language
Soon shall teach the love of God.

O, 't is pleasant, 't is reviving
To our hearts, to hear each day
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the Gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

God of Jacob! high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the Gospel be victorious
Through the world in every land;
Let the idols
Perish, Lord! at thy command.

595.

PRAISE, my soul! the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee his praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Angels! help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
All his works bow down before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space.
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

OLD LITCHFIELD. L. M.

Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

596.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold, the islands, with their kings!
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From North to South the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold;
There India shines in Eastern gold;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

597.

PEOPLE and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to their King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long AMEN.

598.

GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

OPORTO. L. M.

Exalted Prince of Life! we own The royal honors of thy throne; 'T is fixed by God's al-
mighty hand And seraphs bow at thy command, And seraphs bow at thy command.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

599.

EXALTED Prince of Life! we own
The royal honors of thy throne;
'T is fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

Exalted Saviour! we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace,
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

Wide thy resistless sceptre sway!
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

600.

FORGIVENESS! 't is a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doomed to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs! shout it from the sky.

'T is the rich gift of love divine;
'T is full, outmeasuring every crime;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

O'er sins, unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honor shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardor glow.

601.

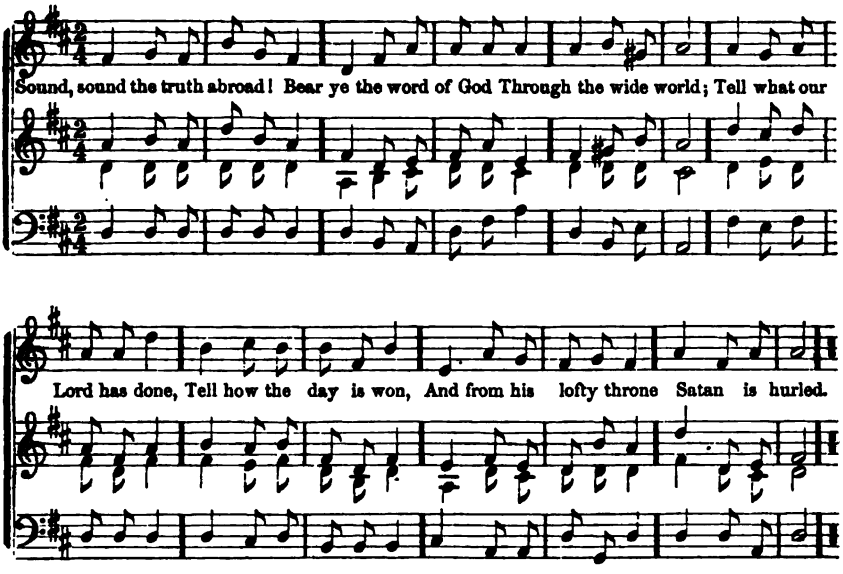
GIVE thanks to God! He reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

Let the redeemèd of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

O let us, then, with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

6s & 4s.


Sound, sound the truth abroad! Bear ye the word of God Through the wide world; Tell what our
Lord has done, Tell how the day is won, And from his lofty throne Satan is hurled.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

602.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

Far over sea and land,
'T is our Lord's own command,
Bear ye his name;
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door;
Silence is shame.

When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,
Jesus, their Lord.

Ye, who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

603.

THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou! who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

O'er the realms of pagan darkness Let the eye of pity gaze; See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze; Darkness brooding On the face of all the earth.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

604.

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

Light of them who sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing.
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone.
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

Thou! to whom all power is given,
Speak the word! at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land.
Lord! be with them
Alway till the end of time.

605.

WHO but Thou, almighty Spirit!
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till Thou favor
Pagans will be still the same.
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days;
Come and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise.
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
Must be vain without thine aid;
But Thou wilt not disappoint us;
All is true that Thou hast said.
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thine influence shed.

L. M.

Arm of the Lord, a - wake! a - wake! Thine own im - mor - tal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake, And cast thy foes with fu - ry down.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

606.

ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

As in the ancient days, appear!
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

By death and hell pursued in vain,
To Thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

607.

ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone;
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let creature blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

608.

ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King!
Now spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be Thou known the gracious God.

O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name;
Be Thou through heaven and earth adored.

609.

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God! to Thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

C. M. (Major Mode.)

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

610.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

Look upward in the dying hour,
And live, the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure
When Faith lifts up her eyes.

High on the cross the Saviour hung;
High in the heavens He reigns;
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring Gentile lives.

611.

YE that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

612.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

And now his conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King!
Glad homage let me give,
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live.

C. M. (Minor Mode.) The same melody as in the preceding tune.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

613.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

(Major Mode.)

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

614.

O HOW is Zion's glory gone!
And vengeance like a flood
Hath quenched her power, and not a stone
Marks where her temple stood.

How are thy streets, Jerusalem!
By careless strangers trod;
And crushed thy once bright diadem
Before the wrath of God.

O Lord! look down with pitying eye
Upon thy ancient race;
And bring thy promised mercy nigh,
And show thy saving grace.

O bring thy scattered sheep again,
And feed them as of old;
Let Christ o'er all his people reign,
One shepherd and one fold.

615.

RISE, great Redeemer! from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

Thy thunder shall affright the proud
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that Thou art God,
And they but feeble men.

C. M.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(The Jews.)

616.

DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

Awake! awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North.

They come, they come! Thine exiled bands
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

617.

AND is the day of mercy set
On Israel's fallen line?
And canst Thou, gracious Lord! forget
The long-regarded vine?

Her fruits, from farthest east to west,
With wonder kings surveyed;
And earth, and earth's glad sons, were blest
Beneath her cooling shade.

Alas! where once in joy she stood,
Her fences now are bare,
And boars and monsters of the wood
Her richest clusters tear.

Then turn Thee, Lord! and from above
Once more in mercy shine;
With looks of pity and of love
Regard thy fallen vine.

618.

CHILDREN of Zion! know your King,
Your own Messiah hail;
Hosanna in his temple sing,
For He hath rent the veil.

Himself the sacrifice for sin,
As your High-Priest He died;
With his own blood He entered in;
Behold Him crucified!

Behold Him on the mercy-seat,
High in the holiest place;
Now cast yourselves before his feet,
Then rise to see his face.

At his great name bow every knee;
Let every tongue confess
Christ, whom your fathers slew, is He!
The Lord your Righteousness.

L. M.

O why should Israel's sons, once blest, Still roam the scorn-ing world a-round,
Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed, Outcasts from Zi-on's hallowed ground?

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(The Jews.)

619.

O WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?

O God of Israel! view their race;
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.

Haste, glorious day! expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.

620.

COME, Lord! thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan:
Come, Lord! the Bride on earth replies,
And perfect all our souls in one.

Pour out the promised gift on all;
Answer the universal — Come!
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

To Thee let all the nations flow;
Let all obey the Gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Filled with the glory of the Lord.

O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
The purchase of thy passion claim;
Thine heritage, the Gentiles, take,
And call the world to know thy name.

621.

O WHEN, from all the ends of earth,
Shall Abraham's sons be gathered home;
Joy in their new, their holier birth;
With weeping, yet with rapture come?

Are they not still thy people, Lord!
Though sorely wandering from thy ways?
Where is the promise of thy Word,
And where the fulness of thy grace?

Jehovah! haste the glorious time;
Think on thy wondrous deeds of old,
And, from the earth's remotest clime,
Call home the wanderers to thy fold.

The fulness of the Gentiles, then,
Shall come and worship at thy throne,
And earth be Paradise again,
Where Thou, O Lord! shalt reign alone.

7s & 6s. Double.

Hail to the Lord's anointed! Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free; To take away transgression, And rule in equity.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

622.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

623.

KINGS shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see.
O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age victorious,
All blessing and all blest.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

S. M.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

624.

NOW He 's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood He pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He 'll vindicate those honors well
Which He received from God.

Be wise, ye rulers! now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people! bow
To God's exalted Son.

If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

625.

GREAT is the Lord our God!
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

In every new distress
We 'll to his house repair;
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

626.

THE God, Jehovah, reigns!
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns!
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

In Zion is his throne,
His honors are divine;
His Church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

L. M.

The heathen perish; day by day Thousands on thousands pass a - way!
O Christians! to their res - cue fly, Preach Je - sus to them ere they die.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

627.

THE heathen perish; day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

Wealth, labor, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you!
And what for Him will ye not do?

Thou Spirit of the Lord! go forth;
Call in the South, wake up the North;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

628.

O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all the fulness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations! far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

God from eternity hath willed, —
All flesh shall my salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned by Thee.

629.

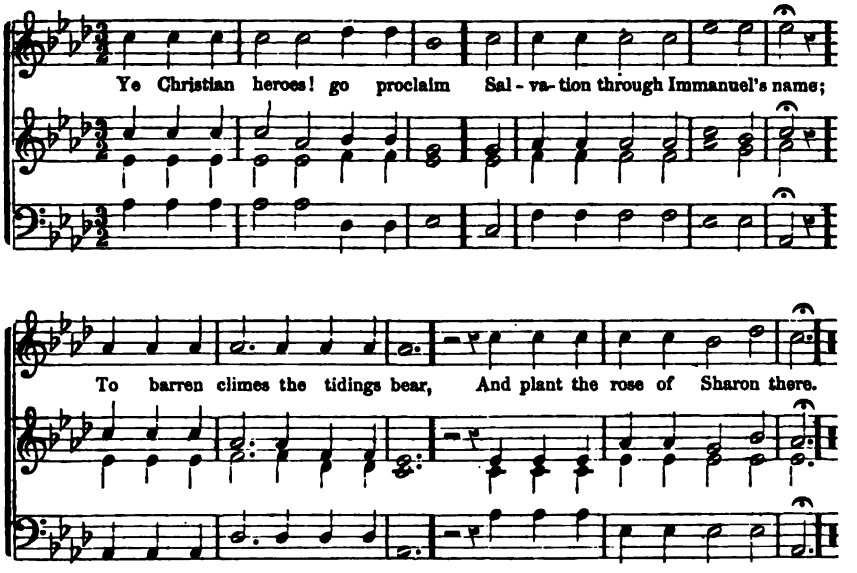
WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair.

Lord! I obey, my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.


Ye Christian heroes! go proclaim Sal-va-tion through Immanuel's name;
To barren climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

630.

YE Christian heroes! go proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To barren climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

631.

O LORD! thine ancient churches spare,
Which still thy name, tho' fallen, bear,
Where once Apostles faithful stood,
And sealed thy truth with martyrs' blood.

Where now the Turk his power extends,
And vainly to the Prophet bends,
There let again thy Gospel shine,
With beams all bright and power divine.

Where Jesus rose and left the grave,
Let Israel learn his power to save;
Let Syria see her churches rise,
And hymns to Christ ascend the skies.

Let Nubia's desert hear once more
The Saviour's voice; his love implore;
Egypt thy sacred Word unroll,
And find that grace which saves the soul.

O let the day-spring, Lord! arise
On every land beneath the skies,
And earth's dark climes, adoring, prove
The heights and depths of pardoning love.

632.

O SEND God's holy Book where'er
Or winds can waft or waters bear;
Let India's sons its page revere,
Let Afric's land the blessing share.

Send it to where, expanded wide,
The South Sea rolls its farthest tide;
To every island's distant shore
Make known the Saviour's grace and power.

Though scattered now from Zion's hill,
And Jordan's bank, and Siloa's rill,
To Israel be repaid their Book,
And pray that they to Christ may look.

O Holy Ghost! who gave the Word,
With thine own truth thy light afford;
Give Thou the quickening, saving power;
On all the earth thy blessing shower.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

Yes, my native land! I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country! Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell?

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

633.

YES, my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How He died — the blessed Saviour —
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, Farewell! Farewell!

634.

MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings, —
Tidings of the Saviour's worth.

Of his Gospel not ashamed, —
'T is the power of God to save;
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave;
Blessed freedom!
Freedom Zion's children have.

When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend;
He is with you, —
He will guide you to the end.

C. M.

Shine, mighty God! on this our land With beams of heavenly grace;
Re - veal thy power through all our coasts, and show thy smiling face.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(OUR LAND.)

635.

SHINE, mighty God! on this our land,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

Amid our States, exalted high,
Do Thou our Glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the favorite hand.

God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

636.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations! thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

637.

O LORD! our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

'T was not their courage, or their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'T was not their number, or their strength,
That did their country save.

But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great Name adored.

As Thee their God our fathers owned,
So Thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as Thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

To Thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our Shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy Name.

L. P. M.

O happy nation! where the Lord Reveals the treasures of his word, And builds his Church, his
earthly throne; His eye the heathen world surveys,
He formed their hearts, He knows their ways; But God, their Maker, is unknown.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(Our Land.)

638.

O HAPPY nation! where the Lord
Reveals the treasures of his word,
And builds his Church, his earthly throne;
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He formed their hearts, He knows their ways;
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

The eye of thy compassion, Lord!
Does most secure defence afford
When death or dangers threatening stand;
Thy watchful eye preserves the just
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our Physician, Thou our Shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne;
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

639.

WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim.
Our Union bless, and make us own
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

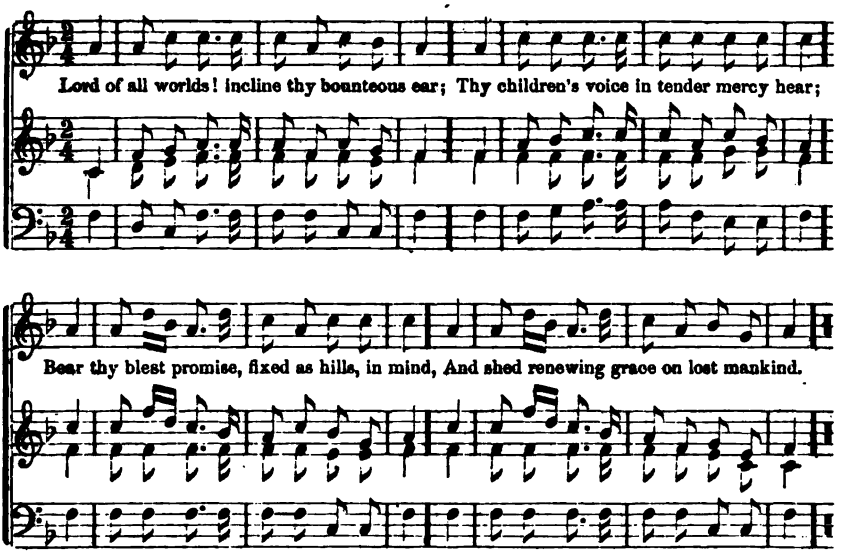
Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
Within our borders hold thy reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With truth and peace our nation bless,
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

640.

LORD! Thou hast bid thy people pray
For all who bear the sovereign sway,
And as thy servants rule and reign;
Ordained by Thee, these ruling powers;
Behold! in faith we pray for ours;
Nor let us for them pray in vain.

Our rulers with thy favor bless;
Stablish their seats in righteousness,
Let wisdom ever hold the helm;
The counsels of our senates guide;
Let justice in our courts preside;
Rule Thou! and guard our wide-spread realm.

10s.


Lord of all worlds! incline thy bounteous ear; Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind, And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

641.

LORD of all worlds! incline thy bounteous ear;
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

Let Zion's walls before Thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man and scourged by Thee no more.

Then Satan's kingdom shall from earth retire,
Dead forms dissolve, and furious zeal expire,
The Beast's fell throne shall darkness dire surround,
Mohammed's empire tumble to the ground.

Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn,
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious Name be one,
And one pure worship hail th' eternal Son.

642.

IN barren wilds shall living waters spring,
Fair temples rise, and songs of transport ring;
The savage mind with sweet affection warm,
And light and love the yielding bosom charm.

Then shall the saints exult with joy divine,
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine;
Their souls improve, their songs more grateful rise,
And sweeter incense cheer the morning skies.

O let thy Spirit like soft dews descend,
Thy Gospel run to earth's remotest end;
Remotest realms one spotless faith unite,
And o'er all regions beam the Gospel's light.

From sin's oblivious sleep let men arise,
And grace and goodness shower from balmy skies;
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea.

L. M. 6 lines.

O let a voice of comfort bless The lone and rug - ged wil - der - ness!
Send faithful shepherds forth to feed The scattered wanderers in their need;
Straight paths for fee - ble knees prepare, And drooping hands sustain by pray - er.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

643.

(Our Land.)

O let a voice of comfort bless
The lone and rugged wilderness!
Send faithful shepherds forth to feed
The scattered wanderers in their need;
Straight paths for feeble knees prepare,
And drooping hands sustain by prayer.

The heathen who in darkness lay
Wake to the dawn of heavenly day;
But shall a worse than pagan night
O'ertake the race that dwelt in light?
Our fathers' God, to children, thrown
On distant wilds, become unknown?

Great Shepherd of the ransomed seed!
For thy dispersèd ones we plead.
How shall these multitudes be fed?
'T is thine to multiply the bread.
Richly hast Thou our wants supplied; —
By us, for them, for all, provide.

644.

(The Sea.)

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ! whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go.
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

L. M.

Lord of the wide, ex - ten - sive main! Whose power the wind, the sea, con - trols,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain, Whose Spir - it leads be - liev - ing souls.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(The Sea.)

645.

LORD of the wide, extensive main!
Whose power the wind, the sea, controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls:—

'T is here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity.

Thy wisdom here we learn t' adore;
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

646.

INFINITE God! thy greatness spanned
These heavens, and meted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise!

We in thy Son divinely great
May claim thy providential care;
Boldly we stand before thy seat;
Our Advocate hath placed us there.

With Him we are gone up on high,
Since He is ours, and we are his;
With Him we reign above the sky,
We walk upon our subject seas.

We boast of our recovered powers,
Lords are we of the lands and floods;
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's!

647.

WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
The furious waves forget their rage;
'T is calm;—and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wished to be.

O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

8s & 7s.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(The Sea.)

648.

TOSSED upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord! to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.

Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping;
"All, all 's well," thy constant cheer.

And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;—

Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.

And though mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

649.

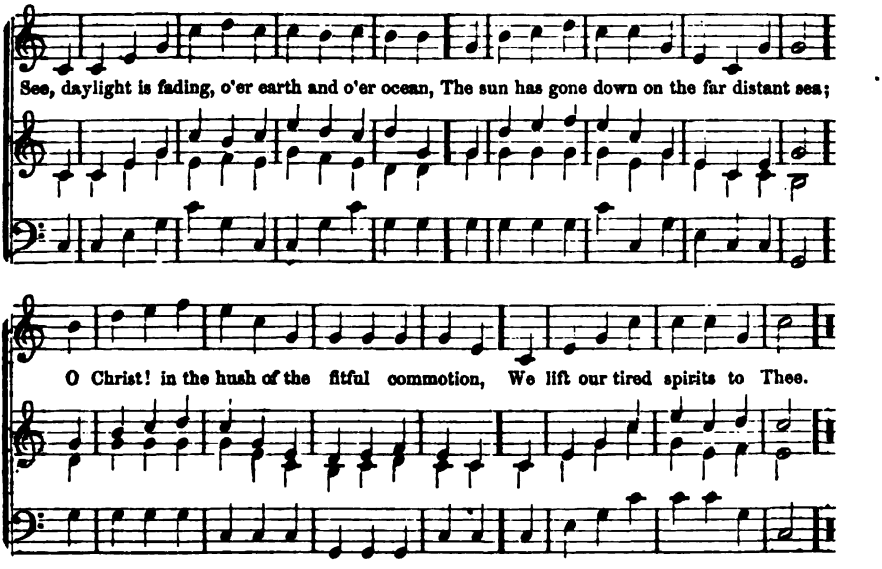
STAR of peace to wanderers weary!
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far off upon the sea.

Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far off upon the sea.

Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far off upon the sea.

Star Divine! O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far off upon the sea.

12s, 11s, & 8s.


See, daylight is fading, o'er earth and o'er ocean, The sun has gone down on the far distant sea;
O Christ! in the hush of the fitful commotion, We lift our tired spirits to Thee.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(The Sea.)

650.

SEE, daylight is fading, o'er earth and o'er ocean,
The sun has gone down on the far distant sea;
O Christ! in the hush of the fitful commotion,
We lift our tired spirits to Thee.

Full oft wast Thou praying alone on the mountain,
As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave;
Thou Son of the Highest! and life's endless Fountain!
Be with us to bless and to save.

And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,
Let thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,
And guard us, though Death watch our sleep.

To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven,
Who dwells with the lowly and humble in heart,
To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given;—
One God, ever blessed, Thou art!

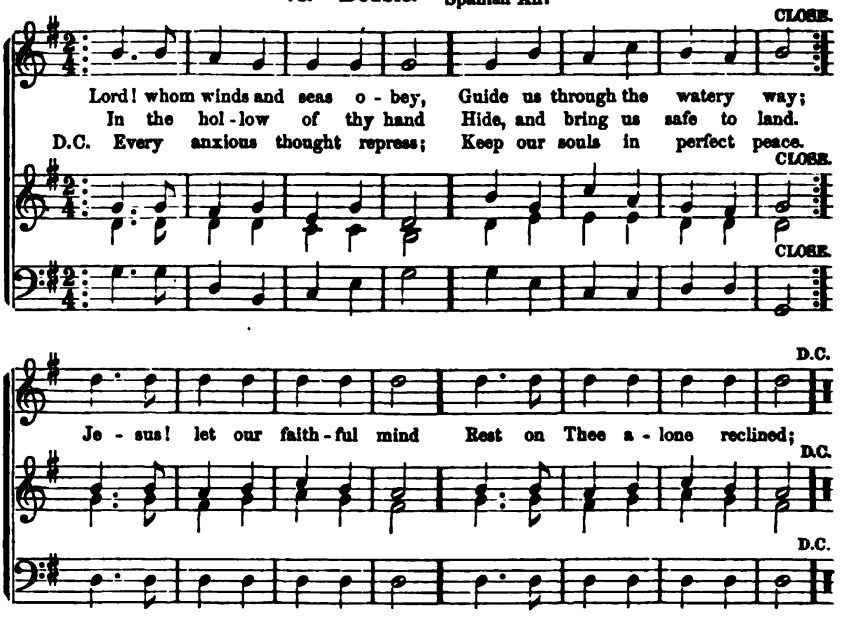
651.

THE Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends Him along his bright way;
The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour!
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall re-echo the song of salvation
In rich and melodious lays.

7s. Double. Spanish Air.


CLOSE.
Lord! whom winds and seas o - bey, Guide us through the watery way;
In the hol - low of thy hand Hide, and bring us safe to land.
D.C. Every anxious thought repress; Keep our souls in perfect peace.
CLOSE.
CLOSE.
D.C.
Je - sus! let our faith - ful mind Rest on Thee a - lone reclined;
D.C.
D.C.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(The Sea.)

652.

LORD! whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

Jesus! let our faithful mind
Rest on Thee alone reclined;
Every anxious thought repress;
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to Thee.

Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er,
Land us on the heavenly shore.

653.

GOD is in the loneliest spot
Present, though thou know it not;
Morning vows and evening prayer
Make a Bethel everywhere.

Go where duty guides thy feet;
There good angels thou shalt meet;
Hosts of God thou canst not see,
Watch thy steps and wait on thee.

654.

THEY that toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
With the billow and the gale;

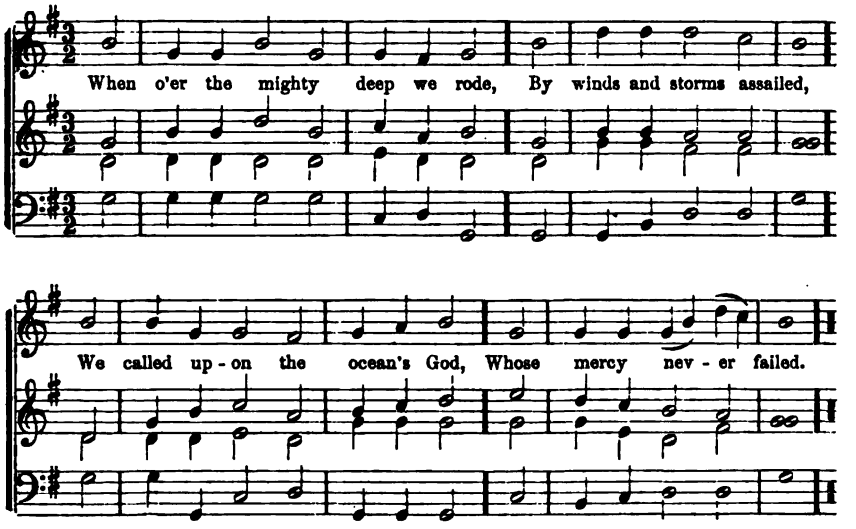
Mark what wonders God performs,
When He speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms,
In the chariots of the wind.

Up to heaven their bark is whirled
On the mountain of the wave,
Downward suddenly 't is hurled
To th' abysses of the grave.

'Mid the tempest now they roll,
As intoxicate with wine;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
Helm they quit, and hope resign.

Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

C. M.



THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(The Sea.)

655.

WHEN o'er the mighty deep we rode,
By winds and storms assailed,
We called upon the ocean's God,
Whose mercy never failed.

The raging tempest heard thy voice,
The winds obeyed thy will;
The elements withheld their noise,
And all the floods were still.

With joy we hailed the distant shore,
And safe the vessel moored;
With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
We praised the ocean's Lord.

Thus, while o'er floods and seas we roam,
Thy goodness still we see;
Though distant from our native home,
We are not far from Thee.

And when life's voyages are past,
And we are called to die,
O may we see thy face at last
In realms beyond the sky.

Then as we join th' ethereal bands
Beyond the swelling wave,
We 'll praise Thee with uplifted hands,
And sing thy power to save.

656.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we 'll adore;
We 'll praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

7s.

Eu - rope! speak the mighty Name; Loud th' E - ter - nal Three proclaim;
Let thy deep se - raph - ic lays Thunder forth the echoing praise.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

657.

EUROPE! speak the mighty Name;
Loud th' Eternal Three proclaim;
Let thy deep seraphic lays
Thunder forth the echoing praise.

Asia! bring thy raptured songs!
Let innumerable tongues
Swell the chord from shore to shore,
Where thy thousand billows roar.

Sable Afric! aid the strain!
Triumph o'er thy broken chain;
Bid thy wildest music raise
All its fervor, in its praise.

Shout, America! thy joys,
While his love thy song employs;
Let thy lonely wilderness
High exalt his righteousness.

All as one adore the Lord,
Father, Spirit, and the Word!
Hail! Thou glorious Three in One;
Worthy Thou to reign alone.

Praise Him, all ye nations! praise;
Saints in heaven! your anthems raise;
Angels! join the solemn chord;
Reign forever, Holy Lord!

658.

PRAISE, O praise, the Name divine!
Praise it at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

Every tongue, with one accord,
Praise the name of Jacob's Lord;
Let his acts and power supreme
To your songs afford a theme.

All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ;
And with holy zeal proclaim
Glory to Jehovah's name.

659.

WHEN the nations toss and roar
Like the billows on the shore,
'Midst the roaring of the sea,
Christ! our hope is all in Thee.

When the nations are at peace,
And the sounds of conflict cease,
'Mid the world's prosperity,
Christ! our hope is all in Thee.

While the powers of death and life
Wage on earth a weary strife,
Till the coming dawn we see,
Christ! our hope is all in Thee.

L. M.

Repeat the first two lines for a Hymn of six lines.

O God of love! O King of peace! Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain; Give peace, O God! give peace again.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

(PEACE.)

660.

O GOD of love! O King of peace!
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.

Remember, Lord! thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers' told,
Remember not our sins' dark stain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.

Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord!
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.

661.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thine Almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life; thy frown is death!

When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage and noise and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain;
Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

Thou great, and wise, and righteous Lord!
All move subservient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

To Thee we raise our grateful songs;
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts and lives and tongues
Confess thy goodness and adore.

662.

OUR earth we now lament to see
With floods of wickedness o'erflowed,
With vi'lence, wrong, and cruelty,
One wide-extended field of blood,
Where men like fiends each other tear
In all the hellish rage of war.

O might the universal Friend
This havoc of his creatures see;
Bid our unnatural discord end,
Declare us reconciled in Thee;
Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chase the murderer from our hearts!

C. M.

Lord! send thy word, and let it fly, Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousand shall con-fess its sway, And bless the saving hour.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

663.

LORD! send thy word, and let it fly,
  Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
  And bless the saving hour.

Beneath the influence of thy grace,
  The barren wastes shall rise
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
  A blooming Paradise.

Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
  Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
  Nor murderous cannon roar.

Lord! for those days we wait, those days
  Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun, and stars! and bring
  This promised age of gold.

Amen! with joy divine let earth's
  Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen! with joy divine let heaven's
  Unnumbered choirs reply.

664.

LET all the people praise Thee, Lord!
  Let all their homage bring;
From sea to sea be Thou adored,
  Redeemer! Judge! and King!

Let all the people praise Thee, Lord!
  Then earth her fruits shall give;
Thy blessing shall on all be poured,
  And all to Thee shall live.

665.

ZION, rejoice, and Judah, sing!
  The Lord assumes his throne;
Come let us own the Heavenly King,
  And make his glories known.

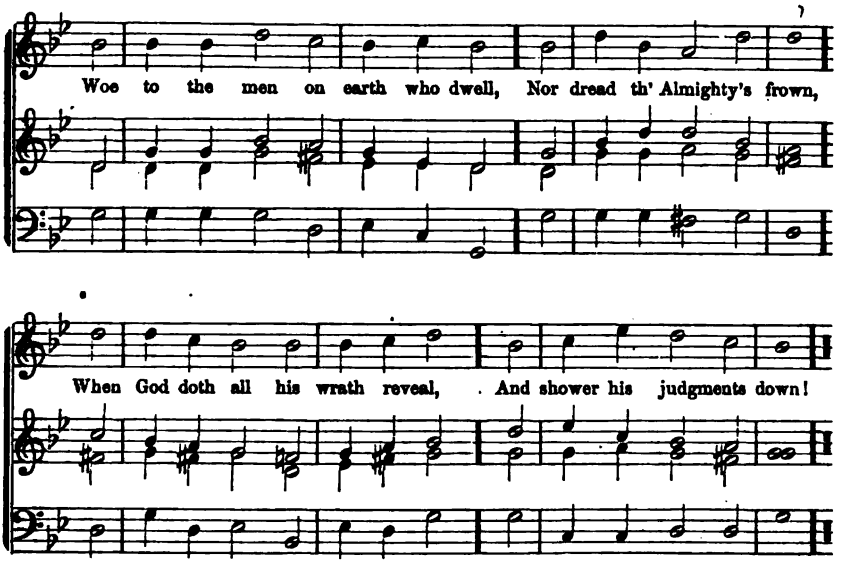
He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
  Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fixed beneath his smiles,
  And totter at his frowns.

Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
  Are vanquished by his breath,
And legions, armed with power and pride,
  Descend to watery death.

Let tyrants make no more pretence
  To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence;
  Our buckler is his hand.

Still may the King of Grace descend
  To rule us by his word;
And all the honors we can give
  Be offered to the Lord.

C. M. (Minor Mode.) The same melody as in the preceding tune.


Woe to the men on earth who dwell, Nor dread th' Almighty's frown,
When God doth all his wrath reveal, And shower his judgments down!

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

666.

WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread th' Almighty's frown,
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down!

Sinners! expect those heaviest showers;
To meet your God prepare;
For lo! the seventh angel pours
His phial in the air.

Lo! from their seats the mountains leap;
The mountains are not found;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drowned.

Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?

(Major Mode.)

Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide;

Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

667.

YET, saith the Lord, if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger down;—

Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.

My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.

(Major Mode.)

Once have I sworn, (I need no more,)
And pledged my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure,
To David and his race.

The sun shall see his offspring rise
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.

Sure as the moon that rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fixed laws of shade and light
Shall be observed no more.

"HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE!"

7s. Double.

Hark! the Song of Jubilee! Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fulness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent shall reign; Hallelujah! let the word Echo round the earth and main.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

668.

HARK! the Song of Jubilee!
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!

See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword! He speaks, — 't is done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.

Then the end; beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

669.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious morning come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

OLDHAM. C. M.

Je - sus, immortal King! arise, Assert thy right-ful sway, Till earth, sub-
dued, its trib - ute brings, And distant lands obey, And distant lands obey.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

670.

JESUS, immortal King! arise,
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

Ride forth, victorious Conqueror! ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored!
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

671.

JESUS! in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus! the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies.

Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign Love! descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

Come, dearest Lord! extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

672.

HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince! triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

And when thy victories are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
To sing thy conquering grace; —

O may my humble soul be found
Among that favored band;
And I with them thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

CORONATION. C. M.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fell; Bring forth the royal diadem, And
crown Him Lord of all. Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

673.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light!
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God!
Who from the altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall,
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

674.

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng,
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The Church triumphant's song.

Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save:
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

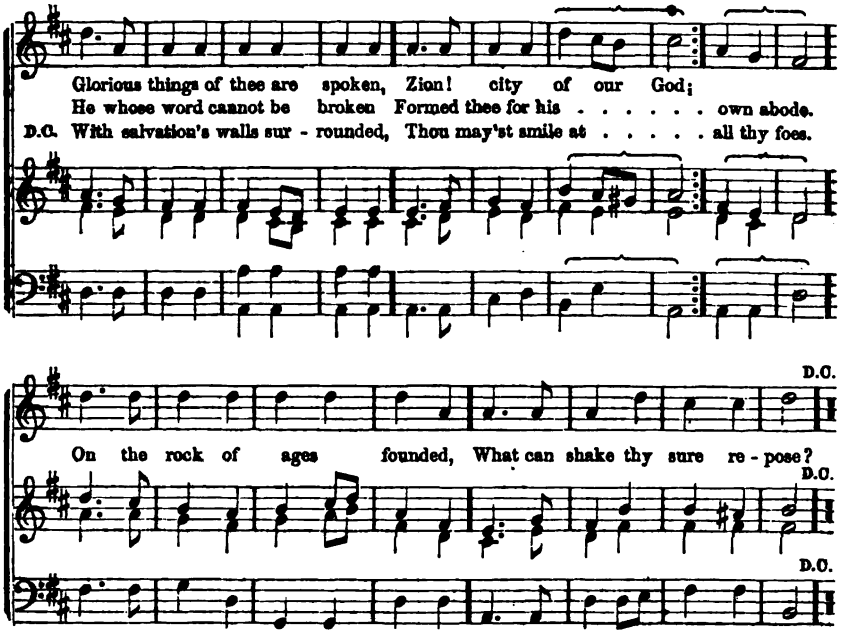
Then, hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain from heaven.

XII.

THE CHURCH.

"GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN."

8s & 7s. Double.


Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion! city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken Formed thee for his . . . . . own abode.
D.C. With salvation's walls sur - rounded, Thou may'st smile at . . . . . all thy foes.
D.C.
On the rock of ages founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
D.C.
D.C.

THE CHURCH.

675.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion! city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering;
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion!
Washed in the Redeemer's blood;
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
Saviour! if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.

L. M.

God, in his earthly temple, lays Foundations for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Ja - cob well, But still in Zi - on loves to dwell.

THE CHURCH.

676.

GOD, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear
As one new born or nourished there.

677.

AS birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them,
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
"So will I guard Jerusalem."

And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? Who inhabits there?

Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners, whom He calls his own.

Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city has a sure defence;
Her name is called, "THE LORD IS THERE";
And who has power to drive Him thence?

678.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place!
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels, and his love.

Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run
On us He sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

C. M.

THE CHURCH.

679.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

680.

PEACE be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

681.

BEHOLD, the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon
And his eternal praise.

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'T is thine own work, Almighty God!
And wondrous in our eyes.

11s.

O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave, Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed, In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

THE CHURCH.

682.

O ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm;
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

"O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy He cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

"Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engraved on my heart doth forever remain;
The palms of my hands while I look on I see,
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

"I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses thy HEAD feels the pain;
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

"Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

C. M. Double.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight When those who love the Lord In one another's
peace delight, And so fulfil his word. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And
with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

THE CHURCH.

683.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart; —

When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

684.

LO, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren who agree;
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.

When streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole;

'T is like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

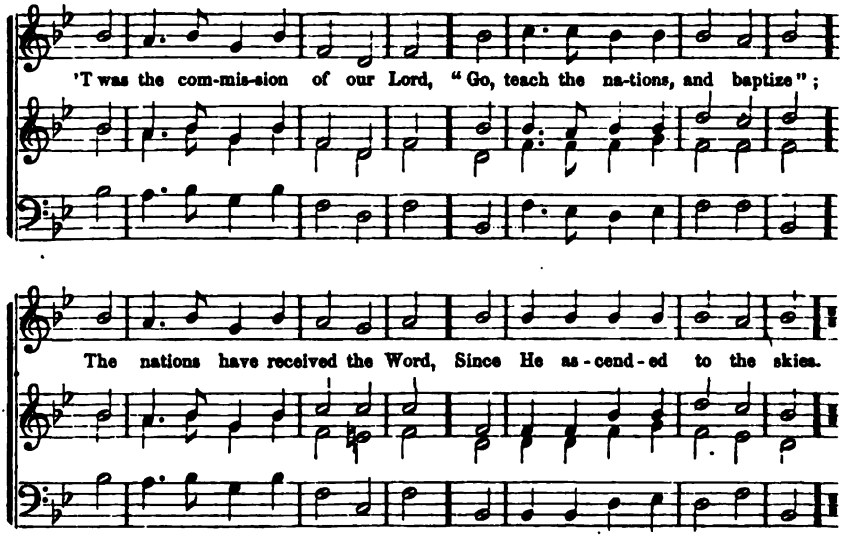
'T is pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill;
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

685.

ONE privilege my heart desires:
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

L. M.


'T was the com-mis-sion of our Lord, "Go, teach the na-tions, and baptize";
The nations have received the Word, Since He as-cend-ed to the skies.

THE CHURCH.

(BAPTISM.)

686.

'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize";
The nations have received the word
Since He ascended to the skies.

He sits upon the eternal hills
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his covenant, with the seals,
To bless the distant Christian lands.

Repent, and be baptized, He saith,
For the remission of your sins;
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his Gospel means.

Our souls He washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends, like purifying rain.

Thus we engage ourselves to Thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
O may the great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record.

687.

O FATHER! here reveal thy Son,
While with this child we seek thy face;
Adopt and seal it as thy own,
With thy regenerating grace.

Come, Holy Ghost! descend from high;
Baptizer of our spirits Thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

Pour forth thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.

688.

THUS did the sons of Abra'am pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

By milder ways does Jesus prove
His Father's covenant and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water poured upon the head.

Let every saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'am praise.

NAZARETH. C. M.

THE CHURCH.

(BAPTISM.)

689.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

"Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord! in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding heart
If weeping o'er their dust.

690.

WITH joy I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er the Saviour's face;
While infants in his tender arms
Receive his smiling grace.

"I take these little lambs," said He,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

His words, ye happy parents! hear,
And shout, with joys divine,—
Dear Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

691.

O THOU whose covenant is sure
To all who fear thy name;
Whose mercies age on age endure
Eternally the same;—

Thou art our fathers' God; we plead
That title; we are thine.
Pour down thy Spirit on our seed,
And sanctify our line.

In Thee our fathers put their trust;
Thy ways they humbly trod;
Honored and sacred is their dust,
And still they live to God.

Heirs to their faith, their hope, their prayers,
We the same path pursue;
Entail the blessing to our heirs,
Lord! show thy promise true.

C. M.

THE CHURCH.

(BAPTISM.)

692.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed: —
I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

693.

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord: —
I'll be a God to thee,
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me.

Abraham believed the promised grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now
That once was sealed with blood.

Thus Lydia sanctified her house
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

Thus later saints, Eternal King!
Thine ancient truth embrace;
To Thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

694.

JESUS! we lift our souls to Thee;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptized into thy death.

O, let thine unction on it rest,
Thy grace its soul renew;
And write within its tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

If thou shouldst quickly end its days,
Its place with Thee prepare;
And if Thou lengthen out its race,
Continue still thy care.

Lord! plant us all into thy grace,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

HOWARD. C. M.

THE CHURCH.

(BAPTISM.)

695.

OUR children, Lord! in faith and prayer
We now devote to Thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

Grant us before them, Lord! to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls remove,
And bring our children there.

696.

FATHER! who hast created all
In wisest love, — we pray,
Look on this babe, who at thy call
Is entering on life's way.

O Son of God that died! behold,
We bring our child to Thee;
Take it, O Shepherd! to thy fold,
Forever thine to be.

O Spirit! brooding o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give endless life; its spirit lave
With waters undefiled.

O Triune God! speak, and 't is done!
We speak, — but thine the might;
This child hath scarcely seen our sun,
Yet pour on it thy light.

697.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain; —

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high; —

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own;
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

L. M.

'T was on that dark, that doleful night, When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betrayed Him to his foes.

THE CHURCH.

(The Lord's Supper.)

698.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!—

This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food.
Then took the cup and blessed the wine:—
'T is the new covenant in my blood.

Do this, He cried, till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

Jesus! thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

699.

OUR faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One who died!
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

700.

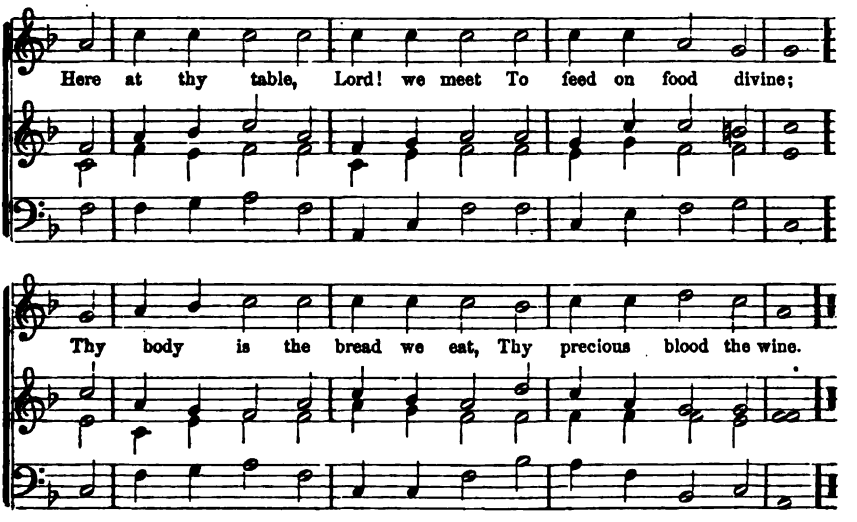
JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, He gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

Whilst He is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

COMMUNION. C. M.



THE CHURCH.

(THE LORD'S SUPPER.)

701.

HERE at thy table, Lord! we meet
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

He who prepares this rich repast
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

The bitter torments He endured
Upon th' accursed tree,
For me, each welcome guest may say,—
'T was all procured for me.

Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour! so divine;
Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me
Which owes so much to thine.

702.

LET us adore th' eternal Word;
'T is He our souls hath fed;
Thou art the living stream, O Lord!
And Thou th' immortal bread.

Blest be the Lord, who gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

703.

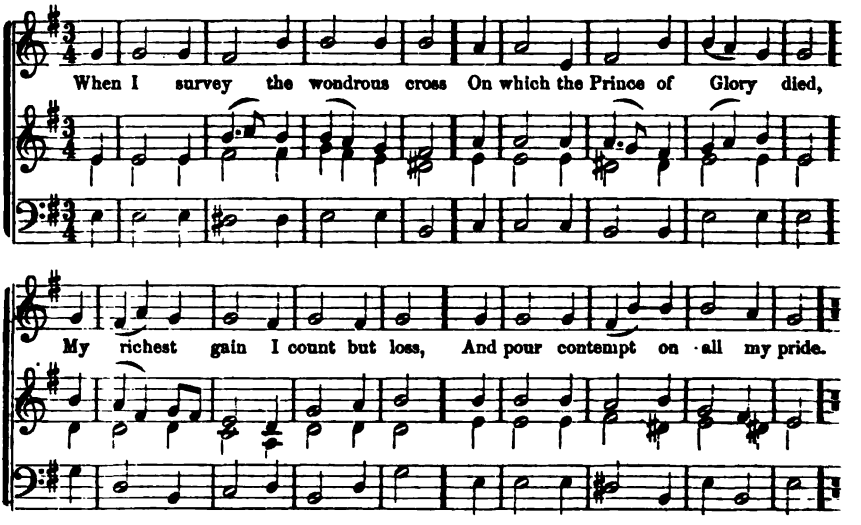
HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to his throne.
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

L. M.


When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

THE CHURCH.

(The Lord's Supper.)

704.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

705.

COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In Him to have my lot and part;
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from his heart;

To feed by faith on Christ my Bread,
His body broken on the tree;
To live in Him, my living head,
Who died and rose again for me;—

This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine;
Jesus! in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

From thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love;
And while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.

706.

OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love.

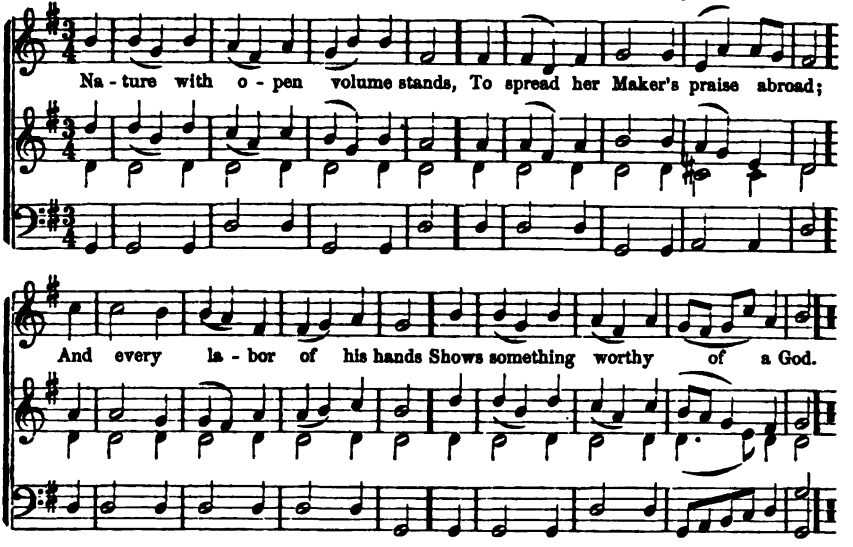
Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threatening set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nailed the curses to the tree.

In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

L. M.

This tune and the preceding may be sung to different stanzas of the same hymn.


Na - ture with o - pen volume stands, To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every la - bor of his hands Shows something worthy of a God.

THE CHURCH.

(The Lord's Supper.)

707.

NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

I would forever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

708.

HERE we have seen thy face, O Lord!
And viewed salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living Word,
The Bread descending from the skies.

Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy Name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

He is our Light; our morning Star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near the throne.

709.

WHAT shall we pay the eternal Son
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us, wanderers, back to God?

It cost Him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys He gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

Our everlasting love is due
To Him who ransomed sinners lost,
And pitied rebels, when He knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

710.

BLEST Jesus! what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are;
Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel! all divine!
In Thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen or angels known!

C. M.

How sweet and awful is the place With Christ within the doors!
While ev - er - last - ing love displays The choicest of her stores.

THE CHURCH.

(THE LORD'S SUPPER.)

711.

HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors!
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
Lord! why was I a guest?

Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come.

'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

712.

BE known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour! abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

Then sup with us, in love divine;
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread and heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

713.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord!
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me?
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus! remember me.

SWANWICK. C. M.

THE CHURCH.

(ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.)

714.

COME, let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings He bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.

Come, let us seal, without delay,
The covenant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.

Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their fathers' God;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod.

715.

WHO make the Lord of hosts their [tower
Shall like Mount Zion be,
Immovable by mortal power,
Built on eternity.

As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.

The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

Do good, O Lord! do good to those
Who cleave to Thee in heart;
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

716.

COME thou with.us; we 'll do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.

In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual powers.

And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in Him.

BARBY. C. M.

THE CHURCH.

(ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.)

717.

WITNESS, ye men and angels! now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break, —

That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our needs supply.

O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

718.

LORD! at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place.

We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God!
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood!

What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room;
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

Ye saints below, and hosts above!
Join all your sacred powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

719.

"THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good":—
He said, — and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

The light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are thine.

Sweet is the memory of his name
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

6s & 4s.

Now I have found a Friend Whose love shall never end; Je - sus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease, Though human friendships cease, Now I have lasting peace; Jesus is mine.

THE CHURCH.

(ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.)

720.

NOW I have found a Friend
Whose love shall never end;
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold;
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
O what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,
Jesus is mine.

Father! thy name I bless;
Thine was the sovereign grace;
Praise shall be thine;
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

721.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

7s. 6 lines.

Bread of Heaven! on Thee I feed, For thy flesh is meat in - deed;
Ev - er may my soul be fed With this true and liv - ing bread;
Day by day with strength sup - plied, Through the life of Him who died.

THE CHURCH.

722.

BREAD of Heaven! on Thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of Heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'T is thy wounds my healing give;
To thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built, on Thee.

723.

GLORIOUS Shepherd of the sheep!
May I dare to call me thine,
One whom Thou wilt tend and keep
Safe beneath thy wings divine?
Ah! with Thee so kind and near,
What have I to wish or fear?

Where the heavenly pastures grow,
Where the living waters glide,
Led and fed by Thee below,
I have naught to ask beside;
Naught but thankfulness of heart
To proclaim how good Thou art.

Keep me in thy righteous ways;
Guide me with thy holy wand
Through this life's perplexing maze,
Through the vale of death beyond;
Gracious Thou, and happy I,
With so great a Friend so nigh.

In the desert, then, I 'm fed;
Manna round me rains from high,
Holy oil anoints my head,
And my cruse is never dry;
Then from grace I pass to grace,
Soon to meet Thee face to face.

724.

NOW with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the Church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn: —
Glory to the Great I AM!
Glory to the Victim Lamb!

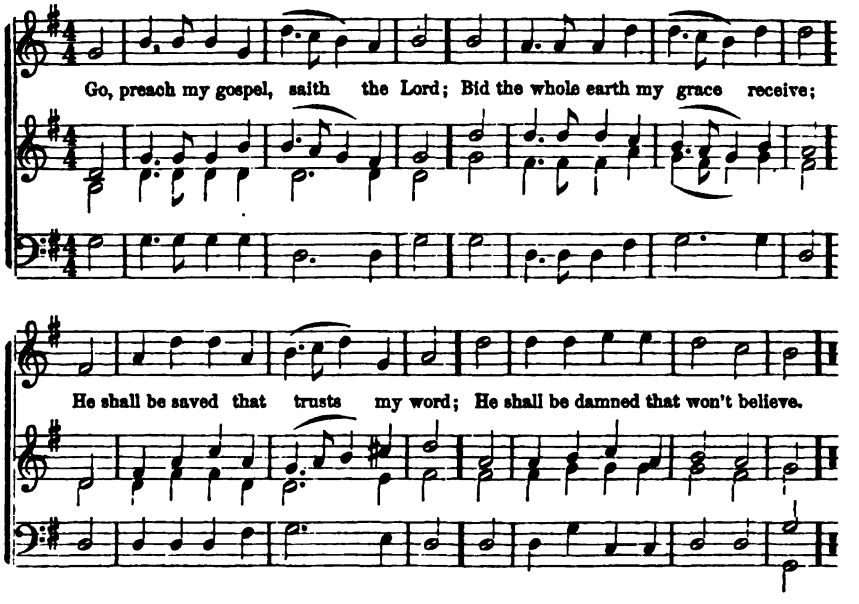
Blessing, honor, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

XIII.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

"GO, PREACH MY GOSPEL, SAITH THE LORD."

L. M.


Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord; Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word; He shall be damned that won't believe.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

725.

GO, preach my gospel, saith the Lord;
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word;
He shall be damned that won't believe.

I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

Go, heal the sick; go, raise the dead;
Go, cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend.

He spake, — and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

726.

THE Saviour, when to heaven He rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

Hence sprung th' Apostles' honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers, rise.

So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

727.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour, King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

728.

LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord! is great,
The laborers are few.

Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

Give the pure Gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

O let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.

On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven,
That Thou hast died for all.

L. M

Com - fort ye min - is - ters of grace! Com - fort the peo - ple of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fall - en race, And cheer them by the Gospel word.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

729.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace!
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the Gospel word.

Go into every nation, go;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,—
Glad tidings unto all we show:—
Jerusalem! thy God is nigh.

The glory of the Lord displayed
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

730.

DRAW near, O Son of God! draw near;
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy Church do Thou appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

O, clothe their words with power divine,
And let those words be ever thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain;—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

731.

SHEPHERD of Israel! bend thine ear;
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear.
Perplexed, distressed, to Thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

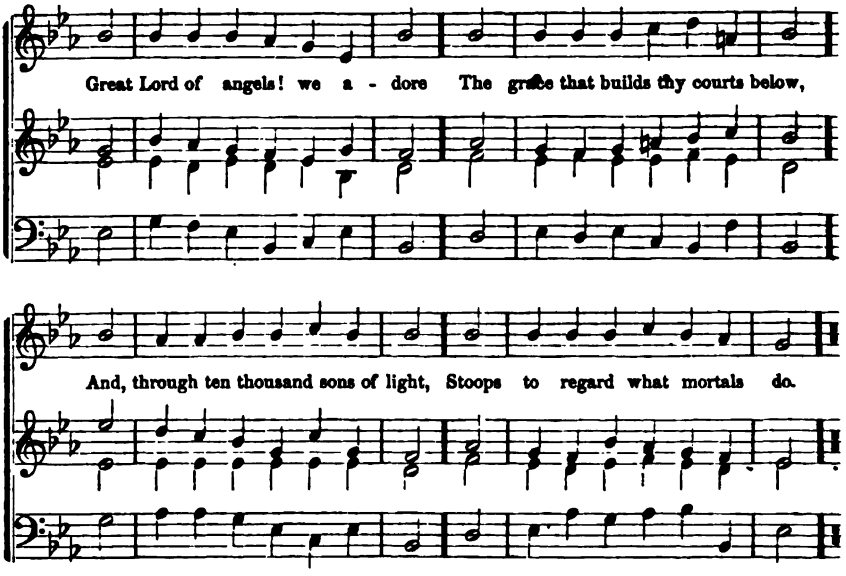
Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways;
Send forth, O Lord! thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

With longing eyes, behold we wait
As suppliants at Mercy's gate;
Our drooping hearts, O God! sustain;
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

O Lord! in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a Shepherd see
Dear to our souls, and dear to Thee.

Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

L. M.


Great Lord of angels! we a - dore The grace that builds thy courts below,
And, through ten thousand sons of light, Stoops to regard what mortals do.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

732.

GREAT Lord of angels! we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below,
And, through ten thousand sons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

Amidst the wastes of time and death,
Successive pastors Thou dost raise
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
And form a people for thy praise.

The heavenly natives with delight
Hover around the sacred place;
Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues
The wonders of redeeming grace.

At length, dismissed from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band;
With them through distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.

O glorious hope! O blest employ!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joy and honor share?

Yet while these labors we pursue,
Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heaven shall here be known.

733.

GUARDIAN of Israel! Source of peace!
Who hast ordained thy priests to bless,
Shine forth as our propitious Lord,
And verify thy servants' word.

Thy countenance our souls would see,
For all our joys unite in Thee;
And peace still waits at thy command
To calm our hearts, and bless our land.

Hear, while thy priests address their vows
And scatter blessings through thy house;
And while they fall, may Israel raise
Its pious songs of ardent praise.

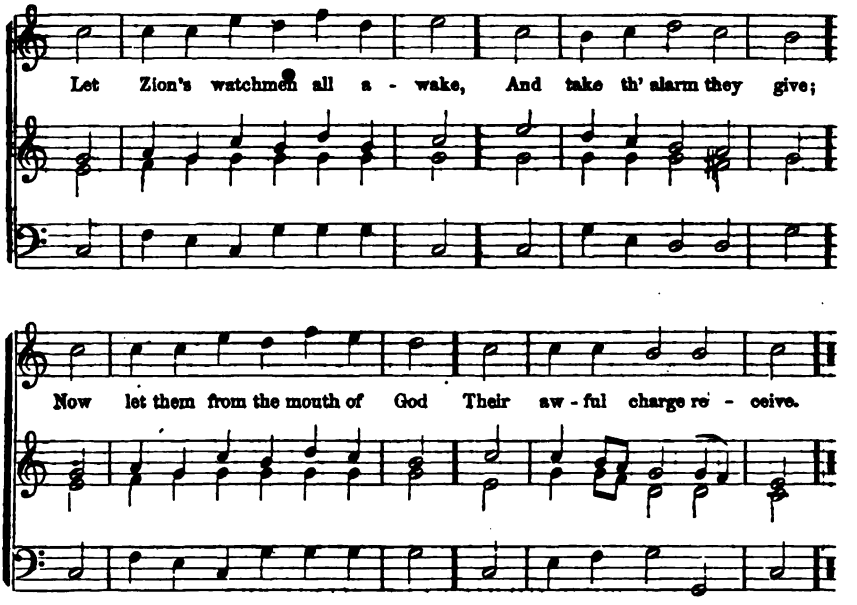
734.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to Thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

Gird him with all-sufficient grace,
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

C. M.



THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

735.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must forever live
In raptures, or in woe.

All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how shall we appear!

May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

736.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free!
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee.

Inflame their minds with holy zeal
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And let them live and let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.

O, never let the sheep complain
That toys, which fools amuse,
Ambition, pleasure, praise, or gain,
Debase the shepherd's views.

The sword of God shall break his arm,
A blast shall blind his eye;
His word shall have no power to warm,
His gifts shall all grow dry.

O Lord! avert this heavy woe,—
Let all thy shepherds say;
And grace and strength on each bestow
To labor while 't is day.

306 "STEEL ME TO SHAME; REPROACH, DISGRACE."

L. M.

Steel me to shame, reproach, dis - grace, Arm me with all thine ar - mor now,
Set like a flint my steady face, Hard - en to ad - a - mant my brow.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

737.

STEEL me to shame, reproach, disgrace,
Arm me with all thine armor now,
Set like a flint my steady face,
Harden to adamant my brow.

Bold may I wax, exceeding bold,
My high commission to perform;
Nor shrink thy harshest truths t' unfold,
But more than meet the gathering storm.

Adverse to earth's rebellious throng,
Still may I turn my fearless face,
Stand as an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass.

Give me thy might, Thou God of power!
Then let or men or fiends assail;
Strong in thy strength, I'll stand, a tower,
Impregnable to earth or hell.

738.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before Thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my God! by Thee?

What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

Yea, let men rage, since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

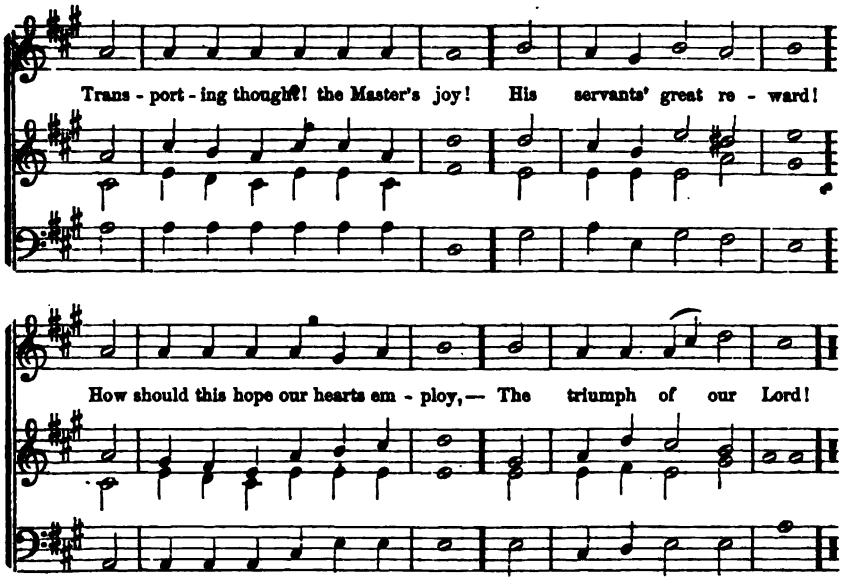
739.

SHALL I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse, my Lord! to plead thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own?

No! let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me, if they will;
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still.

And what is man, or what his smile?
The terrors of his anger, what?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
And soon his place shall know him not.

C. M.


Trans - port - ing thought! the Master's joy! His servants' great re - ward!
How should this hope our hearts em - ploy,— The triumph of our Lord!

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

740.

TRANSPORTING thought! the Master's joy!
His servants' great reward!
How should this hope our hearts employ,—
The triumph of our Lord!—

When the great conflict shall have closed,
All evil be subdued,
Death, the last enemy, deposed,
And Nature's self renewed!

But Love divine alone can know
The fulness of that joy
Which in the Saviour's heart shall glow,
And Heaven's new song employ.

Enough the triumph to partake;
Our place and portion this;
Full sympathy with Him shall make
The ecstasy of bliss.

741.

O HOW should those be clean who bear
The vessels of the Lord!
How should those give themselves to prayer
Who minister his Word.

Cleanse me, O Lord! my head, my feet,
And a pure heart induce,
That I may be a vessel meet
For thy most holy use.

O may the beamings of thy grace,
Reflected on my mien
When called a sinful world to face,
Show where my soul has been.

Then shall I not be greatly moved
By envy or applause,
Content to be by Thee approved,
And glorying in thy cause.

742.

FATHER of mercies! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother* we commend
To thy paternal care.

Before him set an open door;
His various efforts bless;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.

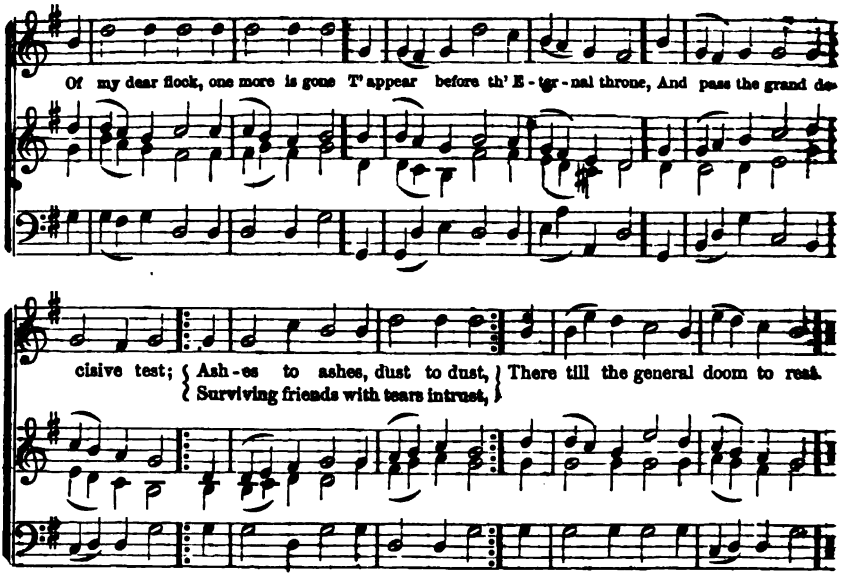
In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by thy grace;
And guard him by thy mighty power
Till he shall end his race.

Then, followed by a numerous train
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.

* Or, Brethren.

308 "OF MY DEAR FLOCK, ONE MORE IS GONE."

L. P. M.


Of my dear flock, one more is gone T' appear before th' E - ter - nal throne, And pass the grand de-
cisive test; { Ash - es to ashes, dust to dust, } There till the general doom to rest.
{ Surviving friends with tears intrust, }

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

743.

OF my dear flock, one more is gone
T' appear before th' Eternal throne,
And pass the grand decisive test;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Surviving friends with tears intrust,
There till the general doom to rest.

The soul, dismissed from cumbrous clay,
Expatiates in eternal day,
And with the great Jehovah dwells;
The dawn of immortality
With scenes unknown fills all the eye,
And wonders vast and new reveals.

Thus, while I 'm dreaming life away,
Or books or studies charm the day,
My flock is dying one by one;
Conveyed beyond my warning voice,
To endless pains or endless joys,
Forever happy or undone.

I too, erelong, must yield my breath,
My voice, forever closed in death,
Shall sound the Gospel trump no more;
Then, while my charge is in my reach,
With fervor let me pray and preach,
And eager catch the flying hour.

Almighty grace! my soul inspire,
And touch my lips with heavenly fire;
Let faith, and hope, and zeal, arise;
O teach me that divinest art,
To reach the conscience, gain the heart,
And train immortals for the skies.

744.

THOU, Jesus! thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallowed fire,
And loose a stammering infant's tongue;
Prepare the vessel of thy grace,
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song.

Mercy for all who know not God;
Mercy for all in Jesus' blood;
Mercy, that earth and heaven transcends;
Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light;
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divine, which never ends.

A faithful witness of thy grace,
Well may I fill the allotted space,
And answer all thy great design;
Walk in the works by Thee prepared,
And find annexed the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness divine.

S. M.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

745.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

746.

REST from thy labor, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,
Marked thee till life's last hour.

Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place;
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

Saviour! into thy hands
Our pastor we resign,
And now we wait thine own commands;
We were not his, but thine.

Thou art thy Church's Head;
And, when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead;
To Thee we lift our eye.

On Thee our hopes depend,
We gather round our Rock;
Send whom Thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

C. M.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

747.

HIS master taken from his head,
Elisha saw him go,
And in desponding accents said,
Ah! what must Israel do?

But he forgot the Lord, who lifts
The beggar to the throne,
Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts
Would soon be made his own.

What! when a Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies,
Is Israel left without resource?
And have we no supplies?

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what He gives,
Who lives for evermore.

748.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;

Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

Lo, I am with you, saith the Lord;
My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide.

Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

749.

CHRIST'S only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'T is all my business here below
To cry, Behold the Lamb!

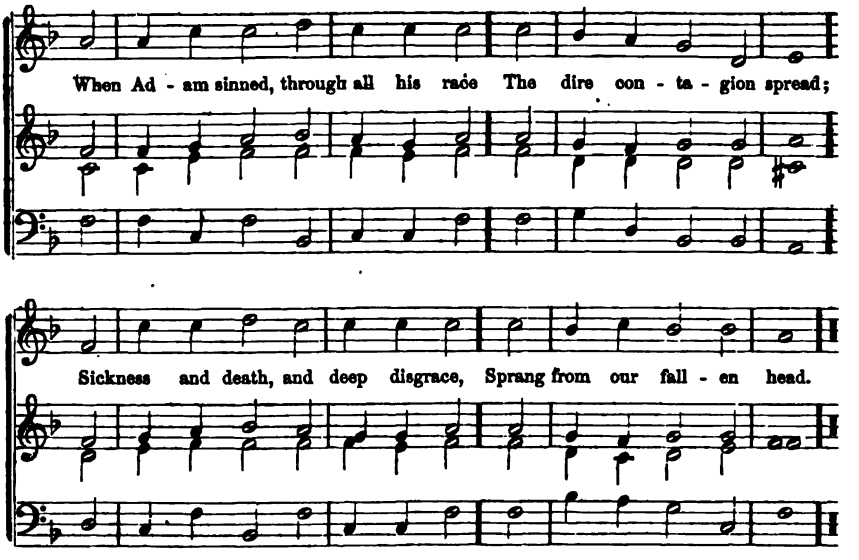
Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

XIV.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

"WHEN ADAM SINNED, THROUGH ALL HIS RACE."

C. M.


When Ad - am sinned, through all his race The dire con - ta - gion spread;
Sickness and death, and deep disgrace, Sprang from our fall - en head.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

750.

WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;
Sickness and death, and deep disgrace,
Sprang from our fallen head.

From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined;
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.

Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty 's gone;
The gold is fled, the dross remains;
O sin! what hast thou done!

Jesus! reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to Thee;
Thou art the only hiding-place
Where ruined souls can flee.

751.

BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall!

To all that 's good averse and blind,
And prone to all that 's ill,
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust.

C. M.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

752.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason, debased, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Saviour! thine,
To form the heart anew.

'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine!

753.

THE Lord, from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man who sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There 's none who fears his Maker's hand;
There 's none that loves his name.

Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace.

Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

754.

O LORD! turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate.

And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourned here;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

Mercy, good Lord! mercy, I ask:
This is my humble prayer;
For mercy, Lord! is all my suit;
O let thy mercy spare!

C. M.

Not all the outward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

755.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

756.

BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favor of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace!

He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus He pours abundant shame
On honorable blood.

He calls the fool, and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

Nature has all its glories lost
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

757.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

316 "SHALL THE VILE RACE OF FLESH AND BLOOD."

OLD BROOKFIELD. L. M.

Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Con - tend with their Cre - a - tor God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be More ho - ly, wise, or just than He?

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

758.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than He?

Behold, He puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint, and vanish like the moth.

Almighty Power! to Thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious Thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

759.

BEHOLD the potter and the clay!
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as He will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

But, O my soul! if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

Then He shall make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

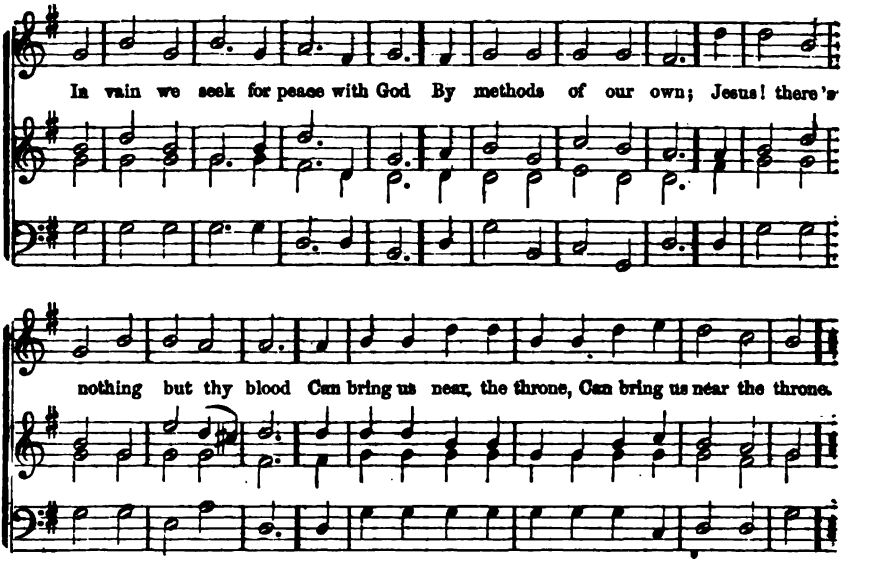
760.

FATHER! 'tis thus, because thy will
Chose and ordained it should be so;
'T is thy delight to abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

There 's none can know the Father right,
But those who learn it from the Son;
Nor can the Son be well received
But where the Father makes Him known.

Then let our souls adore our God,
Who deals his graces as He please,
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions, or decrees.

MILFORD. C. M.


In vain we seek for peace with God By methods of our own; Jesus! there's
nothing but thy blood Can bring us near the throne, Can bring us near the throne.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

761.

IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own;
Jesus! there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

The threatenings of the broken law
Impress the soul with dread;
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.

But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands,
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by thy hands.

Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation through his name.

'T is by thy death we live, O Lord!
'T is on thy cross we rest;
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

762.

THUS saith the Lord, Your work is vain;
Give your burnt-offerings o'er;
In dying goats and bullocks slain
My soul delights no more.

Then spake the Saviour, Lo! I'm here,
My God! to do thy will;
Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
Thy servant shall fulfil.

And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at the appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

Much He revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth He showed;
And preached the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

His Father's honor touched his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries;
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

763.

NO blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice He paid
Atones for all our sin.

Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's Promised Seed
The serpent's head was broke.

7s. 6 lines.

Bless - ed are the Sons of God! They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave; Life e - ter - nal they shall have.
With them numbered may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

764.

BLESSED are the sons of God!
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have.
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

God did love them in his Son
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive
When on Jesus they believe.
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, blameless, undefiled.
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun.
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

765.

PARTNERS of a glorious hope!
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Monuments of Jesus' grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise.

Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind.

Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won.
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear;
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

Sons we are, through God's e-lec - tion, Who in Je - sus Christ be - lieve;
By e - ter - nal des - ti - na - tion Sov-ereign grace we here re - ceive.
Lord! thy mer - cy, Lord! thy mer - cy Does both grace and glo - ry give.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

766.

SONS we are, through God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe;
By eternal destination
Sovereign grace we here receive.
Lord! thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

Every fallen soul by sinning
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love without beginning
Has restored thy sons again.
Countless millions
Shall in life through Jesus reign.

Pause, my soul! adore and wonder;
Ask, O why such love to me?
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family.
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to Thee.

Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease,
Keep, O keep me, Lord! from sinning,
Guide me in the way of peace.
Make me follow
All the paths of holiness.

When in that blest habitation
Which my God has foreordained,
When, in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand,
Thy grace only
Shall forever have the praise.

767.

COMRADES of the heavenly calling,
Racers in the Christian course!
Would you keep from fault or falling,
Proof against temptation's force,
Look to Jesus,
Of your life the Living Source.

Mammon, Pleasure, Fame, Ambition,
Spread their lures on every side;
Unbelief and Superstition
Would dissuade you or misguide;
Look to Jesus;
Nor let aught your heart divide.

Look to Him who every trial
Meekly suffered, free from sin,
Think upon His self-denial
When corruption stirs within.
Look to Jesus;
Bear the cross, the crown to win.

He who trod the course before thee
High is seated at the goal;
Unseen throngs are bending o'er thee;
See the victor's wreath and stole;
Look to Jesus,
And new life shall nerve thy soul.

320 "NOW FOR A HYMN OF PRAISE TO GOD!"

C. P. M.

Now for a hymn of praise to God! Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood Join
the sweet choir above; All your harmonious accents bring, Wake every high, ce - lestial string, To chant redeem - ing love.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

768.

NOW for a hymn of praise to God!
Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood
Join the sweet choir above;
All your harmonious accents bring,
Wake every high, celestial string,
To chant redeeming love.

Ere God pronounced creation good,
Or bade the vast, unbounded flood
Through fixèd channels run;
Ere light from ancient chaos sprung,
Or angels earth's formation sung,
He chose us in his Son.

Then was the covenant ordered sure,
Through endless ages to endure,
By Israel's triune God;
That none his covenant might evade,
With oaths and promises 't was made,
And ratified in blood.

God is the refuge of my soul,
Though tempests rage, though billows roll,
And hellish powers assail;
Eternal walls are my defence;
Environed with Omnipotence,
What foe can e'er prevail?

Then let infernal legions roar,
And waste their cursed, vengeful power;
My soul their wrath disdains.
In God, my Refuge, I 'm secure
While covenant promises endure,
Or my Redeemer reigns.

769.

MY God! thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne,
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

But in thy Word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There Faith, bright cherub! points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

Then let the love that makes me blest
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

XV.

YOUTH AND AGE.

"THE GREAT REDEEMING ANGEL, THEE!"

C. M.

YOUTH AND AGE.

770.

THE Great Redeeming Angel, Thee,
O Jesus! we confess;
Do Thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.

Early discipled to the Lord,
May they be taught of Thee;
And, made to know and trust thy word,
Wise to salvation be.

Thou who hast borne our sins away,
Our children's sins remove;
And bring them through their evil day
To sing thy praise above.

Partakers of our nature, make
Partakers of thy grace;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before thy face.

771.

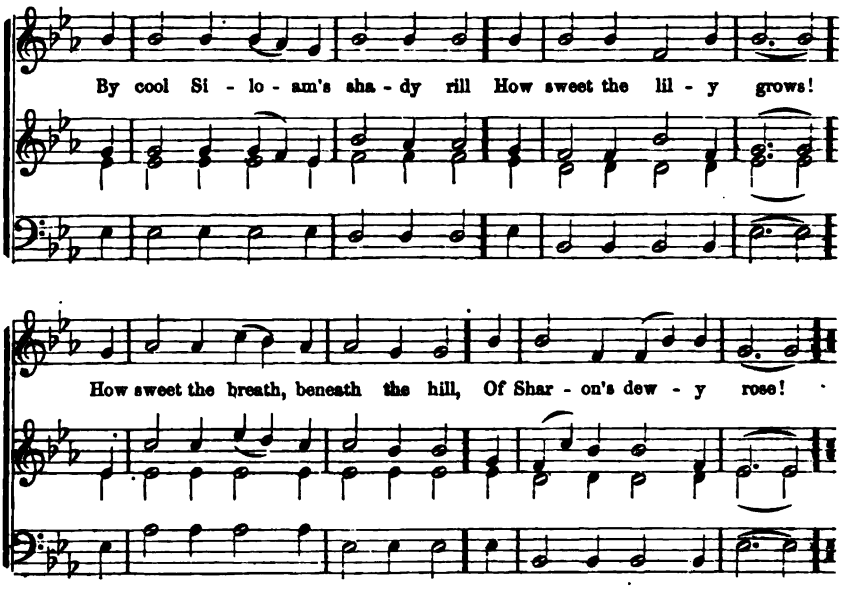
LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

C. M.



YOUTH AND AGE.

772.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine;—

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thy own.

773.

LORD! teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my youthful heart.

A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He 'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with Him above.

C. M.

YOUTH AND AGE.

774.

HOW glorious is our Heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my heart obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear the Almighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

775.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

Away, each grovelling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's thought;
I spring to seize immortal joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.

Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth
While heaven is kept in view.

776.

THOUGH in the temple some are found
Who bid us hold our peace,
"Hosanna" loud our lips resound
To Christ the God of grace.

Out of the mouth of very babes
Thou hast ordainèd praise;
To sing thy power, thy grace and love,
We now our voices raise.

"Hosanna" still we 'll cry aloud,
To Christ enthroned on high;
May we at last surround his throne,
And Hallelujah cry.

7s.

Who are they whose little feet, Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat, They have ever kept in . . . view?
I from Greenland's frozen land;
I from In-dia's sul-try plain; I from Af-ric's barren strand; I from islands of the main.

YOUTH AND AGE.

777.

WHO are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat,
They have ever kept in view?

"I from Greenland's frozen land";
"I from India's sultry plain";
"I from Afric's barren strand";
"I from islands of the main."

All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last
At the portal of the sky.

Each the welcome, Come, awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

778.

HEAR we not a voice from heaven
To the listening spirit given?
Children, come! it seems to say,
Give your hearts to me to-day.

Lord! we would remember Thee
While from pain and sorrow free,
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious Leader be
When the stars shall fade and flee.

Now to Thee, O Lord! we come
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us thy grace divine,
Touch our hearts, and make them thine!

779.

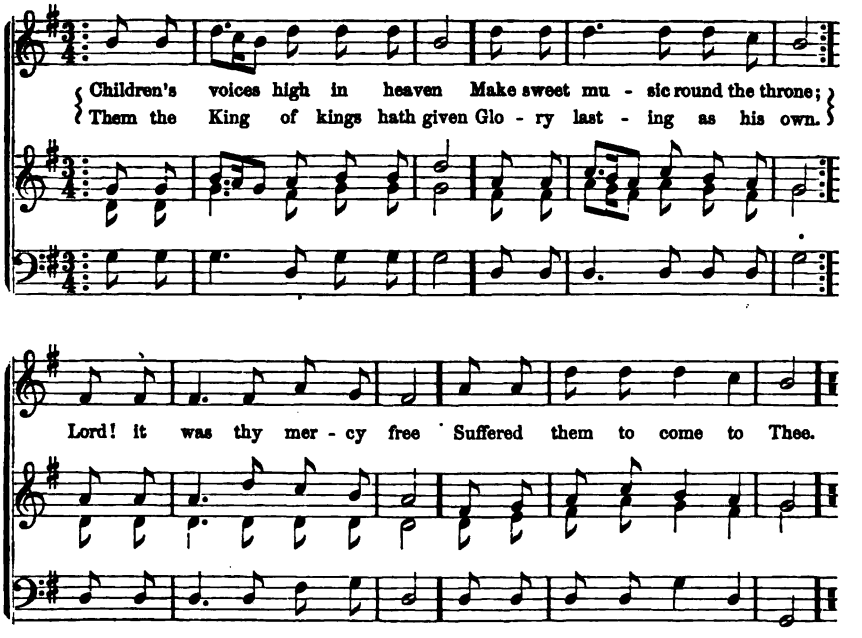
GLORY to the Father give,—
God, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.

Glory to the Son we bring,—
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children! raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

7s.


Children's voices high in heaven Make sweet mu - sic round the throne;
Them the King of kings hath given Glo - ry last - ing as his own.
Lord! it was thy mer - cy free Suffered them to come to Thee.

YOUTH AND AGE.

780.

CHILDREN'S voices high in heaven
Make sweet music round the throne;
Them the King of kings hath given
Glory lasting as his own.
Lord! it was thy mercy free
Suffered them to come to Thee.

We would think of them to-day,
And their everlasting song;
We would sing as blest as they,
In the spirit-land, erelong;
Lord! let us thy children be;
Suffer us to come to Thee.

Now to come, with loving mind,
Simple faith, and earnest prayer,
Seeking thy dear cross, to find
Full and free salvation there.
Lamb of God! our Saviour be;
Suffer us to come to Thee.

Lord, we come! be Thou our guide
Through life's dark and troubled way;
And, when trained and sanctified,
Raise us to the perfect day;
Then in heaven thy words shall be,
"Suffer them to come to me."

781.

SEE these lambs of Jesus' fold!
He commits them to your care;
With a pitying eye behold;
Let them your affection share.
O fulfil the tender charge;
Let his love your soul enlarge.

Feed his lambs! 't is sweet employ!
Angels from their blest abode
Smile upon the task with joy.
Blessed task! to work for God!
Favor granted but to man,
To promote the glorious plan!

O, then, freely lend your hand!
Bright rewards the work await;
Think, — perhaps an infant band,
Issuing from the heavenly gate,
May conduct your spirit home!
Come, then! Jesus bids you come.

328 "ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE."

10s.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide; The darkness thickens; Lord! with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless! O abide with me!

YOUTH AND AGE.

782.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens; Lord! with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless! O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not! abide with me.

Not a brief glance, I beg! a passing word;
But as Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord!
Familiar, condescending, patient, free;
Come not to sójourn, but abide, with me.

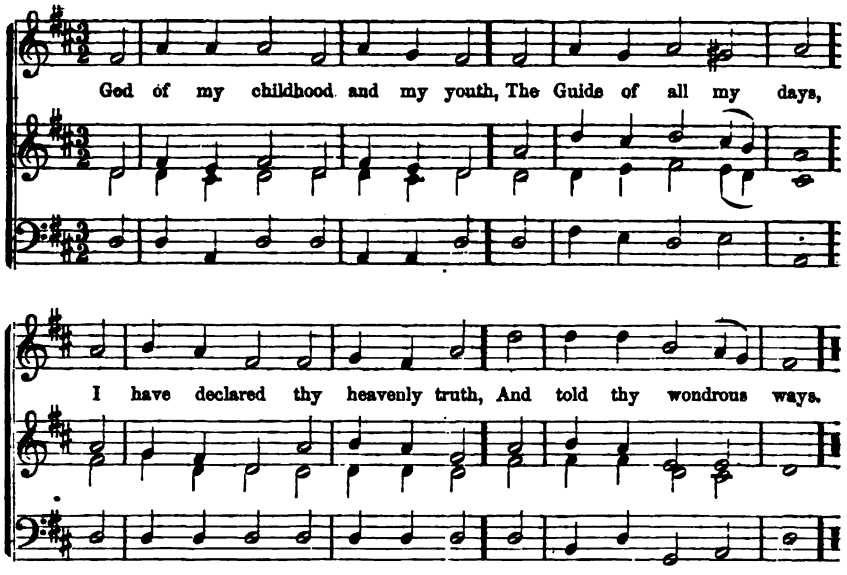
Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners! thus abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave! thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

C. M.



YOUTH AND AGE.

783.

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

Wilt Thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O, may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.

784.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind!
On Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

In early years Thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

I know the Power on whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be
Who has my Saviour been.

Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I 'll trust to Thee,
In death I will adore,
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

785.

MY God, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glories shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

Then in the history of my age
When men review my days,
They 'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

L. M. (Or 6 lines by repeating the first two.)

At evening time, when day is done, Life's lit - tle day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone, And gen - tle dews fore - tell re - pose, —
To crown my faith be - fore the night, At evening time let there be light.

YOUTH AND AGE.

786.

AT evening time, when day is done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose, —
To crown my faith before the night,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time, when labor 's past,
Though storms and toils have marred my day,
Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the way;
Now let the parting hour be bright;
At evening time let there be light.

God doth send light at evening time,
And bid the fears, the doubtings, flee.
I trust his promises sublime;
His glory now is risen on me;
His full salvation is in sight;
At evening time there now is light.

787.

THE hour of my departure 's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run,
The combat 's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record 's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

I come, I come, at thy command;
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

788.

THE moment comes when strength must fail,
When, health and hope and comfort flown,
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with Thee alone.

Alone with Thee; in that dread strife,
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands
Of Thee, my Saviour and my God, —

Be mine eternal portion this,
Since Thou wert always here with me, —
That I may view thy face in bliss,
And be forevermore with Thee.

XVI.

THE FAMILY.

"PEACE BE TO THIS HABITATION."

8s & 7s.

Peace be to this hab - i - ta - tion! Peace to all that dwell there - in;
Peace, the earnest of sal - va - tion; Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;

THE FAMILY.

789.

PEACE be to this habitation!
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;

Peace, that speaks the Heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts forever;
Peace, that comes from God alone.

Prince of Peace! be present near us;
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let thy sacred kingdom come.

Raise to Heaven our expectation;
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

790.

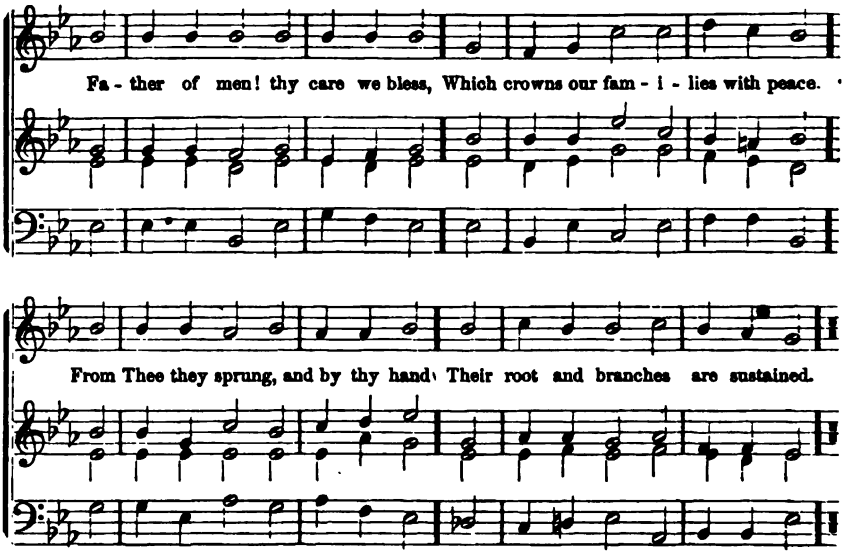
SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy Word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

L. M.


Fa - ther of men! thy care we bless, Which crowns our fam - i - lies with peace.
From Thee they sprung, and by thy hand Their root and branches are sustained.

THE FAMILY.

791.

FATHER of men! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace.
From Thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustained.

To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised,
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

To Thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants here and rising race
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

O, may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
While, pleased and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

792.

IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house, are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread; —

'T is all in vain till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our Sovereign make them so.

Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends;
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are seasoned with his love!

793.

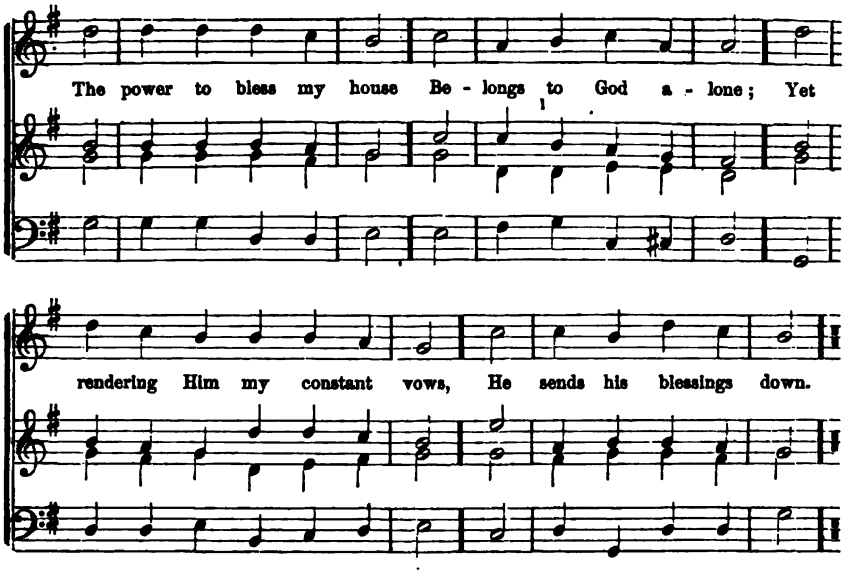
THOU sovereign Lord of earth and skies!
Supremely good, supremely wise;
Fix Thou the place of our abode;
But may we still live near to God.

Where'er our dwelling shall be found,
We will thy throne of grace surround;
An altar to thy name will raise,
With sacrifice of prayer and praise.

With faith and with devotion, Lord!
Teach us each day to hear thy Word.
Grant us thy light to learn thy will,
And strength our duties to fulfil.

Our circle with thy presence bless;
Keep out each root of bitterness;
And may, to each, the last remove
Be to the mansions of thy love.

S. M.



THE FAMILY.

794.

THE power to bless my house
Belongs to God alone;
Yet rendering Him my constant vows,
He sends his blessings down.

Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord,
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon his Word?

To ask, with faith and hope,
The grace which He supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice?

Saviour of men! incline
The hearts which Thou hast made,
Which Thou hast bought with love divine,
To ask thy promised aid.

795.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

796.

THE hours of evening close;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.

So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care;
Nor thought for "many things" assail
The still retreat of prayer.

Our guardian Shepherd near
His watchful eye will keep;
And safe from violence or fear
Will fold his flock to sleep.

So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

336 "ONCE MORE, MY SOUL! THE RISING DAY."

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

THE FAMILY.

797.

ONCE more, my soul! the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice! thy tribute pay
To Him that rolls the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven on which He sits
To turn the seasons round.

A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet Thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

Dear God! let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

798.

GIVER and Guardian of our sleep!
To praise thy name we wake;
Still, Lord! thy helpless servants keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

The blessing of another day
We thankfully receive;
O may we only Thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

Upon us lay thy mighty hand;
Our words and thoughts restrain;
And bow our souls to thy command,
Nor let our faith be vain.

Prisoners of hope, we wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;
When all we are shall own thy power,
And call our Jesus King.

799.

LORD of my life! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

O let the same Almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

C. M.

THE FAMILY.

800.

'T WAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
My God, my life, my hope! I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

My spirit labors up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid;
My tongue awakes and sings.

801.

O LORD! another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite;
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

Thus, cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

O still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way,
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

802.

LORD! when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

My flesh with fear and wonder stands
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with Thee!

338 "WHEN, STREAMING FROM THE EASTERN SKIES."

L. M. 6 lines.

When streaming from the east - ern skies, The morning light sa-
D.C. Chase the dark clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my dark - ness
CLOSE.
D.C
lutes my eyes, (Omit.) In - to day.
O Sun of Right - eous - ness di - vine!
On me with beams of mer - cy shine;
CLOSE.
D.C.
CLOSE.
D.C.

THE FAMILY.

803.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus! sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour! till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend;
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

804.

WHEN each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour! while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus! thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

805.

FATHER! to Thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes, and restless heart;
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good Thou art,
T' obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesus' name.

O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell;
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian angel here.

Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed.
And rise to purity of heart;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

S. M.

THE FAMILY.

806.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

Lord! keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

807.

LORD! in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee thy own,
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

808.

OUR Heavenly Father! hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near;
To Thee all nations bow.

Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through Him we come to Thee, and say,
All for his sake be done.

L. M. TALLIS'S "Evening Hymn."

Glo - ry to Thee, my God! this night, For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings! Be - neath thine own al - mighty wings.

THE FAMILY.

809.

GLORY to Thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord! for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on thee repose;
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

810.

AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

811.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord! I go.
My daily labors to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think or speak or do.

Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

7s & 6s.

THE FAMILY.

812.

THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake!

813.

GO when the morning shineth;
Go when the moon is bright;
Go when the eve declineth;
Go in the hush of night;

Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast every fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.

Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

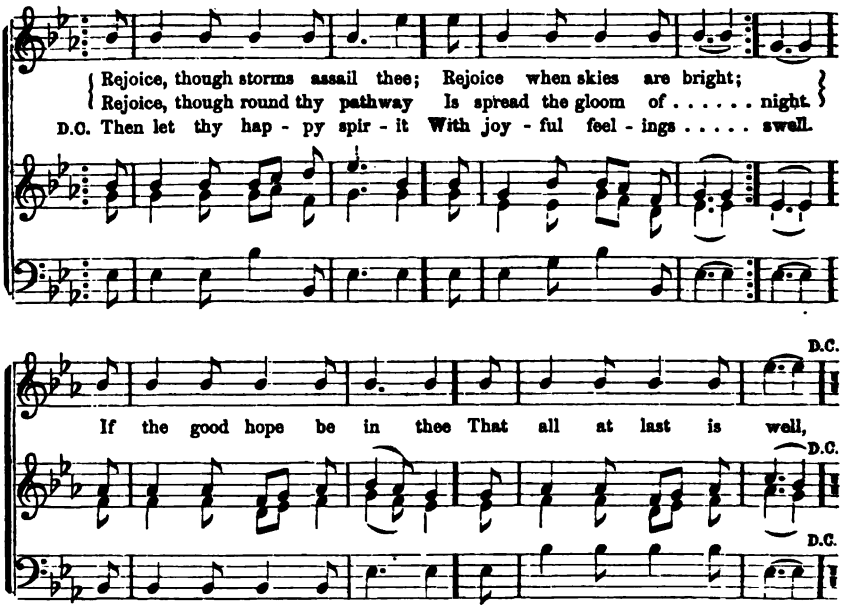
But if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray, —
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way; —

E'en then the silent breathing,
The spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness
His love who gave thee all.

O not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that has been giv'n us
To pour our souls in prayer.

7s & 6s.


Rejoice, though storms assail thee; Rejoice when skies are bright;
Rejoice, though round thy pathway Is spread the gloom of . . . . . night.
D.C. Then let thy hap - py spir - it With joy - ful feel - ings . . . . . swell.
D.C.
If the good hope be in thee That all at last is well,
D.C.
D.C.

THE FAMILY.

814.

REJOICE, though storms assail thee;
Rejoice when skies are bright;
Rejoice, though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night.
If the good hope be in thee
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell.

Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice;
Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice?
Look back on youth's gay visions,
When life one glory seemed;
Who poured those rays of gladness
Which on thy prospect beamed?

Recall the hours of anguish,
And let thy soul rejoice,
Though wave on wave of sorrow
Rush on with fearful noise.
Was not the Bow of Promise
Still seen amid the gloom,
Shedding its hallowed lustre
E'en round the silent tomb?

Rejoice, rejoice, forever,
Though earthly friends be gone;
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on;
And still they bear thee forward
Nearer that happy shore,
Where the triumphant song is,
Rejoice forevermore!

815.

REMEMBER thy Creator
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night.
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

Remember thy Creator
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust.
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear,
He cries who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

H. M.

Upward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid; The God who built the skies, And
earth and nature made; God is the tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In eve - ry hour.

THE FAMILY.

816.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep | When dangers rise.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there;
Thou art my Sun, | To guard my head
And Thou my Shade, | By night or noon.

Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

817.

TO your Creator, God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand!
Your highest notes of praise;
Let every voice | His name adore,
Proclaim his power, | And loud rejoice.

Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist the exalted theme.
Let Nature raise | A general song
From every tongue | Of grateful praise.

But O! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow;
Your voices raise, | Above the rest
Ye highly blest! | Declare his praise.

Assist me, gracious God!
My heart, my voice, inspire;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir.
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
My heart, my tongue, | To lively praise.

7s. Double.

If the Lord our Leader be, We may travel without fear, Home with Him is everywhere. When from
East or west, by land or sea;
Esau Jacob fled, Though his pillow was of stone, And the ground his humble bed, Yet he was not left alone.

THE FAMILY.

818.

IF the Lord our Leader be,
We may travel without fear,
East or west, by land or sea;
Home with Him is everywhere.
When from Esau Jacob fled,
Though his pillow was of stone,
And the ground his humble bed,
Yet he was not left alone.

Kings are often waking kept,
Racked with pain on beds of state;
Never king like Jacob slept,
For he lay at heaven's gate.
Lo! he saw a ladder reared,
Reaching to the heavenly throne;
At the top the Lord appeared,
Spake, and claimed him for his own.

Fear not, Jacob! thou art mine,
And my presence with thee goes;
On thy heart my love shall shine,
And my arm subdue thy foes.
From my promise comfort take,
For my help in trouble call;
Never will I thee forsake
Till I have accomplished all.

They who know the Saviour's name
Are for all events prepared;
What can changes do for them
Who have such a Guide and Guard?
Should they traverse earth around,
To the Ladder still they come;
Every spot is holy ground;
God is there, and He 's their home.

819.

OMNIPRESENT God! whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain.
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

Let me of thy life partake;
Thy own holiness impart;
O that I may sweetly wake
With my Saviour in my heart!
O that I may know Thee mine!
O that I may Thee receive;
Only live the life divine;
Only to thy glory live!

C. M.

THE FAMILY.

820.

ANGELS, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

Legions of bright, cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

Which of the monarchs of the earth
Can boast a guard like ours?
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers.

Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

821.

O THOU! who, in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy suffering Son, —

O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or to the chastened let thy might
Hallow this whelming grief.

And Thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
Father! thy will be done;

By thy meek Spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Blest Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this whelming grief.

822.

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
The peace of God, which Christ has bought,
The peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
While God remained there;
The Three, when Jesus made the Fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And though He does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

C. H. M.

When I can trust my all with God In trial's fearful hour, Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power, A joy springs up amid distress, A fountain in the wilder - ness.

THE FAMILY.

823.

WHEN I can trust my all with God
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh and smile on me.

Then blessed be the Hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks.
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

824.

O SEND thy light, thy truth, my God!
Thy grace and word fulfil;
And let them lead me in thy road,
And bring me to thy hill,
Where happy saints, a chosen band,
Exulting in thy presence stand.

Then to thine altar will I go,
And pay my offerings there;
And freely from my heart shall flow
The interceding prayer;
A prayer effectual, that shall rise
Accepted through the Sacrifice.

And I will take salvation's cup,
And call upon thy name;
My thankful heart to Thee lift up,
Saviour from death and shame!
Restored in mercy to thy house,
To render all my grateful vows.

There in thy truth will I rejoice,
Thy goodness fill my lays;
And mind, and heart, and soul, and voice,
Shall magnify thy praise,
And triumph in the blest employ,
My God! and my exceeding joy!

C. M.

When languor and disease invade This trembling house of clay, 'T is sweet to look be-
yond the cage, And long to fly a - way, And long to fly a - way.

THE FAMILY.

825.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?

826.

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

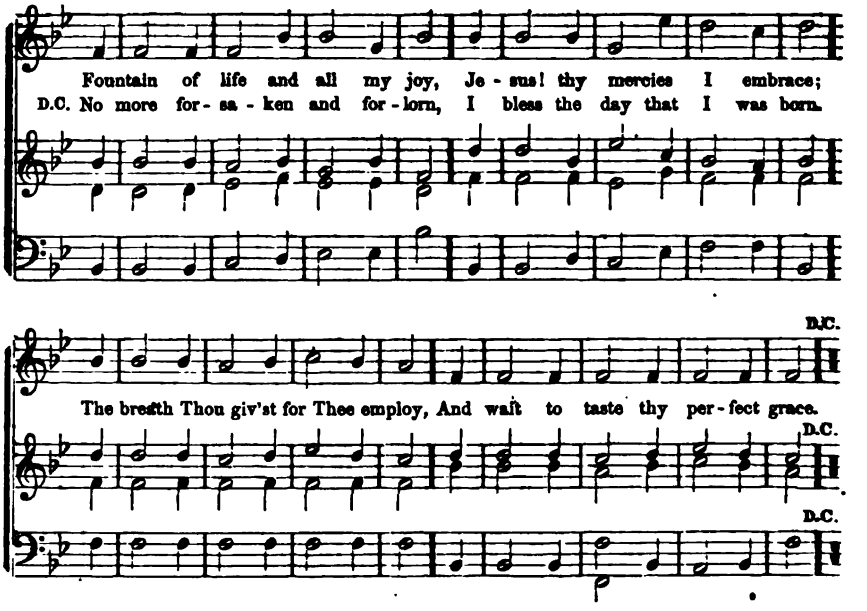
Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

L. M. 6 lines.


Fountain of life and all my joy, Je - sus! thy mercies I embrace;
D.C. No more for - sa - ken and for - lorn, I bless the day that I was born.
D.C.
The breath Thou giv'st for Thee employ, And wait to taste thy per - fect grace.
D.C.
D.C.

THE FAMILY.

827.

FOUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jesus! thy mercies I embrace;
The breath Thou giv'st for Thee employ,
And wait to taste thy perfect grace.
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

Preserved, through faith, by power divine,
A miracle of grace I stand;
I prove the strength of Jesus mine.
Jesus! upheld by thy right hand,
Though in the flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power;
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror;
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

Come, Lord! and make me pure within,
And let me now be filled with God,
Live to declare I 'm saved from sin;
And if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul, from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day when I was born.

828.

O GOD! what offering shall I give
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 't is all my store;
More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

Now, then, my God! Thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but thine I am;
Guard Thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame;
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will;
Here let thy light forever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill;
O Source of Life! live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

Lord! arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great Name;
In Thee let all my thoughts unite;
Of all my works be Thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

12s & 9s.

Come away to the skies, My beloved! arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this fes-ti-val day, Come exulting a-way, And with singing to Si-on re-turn.

THE FAMILY.

829.

COME away to the skies,
My beloved! arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.

For our Saviour we are
Created, to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

There, there at his feet
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain
Hallelujah again!
Sing all heaven! and fall at his feet.

830.

AWAY with our fears!
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born;
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to Him I with singing return.

Thee, Jesus! alone
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here,
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

I sing of thy grace,
From my earliest days
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto Thou hast been
My preserver from sin,
And I trust Thou wilt save to the end.

All honor and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return!
The business pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

S. M.

THE FAMILY.

831.

WHERE shall the man be found
Who fears t' offend his God?
Who loves the Gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

832.

TO Thee, O God in Heaven!
This little one we bring,
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

To Thee, O God! whose face
Their angels do behold,
We bring them, praying that thy grace
May keep, — thine arms enfold.

To Him who children blest,
And suffered them to come,
To Him who took them to his breast,
We bring this infant home.

833.

THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord!
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

C. M.

THE FAMILY.

834.

I TAKE these little lambs, said He,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

His words, ye happy parents! hear,
And shout, with joys divine, —
Dear Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

835.

PEACE! 't is the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.

'T is He whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

Our covenant God and Father, He,
In Christ our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

Silent I own Jehovah's name;
I kiss thy chastening hand,
And yield my comforts and my life
To thy supreme command.

836.

YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie;
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

I'll give the mourner, saith the Lord,
In my own house a place;
No name of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

We welcome, Lord! those rising tears
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds which, through our hearts,
Prepare a way to Thee.

L. M.

From age to age ex - alt his name; God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food, And feeds the poor with every good.

THE FAMILY.

837.

FROM age to age exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoner through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the laboring soul relief.

O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

838.

THERE 'S not a bird, with lonely nest
In pathless wood or mountain-crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God! in thy paternal care.

There 's not a being now accurst
Who did not taste thy goodness first;
And every joy the wicked see
Received its origin from Thee.

Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude;
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there
Who makes his solitary prayer.

In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord! art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life and thought and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless Thee for thy boundless grace.

839.

HOW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord! to speak thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father! I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

L. M.

God knows our souls in all their fears, And gently wipes our fall - ing tears,
Forms trembling voices to a song, And bids the fee - ble heart be strong.

THE FAMILY.

840.

GOD knows our souls in all their fears,
And gently wipes our falling tears,
Forms trembling voices to a song,
And bids the feeble heart be strong.

Then let the rivers swell around,
And rising floods o'erflow the ground;
Rivers, and floods, and seas, divide,
And homage pay to Israel's Guide.

Then let the fires their rage display,
And flaming terrors bar the way;
Unburnt, unsinged, He leads them through,
And makes the flames refreshing too.

The fires but on their bonds shall prey;
The floods but wash their stains away;
And grace divine new trophies raise
Amid the deluge and the blaze.

841.

BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

I travel through a desert wide,
Where many blindly round me stray;
But He vouchsafes to be my Guide,
And will not let me miss my way.

The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals his love to me.

I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord! to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend

842.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening beam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

Only, O Lord! in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

7s & 6s.

THE FAMILY.

843.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

BEFORE PRAYER.

Be present, awful Father!
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

Be present, Son of Mary!
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst join two natures
In thine eternal bands.

Thy presence, Holy Spirit!
Thy Witness, may they feel,
As Thou for Christ the Bridegroom
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

BENEDICTORY.

O spread thy pure wing o'er them!
Let no ill Power find place
While onward from thine altar
The hallowed path they trace.

O make them, soul and body,
Thy living sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

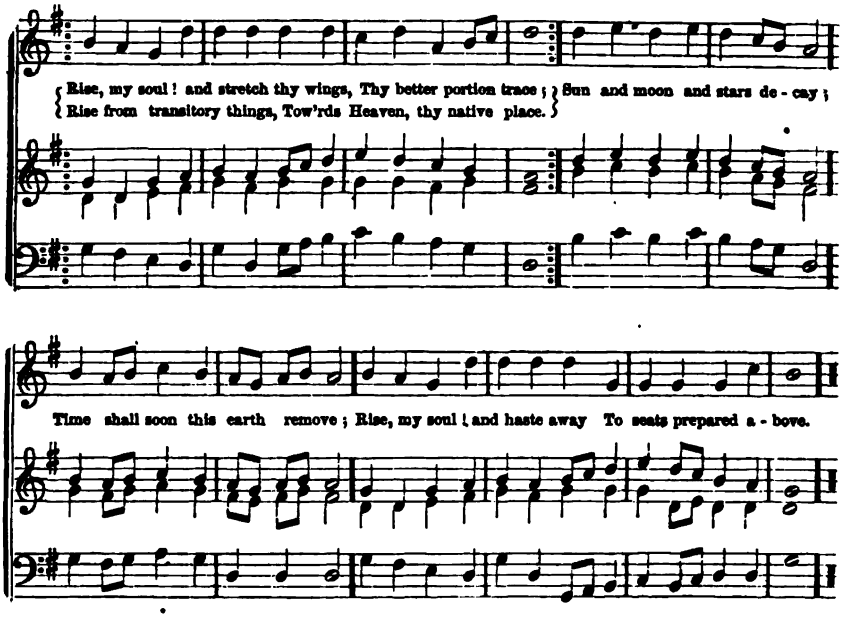
*** This can be sung as here arranged, or as one Hymn.

XVII.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"RISE, MY SOUL! AND STRETCH THY WINGS."

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.


Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; Sun and moon and stars de - cay;
Rise from transitory things, Tow'rds Heaven, thy native place.
Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul! and haste away To seats prepared a - bove.

LIFE AND DEATH.

844.

RISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards Heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul! and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Forward tends to his abode
To rest in his embrace.

Fly me, Riches! fly me, Cares!
While I that coast explore;
Flattering world! with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They 'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

C. M.

LIFE AND DEATH.

845.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

846.

MY soul, amid this stormy world,
Is like some fluttered dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing
To flee to Him I love.

The cords that bound my heart to earth
Were broken by his hand;
Before his cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

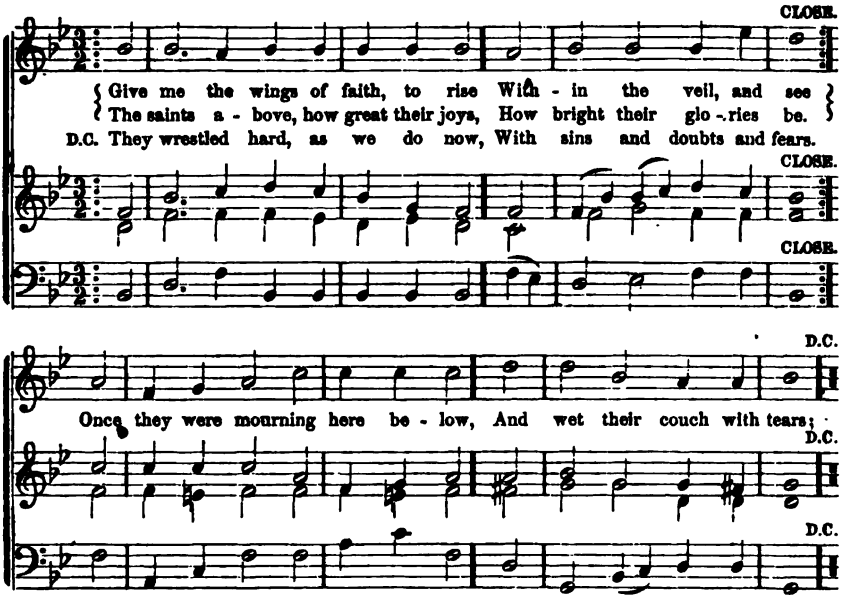
My heart is with Him on his throne,
And ill can brook delay;
Each moment listening for the voice,
"Rise up, and come away."

I would, my Lord and Saviour! know
That which no measure knows!
Would search the mystery of thy love,
The depth of all thy woes.

I fain would strike my golden harp
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace hath done.

Ah! leave me not in this dark world
A stranger still to roam;
Come, Lord! and take me to thyself;
Come, Jesus! quickly come.

C. M. Double.


CLOSE.
Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the veil, and see
The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
D.C. They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins and doubts and fears.
CLOSE.
CLOSE.
D.C.
Once they were mourning here be - low, And wet their couch with tears;
D.C.
D.C.

LIFE AND DEATH.

847.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

848.

FATHER! I long, I faint, to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

Here I behold thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal ALL.

The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

6s. Double.

One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er: — I 'm near - er home to-
day Than I have been be - fore. Near - er my Father's house, Where many mansions
be; Near - er the great white throne; Near - er the crys - tal sea.

LIFE AND DEATH.

849.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er: —
I 'm nearer home to-day
Than I have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and unknown stream!
Crossed ere we reach the light.

Jesus! confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee, when I stand
Upon the shore of death.

Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home,
Perhaps, than now I think.

850.

GO up, go up, my heart!
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

Go up, go up, my heart!
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds;
Dwell in a higher sphere.

Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim;
Go up to heaven and God;
Take up thy love to Him.

Waste not thy precious stores
On creature love below;
To God that wealth belongs,
On Him that wealth bestow.

L. M.

What sinners val - ue I re - sign; Lord, 't is enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteous - ness.

LIFE AND DEATH.

851.

WHAT sinners value I resign.
Lord! 't is enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life 's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

852.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart! rejoice, my tongue!
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God! Thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

853.

I CALL the world's Redeemer mine;
He lives who died for me, I know,
Who bought my soul with blood divine;
Jesus shall reappear below.

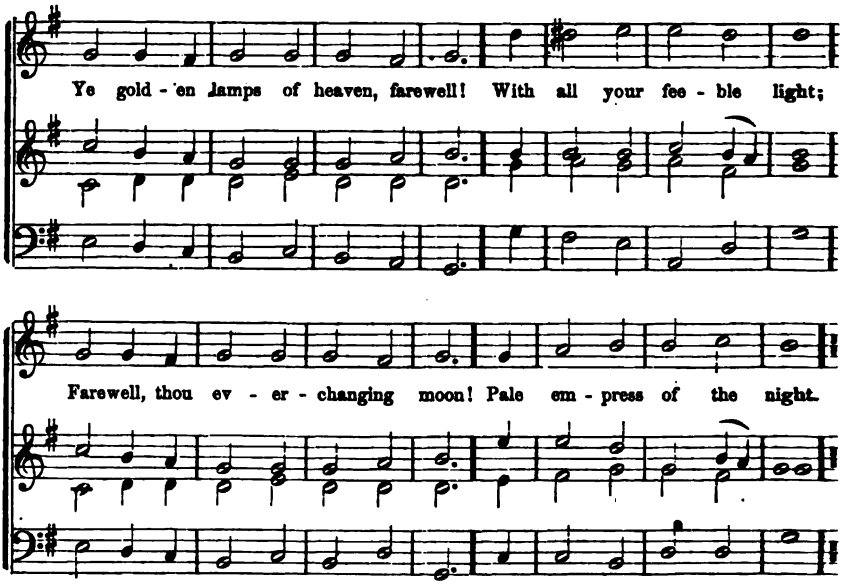
Then the last judgment-day shall come;
And though the worms this skin devour,
The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore.

Then in this selfsame body I,
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
Shall see that selfsame Saviour nigh,
See for myself my smiling Lord.

Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume;
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come.

362 "YE GOLDEN LAMPS OF HEAVEN, FAREWELL!"

C. M.


Ye gold - en lamps of heaven, farewell! With all your fee - ble light;
Farewell, thou ev - er - changing moon! Pale em - press of the night.

LIFE AND DEATH.

854.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell!
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon!
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day!
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

855.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

Prepare us, Lord! by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

S. M.

LIFE AND DEATH.

856.

LORD! let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

A stranger, Lord! with Thee
I walk in pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourned from age to age.

O spare me yet, I pray!
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away
And seen on earth no more.

857.

LORD! what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame;
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name.

Alas! the brittle clay
That built our bodies first!
And every month, and every day,
'T is mouldering back to dust.

Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

They 'll sooner waft us o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

858.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

God of our fathers! hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.

Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

364 "THERE IS A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS."

C. M.

LIFE AND DEATH.

859.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy Heavenly Father's call.

'T is He, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord! with Thee.

860.

DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

God has laid up in heaven, for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

Nor has the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone,
But all that love, and long to see,
Th' appearance of his Son.

Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design,
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To Him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

C. M.

LIFE AND DEATH.

861.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live, for hell or heaven.

862.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears attend the cry: —
"Ye living men! come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

Princes! this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

Grant us the powers of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

863.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power, — I too must die, —
Sink deep in every breast.

Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

C. M.

LIFE AND DEATH.

864.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

865.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

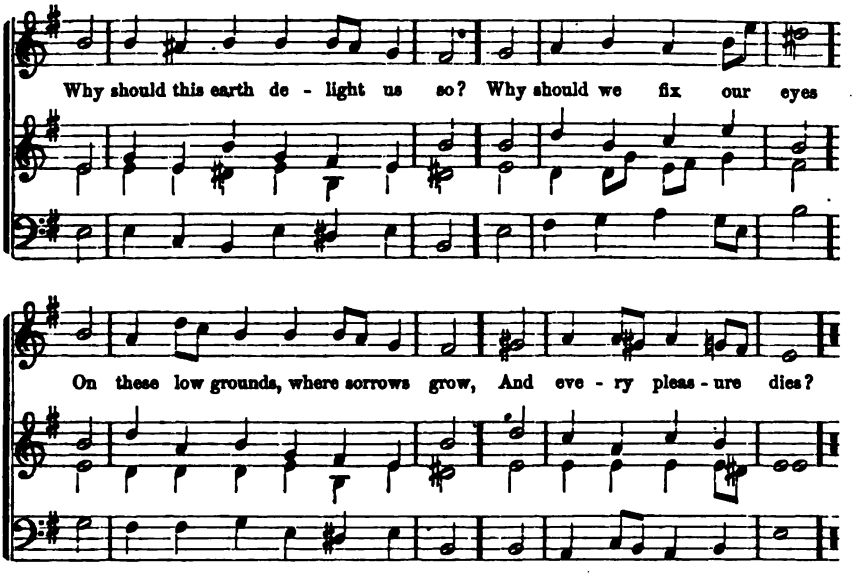
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

MARTYRS. C. M.


Why should this earth de - light us so? Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow, And eve - ry pleas - ure dies?

LIFE AND DEATH.

866.

WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

While Time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

Nature shall be dissolved and die;
The sun must end his race;
The earth and sea forever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies
From underneath the ground?

867.

HOW shalt thou bear the Cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the Eternal Years.

One Cross can sanctify a soul;
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal Years.

He practises all virtue well
Who his own Cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the Eternal Years.

868.

WHAT vain desires and passions vain
Attend this mortal clay!
Oft have they pierced my soul with pain,
And drawn my heart astray.

Forever blessed be thy grace
That formed my spirit new,
And made it of a heaven-born race
Thy glory to pursue.

Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
To part with every lust,
And charge my flesh, when it shall rise,
To leave them in the dust.

My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains,
And views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.

C. M.

LIFE AND DEATH.

869.

O LORD! I ask not for the sight
Of Canaan's happy land
To wing my spirit for the flight
To joys at thy right hand.

When all the powers of nature fail,
And the last foe draws near,
One sight alone can then avail
To banish every fear, —

The sight of Him in whom I trust,
The vision Stephen had,
Of Him whose voice can raise this dust,
In deathless glory clad.

To know I have in Him believed,
And am through Him forgiven;
To be by Him I love received, —
O this shall be my heaven.

Then tell me not of golden towers,
Or seas of heavenly rest;
Faith asks not fancy's graphic powers;
To love is to be blest.

870.

SWEET to rejoice in lively hope
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold Him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound,
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

871.

WHEN shall the time, dear Jesus! when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave these clouds of sin
And guilt and darkness here?

Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go;
There everlasting flowers arise,
There joys unwithering grow.

C. M. Double.

O Lord! hadst Thou been here! But when Is not the Saviour nigh? And when the Master seems to stay,
His power and love were present then, Though Lazarus needs must die.
Regardless of our grief, His tar - rying never is delay, But well-timed, sure re - lief.

LIFE AND DEATH.

872.

O LORD! hadst Thou been here! But
Is not the Saviour nigh? [when
His power and love were present then,
Though Lazarus needs must die.
And when the Master seems to stay,
Regardless of our grief,
His tarrying never is delay,
But well-timed, sure relief.

He loves to come when others flee,
Or, coming, cannot aid;
To save in Faith's extremity,
When Hope's last glimmerings fade.
The house of mourning He prefers,
With voice of love to cheer;
And sorrows are the harbingers
That say, The Lord is near.

873.

AND shall I shun the sacred fight
Which Good maintains with Ill?
No! strong in my Redeemer's might,
Be mine to wrestle still.
Here only in this mortal strife
Can I his soldier be;
Here only spend or lose a life
For Him who died for me.

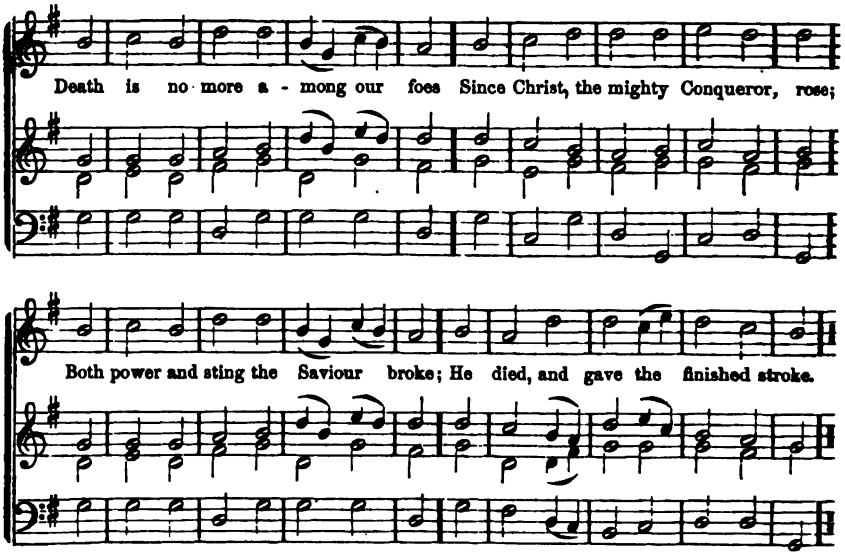
874.

MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say,
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.
O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above
Whence true contentment springs.

Courage, my soul! Thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice
Where endless comforts flow.

Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.
Courage, my soul! on God rely;
Deliverance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

L. M.


Death is no more a - mong our foes Since Christ, the mighty Conqueror, rose;
Both power and sting the Saviour broke; He died, and gave the finished stroke.

LIFE AND DEATH.

875.

DEATH is no more among our foes,
Since Christ, the mighty Conqu'ror, rose;
Both power and sting the Saviour broke;
He died, and gave the finished stroke.

Saints die, and we should gently weep;
Sweetly in Jesus' arms they sleep;
Far from this world of sin and woe,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor grief, they know.

Death is a sleep; and O how sweet
To souls prepared its stroke to meet!
Their dying-beds, their graves, are blest,
For all to them is peace and rest.

Soon shall the earth's remotest bound
Feel the archangel's trumpet sound;
Then shall the grave's dark caverns shake,
And joyful all the saints shall wake.

876.

LET the seventh angel sound on high!
Let trumps be heard through all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord!

Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb who once was slain,
Forever live, forever reign!

The angry nations fret and roar
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

877.

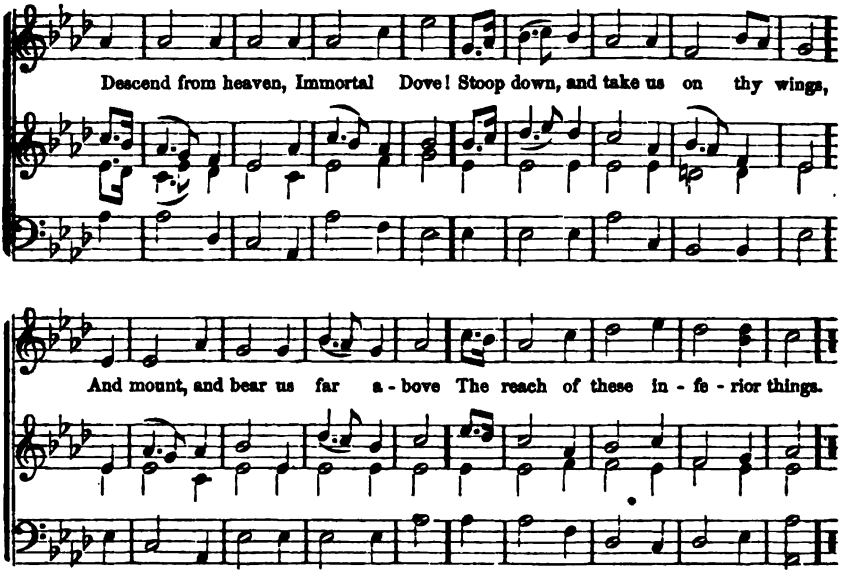
WE sing his love who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all his saints through Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

The saints who now in Jesus sleep
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright, illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

How loud shall our glad voices sing
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay
To realms of everlasting day!

When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.

L. M.


Descend from heaven, Immortal Dove! Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fe - rior things.

LIFE AND DEATH.

878.

DESCEND from heaven, Immortal Dove!
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall;
The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

When shall the day, dear Lord! appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

879.

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark, a stormy sea;
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, Come to me!

When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, Come to me!

When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from the yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, Come to me!

When nature shudders, loath to part
With all I love, enjoy, and see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, Come to me!

Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; Come to me!

A voice of mercy! voice of love!
In death's last fearful agony
Support me, cheer me, from above,
And gently whisper, Come to me!

7s & 6s. Double.

O Sa - cred Head! now wounded! With grief and pain weighed down!
O Sa - cred brow, sur - round - ed (Omit.) With
thorns, thine on - ly crown! Once on a throne of glo - ry, A -
dorned with light divine; Now all despised and go - ry! I joy to call Thee mine.

LIFE AND DEATH.

880.

O SACRED Head! now wounded!
With grief and pain weighed down!
O sacred brow, surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown!
Once on a throne of glory,
Adorned with light divine;
Now all despised and gory!
I joy to call Thee mine.

On me, as Thou art dying,
O turn thy pitying eye!
To Thee for mercy crying,
Before thy cross I lie.
Thy grief and thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine, was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

What language can I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend!
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord! make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love!

Be near when I am dying;
Then close beside me stand;
Let me, while faint and sighing,
Lean calmly on thy hand.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From thine eyes shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely in thy love.

7s & 6s.

The time when I shall en - ter Up - on a world unknown, My helpless soul I 'll venture
Up - on his name a - lone. Then with the saints in glo - ry The grateful song I 'll raise,
And chant my blissful sto - ry, And chant my blissful sto - ry, In high seraph - ic lays.

LIFE AND DEATH.

881.

THE time when I shall enter
Upon a world unknown,
My helpless soul I 'll venture
Upon his name alone.
Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I 'll raise,
And chant my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.

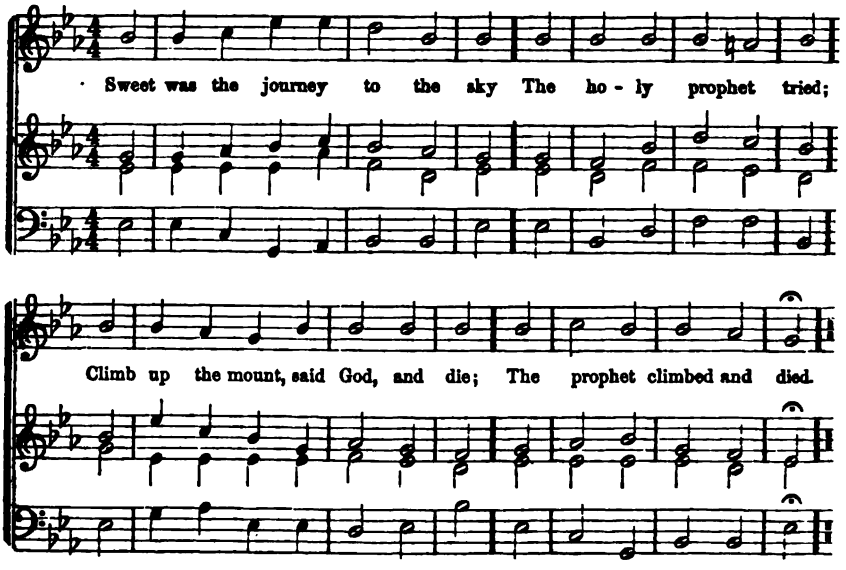
882.

JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus! in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blessed.

C. M.



LIFE AND DEATH.

883.

SWEET was the journey to the sky
The holy prophet tried;
Climb up the mount, said God, and die;
The prophet climbed and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker soothed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

884.

O MOST delightful hour by man
Experienced here below!
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly, and his woe.

Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

My home henceforth is in the skies;
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.

So speaks the good man, firm possessed
Of faith's supporting rod;
Then breathes his soul into his rest,
The bosom of his God.

885.

JESUS! we own thy sovereign hand,
Thy faithful care we own.;
Wisdom and love are all thy ways
When most to us unknown.

By Thee the springs of life were form
And by thy breath are broke;
And good is every awful word
Our gracious Lord hath spoke.

To Thee we yield our comforts up,
To Thee our souls resign;
In straits and dangers rich and safe,
If we and ours are thine.

Thy saints in earlier life removed,
In sweeter accents sing,
And bless the swiftness of their flight
That bore them to their King.

The burdens of a lengthened day
With patience we would bear,
Till evening's welcome hour shall show
We were our Master's care.

10s.

Forgive, blest shade! the trib - u - tary tear That mourns thy ex - it from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here, And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.

LIFE AND DEATH.

886.

FORGIVE, blest shade! the tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And track thy journey to the realms of day.

887.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No trav'ler ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.

Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock and in a boundless waste;
No shepherds' tents within thy view appear;
But the Chief Shepherd even there is near.

888.

GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime!
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier! go home; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep;
While, safe as watched by cherubim, thy dust
Shall to the judgment-day in Jesus sleep.

Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere He rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave; no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written Word.

H. M.

Sweet place! sweet place alone! The Court of God Most High, O hap - py
The Heaven of Heaven's Throne Of spot - less maj - es - ty.
place! When shall I be, My God! with Thee, To see thy face?

LIFE AND DEATH.

889.

SWEET place! sweet place alone!
The Court of God Most High,
The Heaven of Heaven's Throne
Of spotless majesty.

O happy place! | My God! with Thee,
When shall I be, | To see thy face?

Earth 's but a sorry tent
Pitched for a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement;
Heaven 's still my song, my praise.

O happy place! | My God! with Thee,
When shall I be, | To see thy face?

No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir,
But Death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.

O happy place! | My God! with Thee,
When shall I be, | To see thy face?

There should temptation cease;
My frailties there should end;
There should I rest in peace,
In th' arms of my best Friend.

O happy place! | My God! with Thee,
When shall I be, | To see thy face?

890.

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.

O happy place! | My God! with Thee,
When shall I be, | To see thy face?

There dwells my Lord, the King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.

O happy place! | My God! with Thee,
When shall I be, | To see thy face?

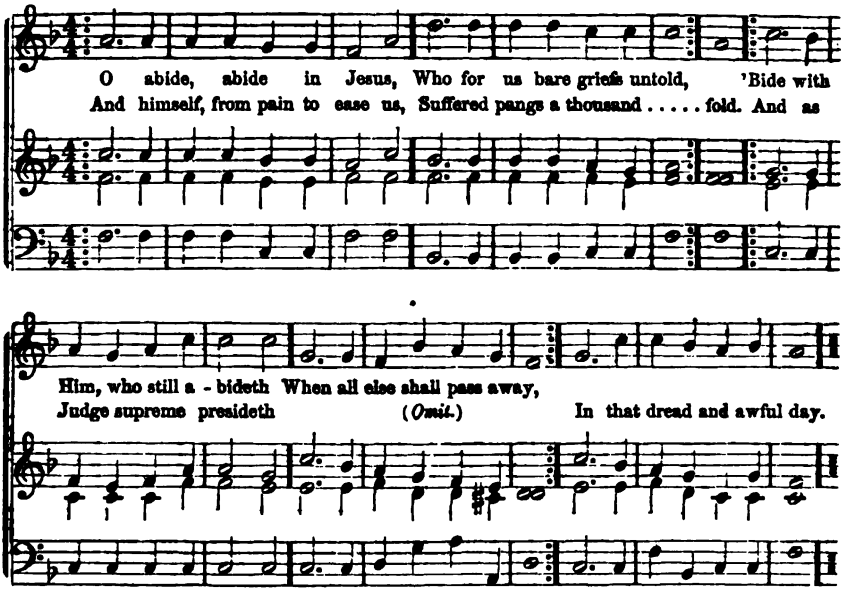
The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The Prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.

O happy place! | My God! with Thee,
When shall I be, | To see thy face?

Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tent here stay!
No place like this, on high!
Thither, Lord! guide my way.

O happy place! | My God! with Thee,
When shall I be, | To see thy face?

8s & 7s.


O abide, abide in Jesus, Who for us bare griefs untold, 'Bide with
And himself, from pain to ease us, Suffered pangs a thousand . . . . . fold. And as
Him, who still a - bideth When all else shall pass away,
Judge supreme presideth (Omit.) In that dread and awful day.

LIFE AND DEATH.

891.

O ABIDE, abide in Jesus,
Who for us bare griefs untold,
And himself, from pain to ease us,
Suffered pangs a thousand-fold.
'Bide with Him, who still abideth
When all else shall pass away,
And as Judge supreme presideth
In that dread and awful day.

All is dying; hearts are breaking
Which to ours once were bound;
And the lips have ceased from speaking
Which once uttered such sweet sound;
And the arms are powerless lying
Which were our support and stay;
And the eyes are dim and dying
Which once watched us night and day.

Everything we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave.
All is fading, all is fleeing;
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

Yet unchanged while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust;
Lean on me alone, He sayeth;
Hope and love, and firmly trust.
O abide, abide with Jesus,
Who himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives.

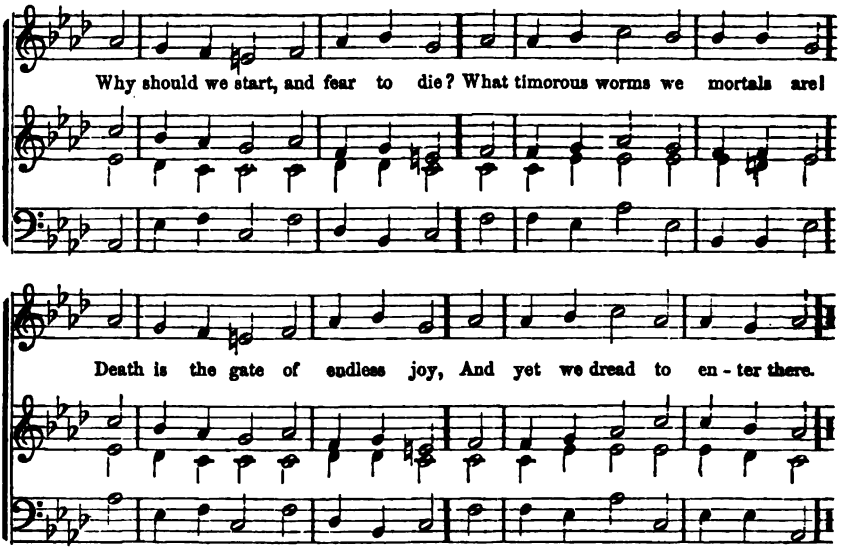
892.

CAN we have our hearts in heaven,
And yet worldly-minded live?
Can we who have been forgiven
Not forget and not forgive?
Can we hate an erring brother?
Only love when we are loved?
And not bear with one another,
By Christ's Holy Spirit moved?

None, O Lord! who are unholy,
Shall thy perfect beauty see;
Teach me to be meek and lowly,
Teach me to resemble Thee.
Keep me from the world unspotted,
That I may not only be
To thy service here devoted,
But abide in heaven with Thee.

378 "WHY SHOULD WE START, AND FEAR TO DIE?"

L. M.


Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.

LIFE AND DEATH.

893.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

894.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

Come, ye angelic guardians! come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.

The blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet;
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.

Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I 'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

895.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears!
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

8s & 7s. Double.

Shall I fear, O Earth! thy bosom? Shrink and faint to lay me there,
Whence the fragrant, lovely blossom Springs to gladden earth and air? Whence the tree, the brook, the river,
Soft clouds floating in the sky, All fair things come, whispering ever Of the love Divine on high?

LIFE AND DEATH.

896.

SHALL I fear, O Earth! thy bosom,
  Shrink and faint to lay me there,
Whence the fragrant, lovely blossom
  Springs to gladden earth and air?

Whence the tree, the brook, the river,
  Soft clouds floating in the sky,
All fair things come, whispering ever
  Of the love Divine on high?

Yea, whence One arose victorious
  O'er the darkness of the grave,
His strong arm revealing, glorious
  In its might Divine to save?

No, fair Earth! a tender mother
  Thou hast been, and yet canst be:
And through Him, my Lord and Brother,
  Sweet shall be my rest in thee!

897.

HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
  All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
  To the sight of Jesus, go!

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
  Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
  Reaches out the crown of love.

Struggle through thy latest passion
  To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
  To his everlasting rest.

For the joy he sets before thee,
  Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
  Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

898.

GENTLY, Lord! O gently lead us
  Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes Thou 'st decreed us,
  Till our last great change appears.

O refresh us with thy blessing;
  O refresh us with thy grace;
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
  Fit us for thy dwelling-place.

When this mortal life is ended,
  Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
  We awake among the blest.

Then, O crown us with thy blessing,
  Through the triumphs of thy grace;
Then shall praises never ceasing
  Echo through thy dwelling-place.

7s & 4s.

When the vale of death appears, Faint and cold this mortal clay, Kind forerunner! soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way; Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Usher in eternal day.

LIFE AND DEATH.

899.

WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind forerunner! soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre.
Dwell forever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night and cloud by day,
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

And when mighty trumpets blown
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
From the central burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransomed,
Judge and Saviour! own my name.

900.

THOU who didst for Peter's faith
Kindly condescend to pray;
Thou whose loving kindness hath
Kept me to the present day;
Kind Conductor!
Still direct my devious way.

When thy statutes I forsake,
When my graces dimly shine,
When the covenant I break,
Jesus! then remember thine.
Check my wanderings
By a look of love divine.

Then if heavenly dews distil,
If my hopes are bright and clear,
While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear;
Keep me watchful,—
Safe alone when Thou art near.

When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on thy love repose.
Stay thy rough wind
When thy chilling eastern blows.

7s.

1. Vi - tal spark of heavenly flame! Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying; O the pain, the bliss of dy - ing!
2. Hark, they whisper, — angels say, Sis - ter spir - it! come a - way!
What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight,
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife, And let me languish in - to life! . . 3. The world re-
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul! can this be. . . death? (3.)
cedes! it disappears! Heaven o - pens on my eyes! my ears With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy victory? O death! where is thy sting?

LIFE AND DEATH.

[Hymn 901 is in the Music.]

902.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Thou must quit this mortal frame;
Yet on Christ thy life relying,
Death is gain; then fear not dying.
Soon shall cease this mortal strife,
And death be swallowed up of life.

Hark! a voice from heaven has said,
Blessed are the pious dead.
Why should earth so fondly twine
Round this fainting heart of mine?
Holy Spirit! quickening breath!
Be Thou my spirit's life in death.

The world recedes: begone, my fears!
Beyond the narrow stream appears
The City of Heav'n's King.
Soon shall this chorus fill the sky:
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

C. M.

In vain my fan - cy strives to paint The mo - ment af - ter death, The
glo - ries that sur - round the saints When yield - ing up their breath.

LIFE AND DEATH.

903.

IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints
When yielding up their breath.

One gentle sigh their fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, They 're gone!
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her in her flight;
No eyes can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

Thus much, and this is all, we know,
They are completely blest,
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise Him too.

904.

O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours!
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?

If sin be pardoned, I 'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ my ransom died.

Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

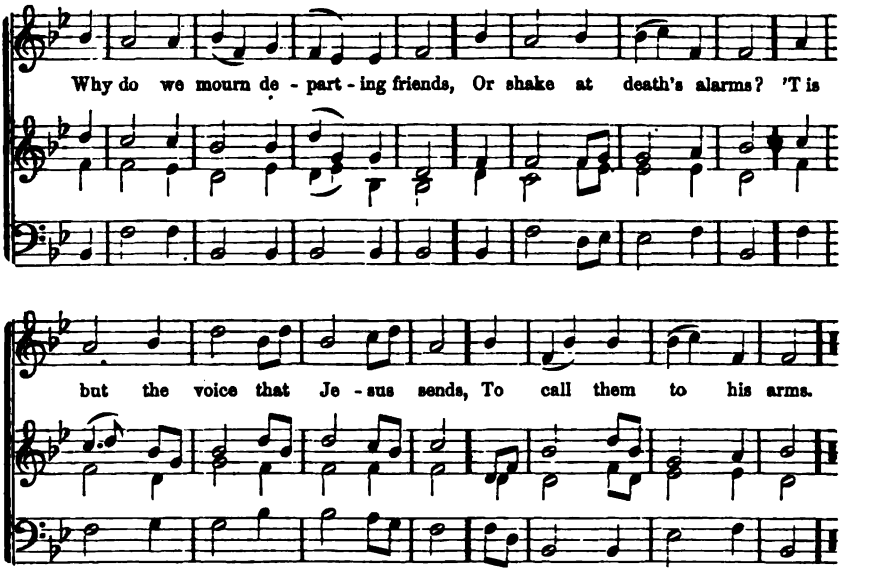
905.

GREAT God! I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

CHINA. C. M.



LIFE AND DEATH.

906.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

907.

WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God! at thy command;

When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart, —

O Thou great source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save!
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,
May I resign my breath,
And in thy fond embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

S. H. M.

Friend after friend departs; Who has not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end. Were this frail world our only rest, Living or dying, none were blest.

LIFE AND DEATH.

908.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

909.

THIS place is holy ground!
World! with its cares, away!
A holy, solemn stillness, round
This lifeless, mouldering clay.
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

Behold the bed of death,
The palè and mortal clay!
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No! life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrows swell our eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled?
Shall vain regrets arise?
Though death has caused this altered mien,
In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.

Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss.
Bury the dead! in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies.

L. M.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb! Take this new treasure to thy trust; And give these sacred relics room To
seek a slumber in the dust, And give these sacred relics room To seek a slumber in the dust.

LIFE AND DEATH.

910.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son [bed;
Passed through the grave, and blessed the
Rest here, blest saint! till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then ascend and meet the Lord.

911.

THROUGH every age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

Long hadst Thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,—
Return, ye sinners, to your dust!

Teach us, O Lord! how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with Thee.

912.

REMEMBER, Lord! our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man, who draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death?

Lord! while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,—
Must death forever rage and reign?
Or, hast Thou made mankind in vain?

Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turned to dust?—
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honor of thy word;
Awake, our souls! and bless the Lord!

386 "WHEN MY LAST HOUR IS CLOSE AT HAND."*

8s & 7s. Peculiar.

When my last hour is close at hand, My last sad journey tak - en,
Do Thou, Lord Je - sus! by me stand; Let me not be for - sak - en.
O Lord! my spir - it I re - sign In - to thy lov - ing
hands di - vine; 'T is safe with - in thy keep - ing.

LIFE AND DEATH.

913.

WHEN my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do Thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand;
Let me not be forsaken.
O Lord! my spirit I resign
Into thy loving hands divine;
'T is safe within thy keeping.

Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins may then appall me;
Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
Despair shall not enthrall me;
For as I draw my latest breath,
I 'll think, Lord Christ! upon thy death,
And there find consolation.

I shall not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bonds hast severed.
By hope with Thee to rise again
From fear of death delivered,
I 'll come to Thee, where'er Thou art,
Live with Thee, from Thee never part;
Therefore I die in rapture.

And so to Jesus Christ I 'll go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep, in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no waking,
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
To Heaven, to life eternal.

* A favorite Tune of H. R. H. the late Prince Albert, and, with the next Tune, sung at his funeral.

9s & 8s. Also L. M., 6 lines, by slurring the last two notes of the first and third lines.

To Thee, O Lord! I yield my spirit, Who break'st in love this mortal chain;
My life I but from Thee inher - it, And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die Content, for Thou art ev - er nigh.

LIFE AND DEATH.

914.

TO Thee, O Lord! I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die
Content, for Thou art ever nigh.

Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed, I dauntless stand;
For lo! beyond these scenes emerges
The heights that bound the promised land.
There the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
I see the throngs that range the shore.

And now the morn breaks sweetly o'er me,
And all the midnight shadows flee;
Tinged are the distant skies with glory;
Arise, my soul! light breaks o'er thee.
Thy name is graven on the throne
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

915.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain [D.S.]
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour! mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, — for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

* See note to preceding page.

S. M.

LIFE AND DEATH.

916.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

Dear Lord! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

917.

WE 'RE bound for yonder land,
Where Jesus reigns supreme;
We leave the shore at his command,
Forsaking all for Him.

The perils of the sea,
The rocks, the waves, the wind,
Are small, whatever they may be,
To those we leave behind.

Nor have we cause to fear;
The God who rules the sea
In every danger will be near,
And our Protector be.

The Lord himself will keep
His people safe from harm,
Will hold the helm, and guide the ship,
With his almighty arm.

Then let the tempests roar,
The billows heave and swell;
We trust to reach the peaceful shore
Where all the ransomed dwell;

And when we gain the land,
How happy shall we be!
How shall we bless the mighty Hand
That led us through the sea.

L. M. LUTHER'S Hymn.

The great archangel's trump shall sound, While twice ten thousand thunders roar, Tear up the graves, and
cleave the ground, And make the greedy sea restore. And make the greedy sea restore.

LIFE AND DEATH.

918.

THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

Then we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness;
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure!

We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down,
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

919.

HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crowned,
Girt with omnipotence and grace;
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail Him their triumphant Lord.

920.

THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Does through the rending tombs rebound;
The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

Thou great Creator of mankind!
Amazing fears o'erwhelm my mind;
My sins my heart with anguish rend;
My God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain;
Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
Before the last accounting day.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour, where Satan is,
O save and bring me to thy bliss;
Give to my ransomed soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race.

L. M.

Methinks the last great day is come! Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb, And wakes the prisoners under ground.

LIFE AND DEATH.

921.

METHINKS the last great day is come!
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Awed by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

Behold the awful books displayed,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As writ by Heaven's unerring pen.

Lord! when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve!
There may I read my name enrolled,
And triumph in redeeming love.

922.

YE heavens! with sounds of triumph ring;
Ye angels! burst into a song;
Jesus descends, victorious King!
And leads his shining train along.

Ye saints that sleep in dust, arise;
Let joy reanimate your clay;
Spring to your Saviour through the skies,
And round his throne your homage pay.

Then let the sons of heaven draw nigh,
While to th' astonished hosts you tell
How feeble mortals rose so high
From graves and worms, from sin and hell.

Tell them, in accents like their own,
What an Incarnate God could do;
Then point to Jesus on the throne,
And boast that Jesus died for you.

923.

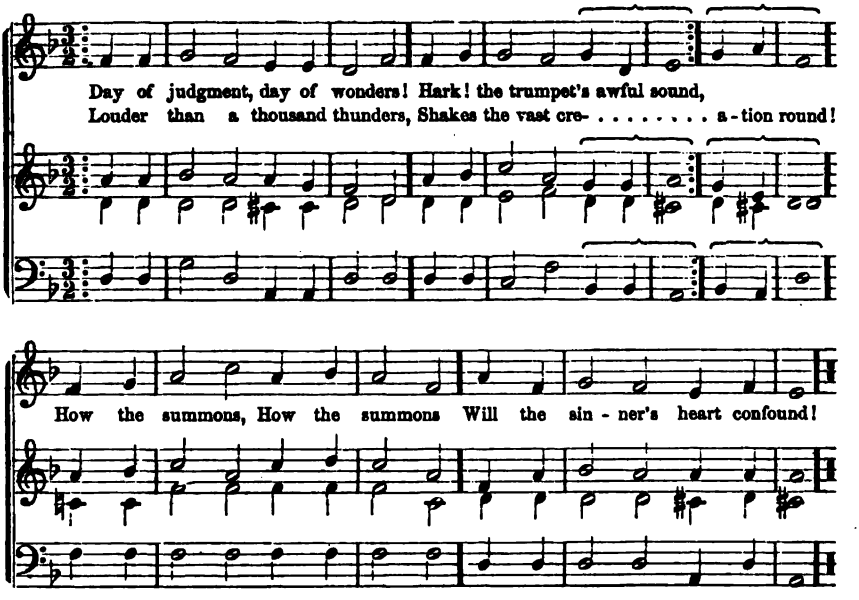
THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came;
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

Can this be He who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

While sinners in despair shall call,
Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, The Lord is come!

8s, 7s, & 4s. Or 8s & 7s, Double, by singing each brace twice.


Day of judgment, day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast cre- . . . . . a-tion round!
How the summons, How the summons Will the sin-ner's heart confound!

LIFE AND DEATH.

924.

DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, This God is mine.
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner!
What then will become of thee?

But to those who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, Come near, ye blessed!
See the kingdom I bestow;
You forever
Shall my love and glory know.

925.

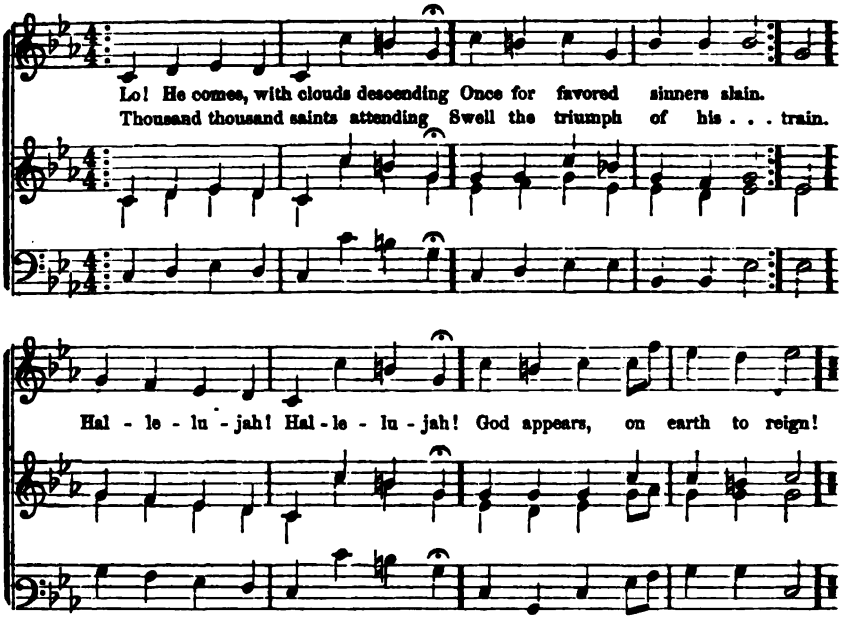
O THE hour when this material
Shall have vanished like a cloud!
When, amid the wide ethereal,
All the invisible shall crowd;
And the naked soul, surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God alone.

In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels! guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O Thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.
Jesus! blessed Mediator!
Thou the airy path hast trod;
Thou the Judge, the Consummator!
Shepherd of the fold of God!

392 "LO! HE COMES, WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING."

8s, 7s, & 4s.


Lo! He comes, with clouds descending Once for favored sinners slain.
Thousand thousand saints attending Swell the triumph of his . . . train.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God appears, on earth to reign!

LIFE AND DEATH.

926.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
God appears, on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those that set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour! take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
O come quickly!
Everlasting God! come down.

927.

SEE the Judge our nature wearing,
Pure, ineffable, divine;
See the great Archangel bearing
High in heaven the mystic sign.
Cross of Glory!
Christ be in that moment mine!

Graves have yawned in countless numbers;
From the dust the dead arise;
Millions, out of silent slumbers,
Wake in overwhelmed surprise,
Where creation,
Wrecked and torn, in ruin lies!

Lo! the last long separation,
As the cleaving crowds divide,
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide?

O may thine own Bride and Spirit
Then avert a dreadful doom,
And me summon to inherit
An eternal blissful home!
Ah! come quickly!
Let thy second Advent come!

WINDSOR. C. M.

LIFE AND DEATH.

928.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, Depart!

O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy Book,
Where my salvation stands.

929.

MY Saviour is gone up to heaven
A place to make for me,
And will return, that where He is,
There may his servants be.

The grave is but a fining-pot
Unto believing eyes;
For there the flesh shall lose its dross,
Till like the sun it rise.

My dearest friends, they dwell above,
Them will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

Fear not the trump's earth-rending sound,
Dread not the day of doom;
For He that is to be thy Judge
Thy Saviour is become.

930.

RETURN, O God of love! return;
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord!
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

394 "DAY OF WRATH! O DAY OF MOURNING!"

8s. 6 lines. Or Double, by repeating the first two lines.

Day of wrath! O day of mourning! See fulfilled the prophet's warning! Heaven and earth in ashes burning!
O what fear man's bosom rendeth, When from heaven the Judge descendeth, On whose sentence all dependeth!

LIFE AND DEATH.

931.

DAY of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!
O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.
Guilty now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God! thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savedst,
Thou the dying thief forgavest,
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

With thy favored sheep O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.
While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with thy saints surrounded.

932.

LET me not, Thou King eternal!
Enter hell's domains infernal,
Where is sorrow, where is sadness,
Where is crying, where is madness,
Where the shameless are astounded,
Where the guilty are confounded,
Where despair is ever sighing,
Where the worm is never dying.

Me may Zion welcome, savèd;
Tranquil city! seat of David!
God its Builder, light immortal;
Orient pearl each blazing portal;
Crystal gold its streets; the nation
Of the blest its population;
Living rock the walls that bound it,
Christ the guard that dwells around it.

O with what congratulations
Throng thy gates the festive nations!
What the warmth of their embracing,
What the gems thy walls enchasing!
Through that city's streets are wending
Holy throngs, their anthems blending.
There may I, with myriads glorious,
Chant thy praise in psalms victorious.

C. M.

LIFE AND DEATH.

933.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
My God, my Saviour, comes.

Erelong I know He shall appear,
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

Then, though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my form their prey,
I know I shall arise with power
On the last judgment-day.

When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see;
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with Him be.

Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
Shall cease eternally.

How long, dear Saviour! O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
O hasten thy appearance, Lord!
And bring the welcome day.

934.

THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?

From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

The unveiled glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside;
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And Love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

396 "YE ANGELS, WHO STAND ROUND THE THRONE."

8s. Double.

Ye an - gels who stand round the throne, And view my Imman - u - el's face!
In rap - tur - ous songs make Him known; Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
He formed you the spir - its you are, So hap - py, so no - ble, so good;
When oth - ers sunk down in despair, Confirmed by his pow - er, ye stood.

LIFE AND DEATH.

935.

YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face!
In rapturous songs make Him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.
He snatched you from hell and the grave;
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

O when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I 'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.
I 'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I want, O, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

L. M.

What hap - py men or angels these, That all their robes are spotless white!
Whence did this glorious troop ar - rive At the pure realms of heavenly light?

LIFE AND DEATH.

936.

WHAT happy men or angels these,
That all their robes are spotless white!
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heavenly light?

From torturing racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood, they came;
But nobler blood has washed their robes,
Flowing from Christ, the dying Lamb.

Now they approach th' Almighty Throne,
With loud hosannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Measure their blest eternity.

No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

The Lamb, who fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Through the vast round of endless years;
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

937.

AWAKE, my zeal! awake, my love!
And serve my Saviour here below
In works which all the saints above,
Which holy angels, cannot do.

My faith and hope may see the Lord,
Though veils of darkness lie between;
Hope shall rest firm upon his Word,
And faith rejoice in things unseen.

Awake, my charity! and feed
The hungry soul and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need;
There all these duties are no more.

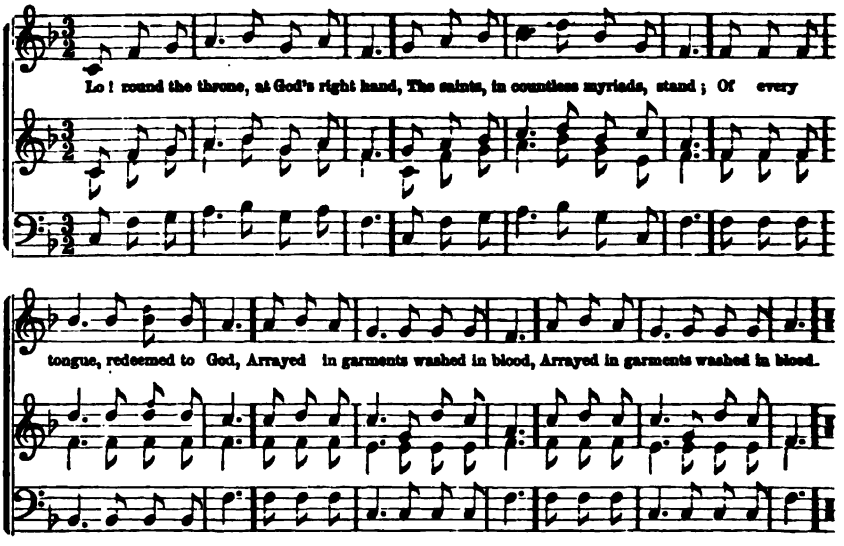
Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue;
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be the victories ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high;
There are no fields of battle there;
Lord! I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy Gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labors cease,
May I possess the promised crown.

398 "LO! ROUND THE THRONE, AT GOD'S RIGHT HAND."

L. M.


Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand, The saints, in countless myriads, stand; Of every
tongue, redeemed to God, Arrayed in garments washed in blood, Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

LIFE AND DEATH.

938.

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand;
Of every tongue, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore.
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise.

939.

HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes Him well.

Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

Forever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

940.

EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crowned, in white array,
My wondering soul says, Who are they?

These are the saints, beloved of God;
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories great, and all divine;
Tell me their origin, and say,
Their order what, and whence came they?

Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorned the shame;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on Him rest.

Jesus the Saviour is their theme;
They sing the wonders of his name;
To Him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

8s & 6s.

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for
souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast,— 'T is found a - lone in heaven.

LIFE AND DEATH.

941.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'T is found alone in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

942.

(Repeat the third lines.)

THERE is a pure and peaceful wave
Around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The peaceful shores above.

While streams which on that tide depend
Steal from those shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
O'er weary lands to stray,

The pilgrim, faint and nigh to sink
Beneath his load of woe,
Refreshed, beside their verdant brink,
Rejoices in their flow.

There, O my soul! do thou repair,
And hover o'er the spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wearied wing.

There drop that wing, when far it flies
From human care and strife,
And feed by those still streams that rise
Beneath the Tree of Life.

So shall thy wounds and woes be healed,
Its leaves such virtue bring!
So thy parched lips shall be unsealed
Thy Saviour's praise to sing.

"WHAT IS LIFE? 'TIS BUT A VAPOR."

8s & 7s. 6 lines.

What is life? 'tis but a vapor; Soon it vanishes away; Life is but a dying taper;
O my soul, why wish to stay? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?

LIFE AND DEATH.

943.

WHAT is life? 't is but a vapor;
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is but a dying taper;
O my soul! why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love,
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Go and share his people's glory;
'Mid the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine 's a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

944.

ALLELUIA! sweetest music!
Voice of everlasting joy!
Alleluia is the language
Which the heavenly hosts employ,
As they ever sing to God,
In that pure and blest abode.

Alleluia! Joyful Mother,
True Jerusalem above!
Alleluia is the music
Which thy happy children love;
Exiles, tears our songs must steep;
Oft by Babel's streams we weep.

Alleluia cannot ever
Be our joyous psalm below;
Alleluia, — sin will cross it
Often here with tones of woe;
Many a mournful hour we know,
When our tears for sin must flow.

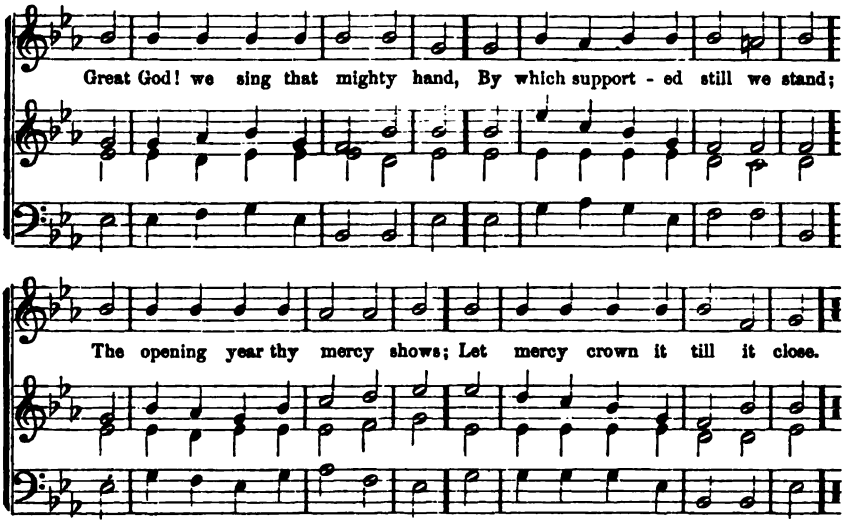
Therefore, 'mid our tears still praising,
Grant us, blessed Trinity!
Thy true Paschal feast hereafter
In the heavenly home to see,
Where our song shall ever be,
Alleluia unto Thee!

XVIII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"GREAT GOD! WE SING THAT MIGHTY HAND."

L. M.


Great God! we sing that mighty hand, By which support - ed still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows; Let mercy crown it till it close.

NEW YEAR.

945.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

946.

MY Helper, God! I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same,
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian Hand,
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

404 "AWAKE, YE SAINTS! AND RAISE YOUR EYES."

DEDHAM. C. M.

Awake, ye saints! and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high; A-
wake, and praise that sovereign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

947.

AWAKE, ye saints! and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome, each declining day!
Welcome, each closing year!

Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

948.

NOW, gracious Lord! thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!

From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with Thee.

Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love
Who never loved before.

And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

949.

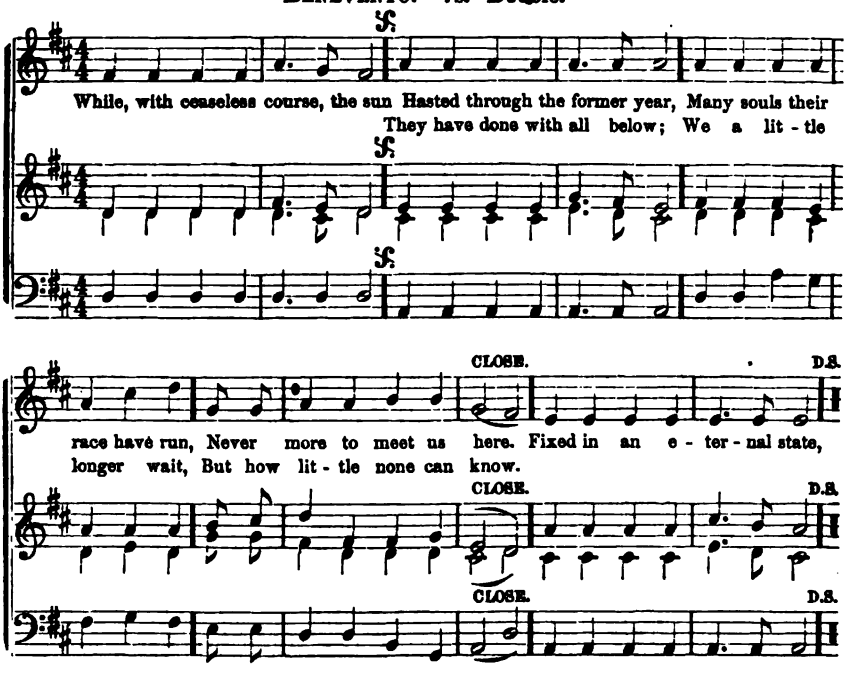
YET, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
And with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

'T is sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name adored!

Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.


While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the former year, Many souls their
They have done with all below; We a lit - tle
CLOSE.
D.S.
race have run, Never more to meet us here. Fixed in an e - ter - nal state,
longer wait, But how lit - tle none can know.
CLOSE.
D.S.
CLOSE.
D.S.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

950.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Lord! our expectations raise;
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive;
Former kindnesses renew;
From this moment may we live
With eternity in view.

Bless the word to young and old;
Shed abroad a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

951.

FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesus, our Redeemer! hear.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength! be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness,
Be our true and living way.

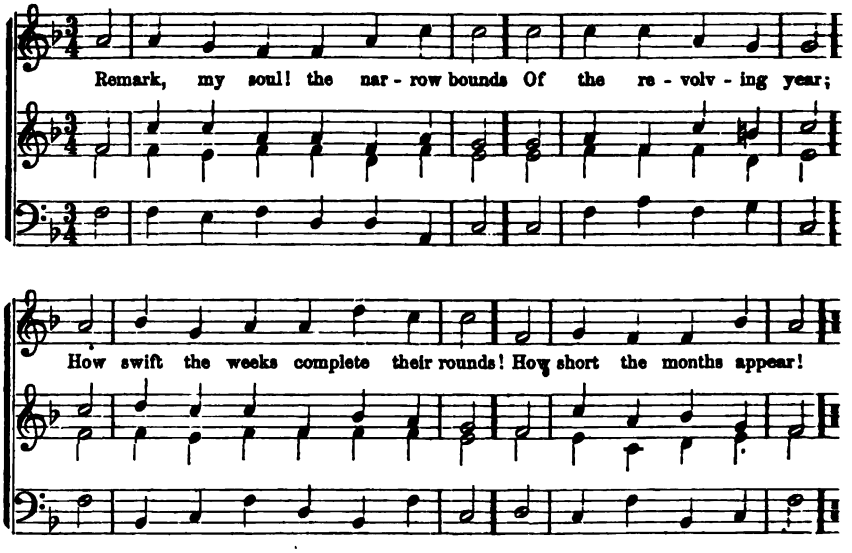
Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,—
With thy rod and staff, O Lord!
Comfort Thou his dying-bed.

Make us faithful, make us pure;
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help thy servants to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within thy palace-gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate!
Lord of lords! and King of kings!

406 "REMARK, MY SOUL! THE NARROW BOUNDS."

MEAR. C. M.


Remark, my soul! the nar - row bounds Of the re - volv - ing year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds! How short the months appear!

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

952.

REMARK, my soul! the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

Waken, O God! my trifling heart
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to Thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy that never dies.

953.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're travelling to the grave.

Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

954.

THE year is gone beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears.

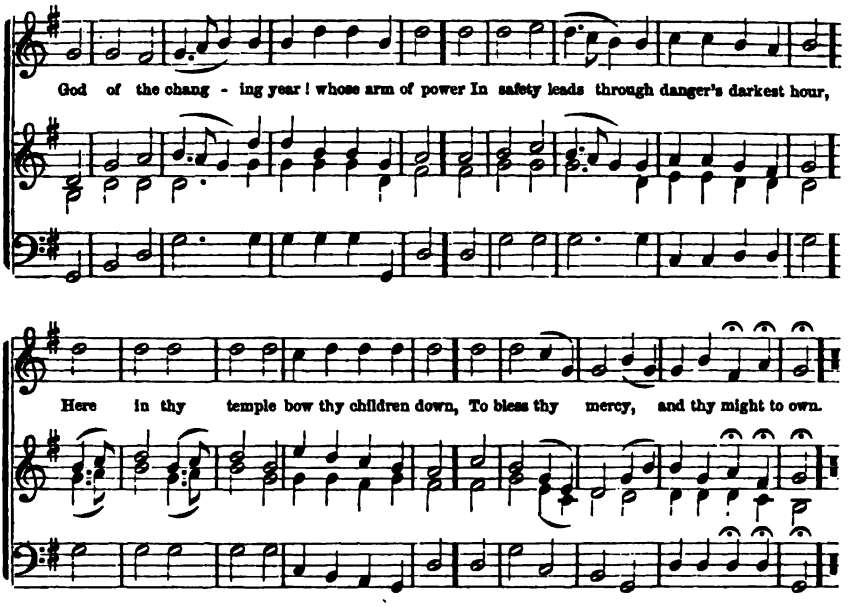
To Thee we come, O gracious Lord!
The new-born year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence;
Give peace and plenteousness.

From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord! for Thee.

O Father! let thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee year by year,
As angels do above.

All glory to the Father be;
All glory to the Son;
All glory, Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While endless ages run.

10s.


God of the chang - ing year! whose arm of power In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
Here in thy temple bow thy children down, To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

NEW YEAR. — THANKSGIVING.

955.

GOD of the changing year! whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
Here in thy temple bow thy children down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness, all are thine.

If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, Thou wast true;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, Thou wast present there.

O lend thine ear and lift our voice to Thee!
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
From year to year still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

956.

HOUSE of our God! with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his graces sing;
The opening year his graces shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.

The heaven of heavens He with his bounty fills;
Ye seraphs bright! on ever-blooming hills
His honors sound, — you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known.

His mercy never ends; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new beauties through new scenes displayed;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God.

Burst into praise, my soul! all nature join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine;
While human years are measured by the sun,
And while eternity its course shall run.

L. M.

E - ter - nal Source of eve - ry joy! Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

THANKSGIVING.

957.

ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till we in brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

958.

WE praise, we worship Thee, O God!
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
All nations bow before thy throne,
And Thee, the great Jehovah, own.

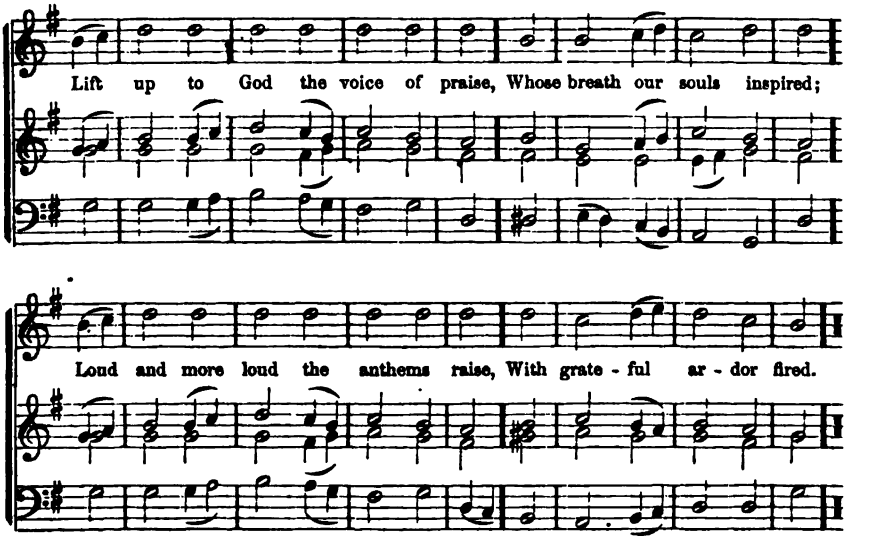
Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven
Eternal praise to Thee is given.

O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored!
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty.

Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father! we praise thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore, —
One Godhead, blest forevermore.

C. M.


Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise, With grate - ful ar - dor fired.

THANKSGIVING.

959.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

Lift up to God the voice of praise
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

960.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I 'll raise;
For O, eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

961.

HELP us, O Lord! with grateful minds
To bow before thy throne,
And, with united thanks to Thee,
Thy tender mercies own.

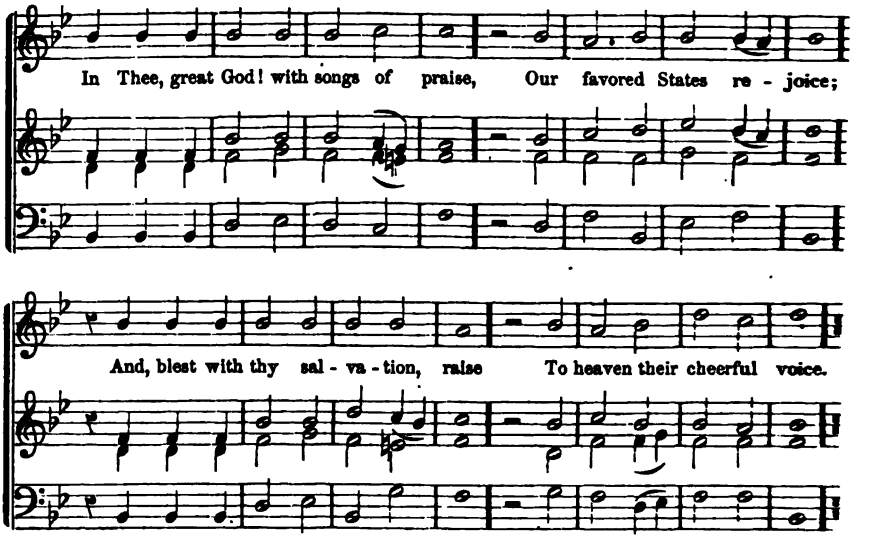
May we, from feared destruction saved,
Our Ebenezer raise,
And with our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Proclaim thy wondrous praise.

No more let nations, learning war,
In hostile rage appear,
But into ploughshares beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks the spear.

From Satan's long-usurped domain
A sinful world release;
Then with each other all shall dwell
In universal peace.

410 "IN THEE, GREAT GOD! WITH SONGS OF PRAISE."

BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M.


In Thee, great God! with songs of praise, Our favored States re - joice;
And, blest with thy sal - va - tion, raise To heaven their cheerful voice.

PUBLIC PRAISE AND PRAYER.

962.

IN Thee, Great God! with songs of praise,
Our favored States rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

Thy sure defence through nations round
Hath spread our rising name,
And hath our weak beginnings crowned
With freedom and with fame.

In deep distress our injured land
Implored thy power to save;
For life we prayed; thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

On Thee, when perils rise again
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

Thus, Lord! thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine Almighty name.

963.

THUS Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with a humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued.

And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God! and shall a nation pray,
And plead with Thee in vain?

Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blessed our land;
Forsake us not, O God!

964.

LORD! "for thy Name's sake"; — such
the plea,
With force triumphant fraught,
By which thy saints prevail with Thee,
By thine own Spirit taught.

For this Thou didst existence give
To nature's wondrous frame;
And all things shine and breathe and live
To glorify thy name.

For this the Saviour lived and died,
That, in a new-born race,
Thy mercy might be glorified,
Thine all-victorious grace.

Then, for thy Name's sake, O our God!
Do not abhor our prayer;
But, while we bow beneath thy rod,
Thy chastened people spare.

FERRY. C. M.

PUBLIC PRAYER.

965.

SEE, gracious God! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful powers display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

How changed, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame;
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

966.

THE gathering clouds, with aspect dark,
A rising storm presage;
O, to be hid within the ark,
And sheltered from its rage!

See the commissioned angel frown!
That vial in his hand,
Filled with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land.

Ye saints, unite in wrestling prayer,
If yet there may be hope;
Who knows but mercy yet may spare,
And bid the angel stop?

The humble souls who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes his foes.

967.

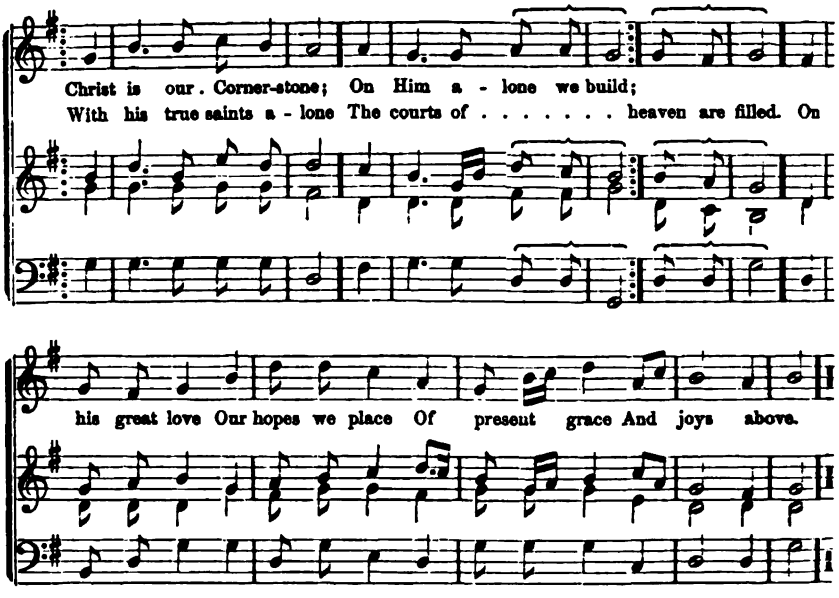
REPENT! before the Judge draws nigh;
Or else, when He comes down,
Thou wilt in vain for earthquakes cry
To hide thee from his frown.

But happy they who love the Lord,
And his salvation know;
The hope that 's founded on his Word,
No change can overthrow.

Should the deep-rooted hills be hurled
And plunged beneath the seas,
And strong convulsions shake the world,
Your hearts may rest in peace.

Jesus, your Shepherd, Lord, and Chief,
Shall shelter you from ill;
And not a worm or shaking leaf
Can move, but at his will.

H. M.


Christ is our . Corner-stone; On Him a - lone we build;
With his true saints a - lone The courts of . . . . . heaven are filled. On
his great love Our hopes we place Of present grace And joys above.

BUILDING A TEMPLE.

968.

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
On Him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled.
On his great love | Of present grace
Our hopes we place | And joys above.

O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim, | Both loud and long,
In joyful song, | That glorious Name.

Here, gracious God! do Thou
Forevermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, | Each holy day,
On all who pray, | Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day | To endless rest
When all the blest | Are called away.

969.

IN sweet, exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days;
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries;
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heaven around.

Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board.
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones
Through long-succeeding days;
Here, Lord! display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

C. M.

DEDICATING A TEMPLE.

970.

ARISE, O King of grace! arise!
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blessed.

Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and power divine.

Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

971.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise;
His grace He there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise Him best.

972.

WE have an Altar not of stone,
Not reared by human hands;
Accessible to Faith alone
Above the heavens it stands.

The blood upon that Altar spilt
Still and forever pleads;
No other sacrifice for guilt
The contrite sinner needs.

Yet, (though with no atoning rites,)
A sacrifice we bring:—
The spirit in which God delights,—
Ourselves the offering.

Through Him, once Victim, ever Priest,
We have to God access;
Partakers of the heavenly feast,
Our Saviour's name we bless.

6s & 4s.

My country! 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

PATRIOTIC.

973.

MY country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God! our King.

974.

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave!
Do Thou our country save
By thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait.
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be Thou forever nigh;
God save the State!

10s & 5s, & 12s & 6s.

PARISH SOCIAL MEETINGS.

975.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the Master appear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

976.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

Of heavenly birth, though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

A country of joy, without any alloy,
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall serve but to hurry our souls to the skies.

The fiercer the blast, the sooner 't is past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

11s.

Though faint, yet pursu - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our Leader, his Word is our stay;
Though suff'ring, and sorrow, and trial, be near, The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

PARISH SOCIAL MEETINGS.

977.

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his Word is our stay;
Though suff'ring, and sorrow, and trial, be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God.

And to his green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in his bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

Though clouds may surround us, our God is our Light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and Heaven is our home.

978.

I WOULD not live alway, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, — full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb, —
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

How lovely shines the Morning Star! The nations see and hail afar The Light in Judah shining.
Thou David's Son, of Jacob's race, My Bridegroom and my King of Grace! For Thee my heart is pining.
Lowly! Holy! Great and glorious! Thou victorious! Prince of graces! Filling all the heavenly places.

PARISH SOCIAL MEETINGS.

979.

HOW lovely shines the Morning Star!
The nations see and hail afar
The Light in Judah shining.
Thou David's Son, of Jacob's race,
My Bridegroom and my King of Grace!
For Thee my heart is pining.
Lowly, holy, | Thou, victorious,
Great and glorious, | Prince of graces,
Filling all the heavenly places.

O highest joy by mortals won!
Of Mary, and of God, the Son!
Thou high-born King of Ages!
Thou art my heart's best, sweetest flower,
And thy blest Gospel's saving power
My raptured soul engages.
Thou mine; I thine. | Heavenly manna
Sing Hosanna! | Tasting, eating,
Whilst thy love in hymns repeating.

Wake, wake your harps to sweetest songs,
In praise of Him to whom belongs
All praise, — join hearts and voices.
Forevermore, O Christ! in Thee,
Thee, all in all of love to me,
My grateful heart rejoices.
With joy employ | Glad and glorious;
Hymns victorious, | Ever be giv'n
Honor to the king of heaven.

O joy! to know that thou, my Friend!
Art Lord, beginning without end,
The First and Last, Eternal.
And Thou at length, O glorious grace!
Wilt take me to that holy place,
The home of joys supernal.
Amen! Amen! | Quickly greet me;
Come and meet me, | Draw me ever
Nearer to Thyself forever.

(*2d Tune.*)

How lovely shines the Morning Star! The nations see and hail afar The Light in Judah shining.
Thou David's Son, of Jacob's race, My Bridegroom and my King of Grace! For Thee my heart is pining.
Lowly! Holy! Great and glorious Thou, victorious! Prince of graces! Filling all the heavenly places.

418 "WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS OF THE BLESS'D."

8s.

We speak of the realms of the bless'd, That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glo - ries confess'd; But what must it be to be there?

PARISH SOCIAL MEETINGS.

980.

WE speak of the realms of the bless'd,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathway of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there?

Do thou, Lord! 'mid sorrow and woe,
For heaven my spirit prepare,
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

981.

FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties
As distance and time ne'er remove.

My friends are so dear unto me!
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus has gone, we shall be,
In yonder bright mansions above.

And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
And leaving these bodies of clay
Unite with our Jesus in love,—

With Jesus we ever shall reign,
We all his bright glory shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah! Amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

982.

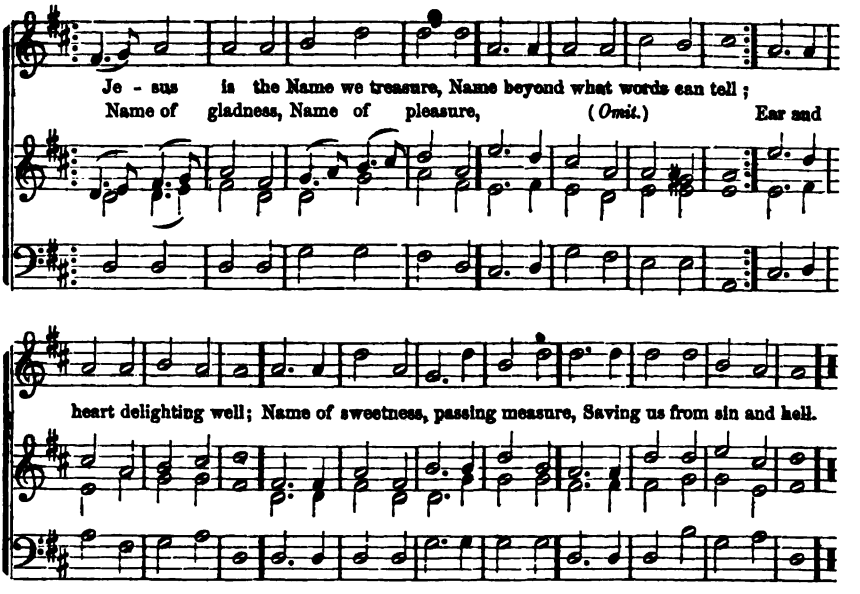
THOU Being of beings supreme!
To thee endless praises belong;
While angels rejoice in the theme,
We mortals would join in the song.

The heavens thy glory declare,
Illumed by thy brightness they shine;
The earth, and the sea, and the air,
And all that dwell in them, are thine.

Thy works of creation are great,
Thy wonders of providence good;
But who can the mercies relate
The Saviour hath bought with his blood?

On earth it is harmony sweet,
To sing of the grace that is given;
But O, when the choir is complete,
How sweet will the song be in heaven!

8s & 7s. 6 lines. Or, 8s, 7s, & 4s.


Je - sus is the Name we treasure, Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure, (Omit.) Ear and
heart delighting well; Name of sweetness, passing measure, Saving us from sin and hell.

PARISH SOCIAL MEETINGS.

983.

JESUS is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

'T is the name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery;
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

'T is the name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavénly joy possesseth here.

Therefore we in love adoring,
This most blessed name revere;
Holy Jesus! Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

984.

ALLELUIA! song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free!
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego;
For the solemn time is coming,
When our tears for sin must flow.

Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, blessed Trinity!
At the last to keep thy festal
In our home beyond the sky,
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia, joyfully.

7s & 8s.

Come, ye thankful people! come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home! All is safely gathered in
Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God our Mak-er doth provide For our wants to
be supplied; Come to God's own Tem-ple, come! Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

PARISH SOCIAL MEETINGS.

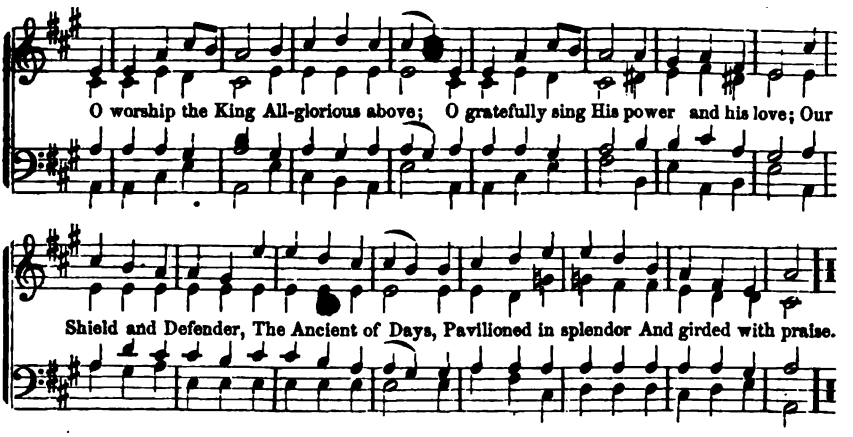
985.

COME, ye thankful people! come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own Temple, come!
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power
Till the final Harvest-Hour.
Grant, O Lord of Life! that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

For we know that Thou wilt come
And wilt take thy people home;
From thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend that day,
And thine angels charge, at last,
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In thy garner evermore.

Come, Thou Lord of mercy! come,
Bid us sing the Harvest-Home!
Let thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee forevermore.
Come! with thousand angels, come!
Bid us sing thy Harvest-Home.


O worship the King All-glorious above; O gratefully sing His power and his love; Our
Shield and Defender, The Ancient of Days, Pavilioned in splendor And girded with praise.

PARISH SOCIAL MEETINGS.

986.

O WORSHIP the King
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor
And girded with praise.

O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust;
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to thy praise.

987.

DISPOSER Supreme!
And Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for thine
The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth
Intrusting thy riches,
Which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of thy light,
And at thy decree
Are broken and gone;
Thence brightly appeareth
Thy truth in its might,
As through the cloud riven
The lightnings have shone.

O loud be their trump
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord!
From slumber of sin;
The lights Thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
O may they illumine
Our spirits within!

All honor and praise,
Dominion and might,
To God, Three in One,
Eternally be!
Who round us hath shed
His own marvellous light,
And called us from darkness
His glory to see.

6s & 5s.

When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will Peace wreathe her chain Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!

PARISH SOCIAL MEETINGS.

988.

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never!

When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never, no, never!

Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never!

APPENDIX.

I.

STANZAS TO BE SUNG IMPROMPTU.

II.

DOXOLOGIES.

III.

FIRST LINES OF ADDITIONAL TUNES.

STANZAS TO BE SUNG IMPROMPTU.

I.

Hamburg.

MAY He by whose kind care we meet
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

II.

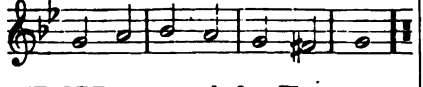
Mendon.

FORGOTTEN be each earthly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of HIM,
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

We 'll talk of all He did and said,
And suffered for us here below,
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He 's doing for us now.

III.

Norwich.



LORD, we come before Thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

IV.

Bethesda.

O HAPPY souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; | Who love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet!

V.

Shirland.

THE hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

VI.

Bowdoin Square, p. 410.

WHEN streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole;—

'T is pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

VII.

Sicilian.

O TO grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord! I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart,— O take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

VIII.

Wilmot.

JESUS! save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour! leave me not to die.

Lord! in Thee I now believe;
Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour! leave me not to die.

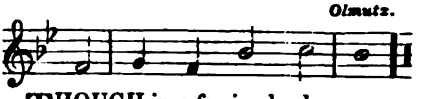
IX.

York.

THY pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour! I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

X.

Olmutz.

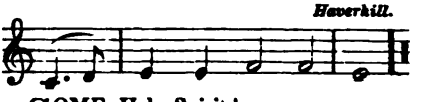


THOUGH in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

XI.

Haverhill.



COME, Holy Spirit! come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Dwell, Spirit! in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

XII.

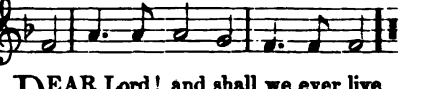
Dennis.

DEAR Saviour! we are thine
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
Our souls are in thy hands.

Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt and fear?
If He in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

XIII.

Arlington.

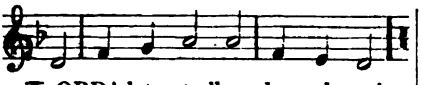


DEAR Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

XIV.

Windham.

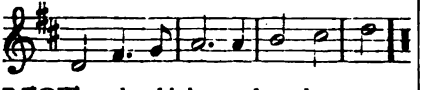


LORD! let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting sinner live!
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

XV.

Truro.

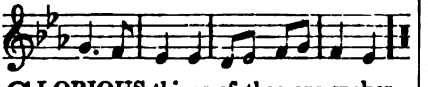


NOW to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

There, from the bosom of my God,
A cloud of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

XVI.

Worthing.

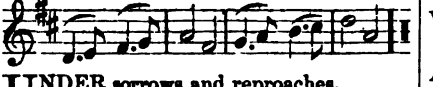


GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion! city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

XVII.

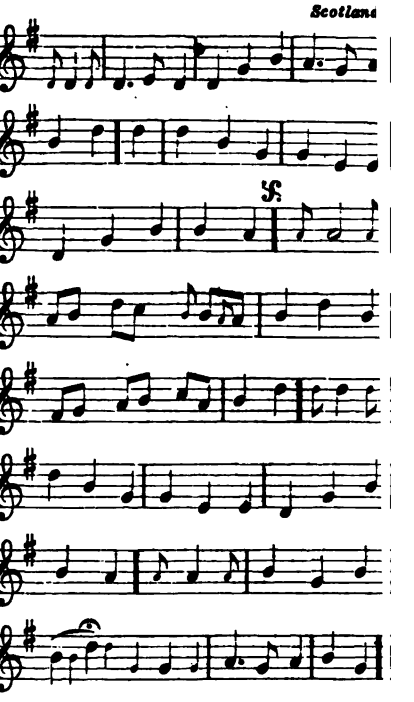
See page 419.



UNDER sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise:
Swiftly God's great day approaches,—
Sighs shall then be changed to praise;
We shall triumph, We shall triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!

XVIII.

Scotland



THE voice of free grace cries, Escape t
the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened
fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every tran
gression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of sa
vation.

CHORUS: — Music from the 𝔖.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bough
us a pardon;
We 'll praise Him again, when we pas
over Jordan.

With joy shall we stand, when escaped t
the shore;
With harps in our hands, we 'll praise Hi
the more;
We 'll range the sweet plains on the bank
of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought
us a pardon;
We 'll praise Him again, when we pass
over Jordan.

XIX.

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above;
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road;
Will you go?

We soon shall see the bleeding Lamb;
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name;
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we 'll share;
Will you go?

XX.

See page 248.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence — O how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it!
Every line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner — "Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name";
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

XXI.

Wells.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace; and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

XXII.

Pleyel.

HASTEN, sinner! to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

Hasten, sinner! to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work be done.

XXIII.

See page 90.

THE dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

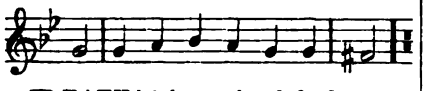
XXIV.

Hotham.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!

XXV.

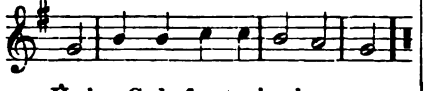
Windsor.



DEATH! 't is a melancholy day
To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

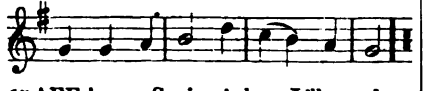
Peterboro.



He is a God of sovereign love,
Who promised heaven to me;
And taught my soul to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

XXVI.

Arundel.



SAFE in my Saviour's love I 'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.

Around thy wheels, in the glad throng,
I 'd bear a joyful part;
All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart.

XXVII.

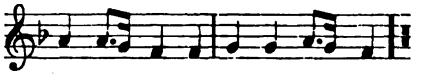
Rapture.

BE this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to insure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

XXVIII.

Greenville.



AS our steps are drawing nearer
To the world we call our home,
May our views of heaven be clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

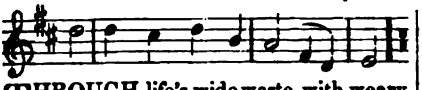
XXIX.

St. Thomas.

GRACE taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

XXX.

See p. 168.

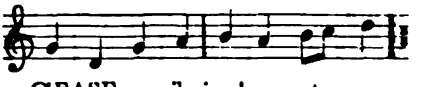


THROUGH life's wide waste, with weary feet,
In darkness I may rove,
Yet never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.

O that before his sacred throne
I all its sweets may prove!
Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be, Redeeming love.

XXXI.

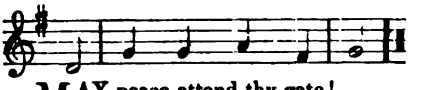
Amsterdam.



CEASE, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

XXXII.

Dalston.



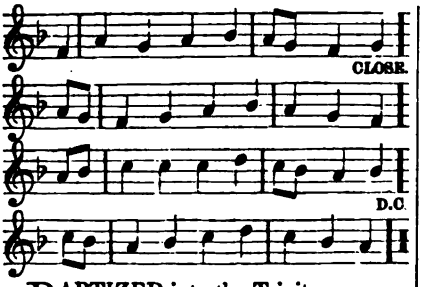
MAY peace attend thy gate!
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeats her vows,—
Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

BAPTISM.

XXXIII.

Dresden.



BAPTIZED into the Trinity,
Adopted children of thy grace,
O help us, Lord! to live to Thee,
A humble, pure, and faithful race.
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,
And crown with heavenly life our end.

XXXIV.

Rineton.

JESUS the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

XXXV.

Balerma.

THEN let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord!
And wash them in thy blood.

Thus to the parents, and their seed,
Shall thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

XXXVI.

Wilmot.

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share,

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know (thy word believing),
Only there, secure from harm.

XXXVII.

Old Hundred.

LARGE and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon the head;
And on the soul, the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon the face.

Make it and keep it thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled,
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above.

XXXVIII.

Watchman.

THE ancient law departs,
And all its terrors cease,
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

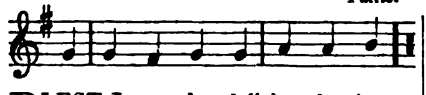
To-day the name is thine,
At which we bend the knee:
They call thee Jesus, Child Divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

All praise, Eternal Son!
For thy redeming love,
With Father, Spirit, ever one,
In glorious might above.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

XXXIX.

Tallis.



BLEST Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all Divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

XL.

St. Martin's.

O FOR this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

XLI.

Federal Street.

THE footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here, to these hills, my soul would come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

XLII.

York.

WHY was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

'T was the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

XLIII.

Missionary Chant.

WERE the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

XLIV.

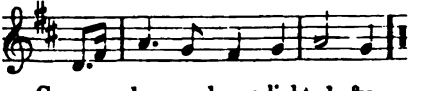
Dundee.

PITY the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul
Sing thy redeeming grace.

XLV.

See p. 259.



Can we whose souls are lighted, &c.

XLVI.

Dr. Malan. (Arr.)

LORD Jesus! God and man!
On this Communion Day
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints;
For true communion, evermore,
With all thy blessed saints.

On friends around us here
O let thy blessing fall!
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

DOXOLOGIES.

Long Metre.

1. "TO GOD THE FATHER."

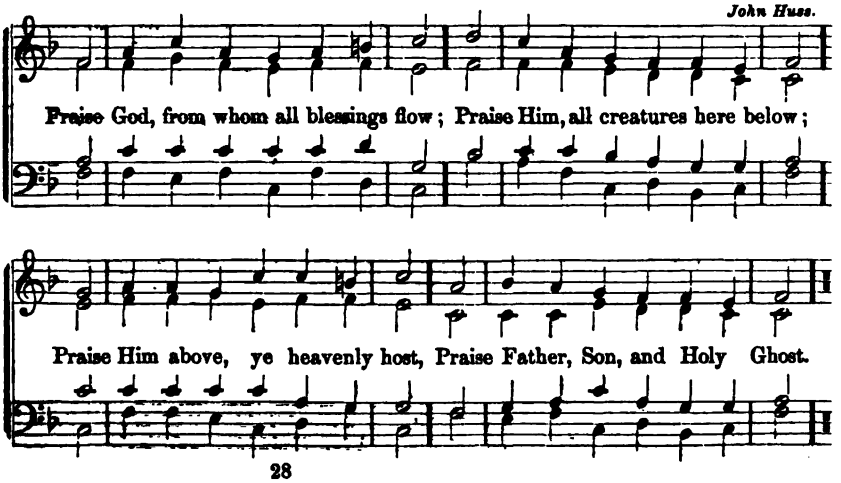
Old Hundred.

To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given, By all on earth and all in Heaven.

Long Metre.

2. "PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW."

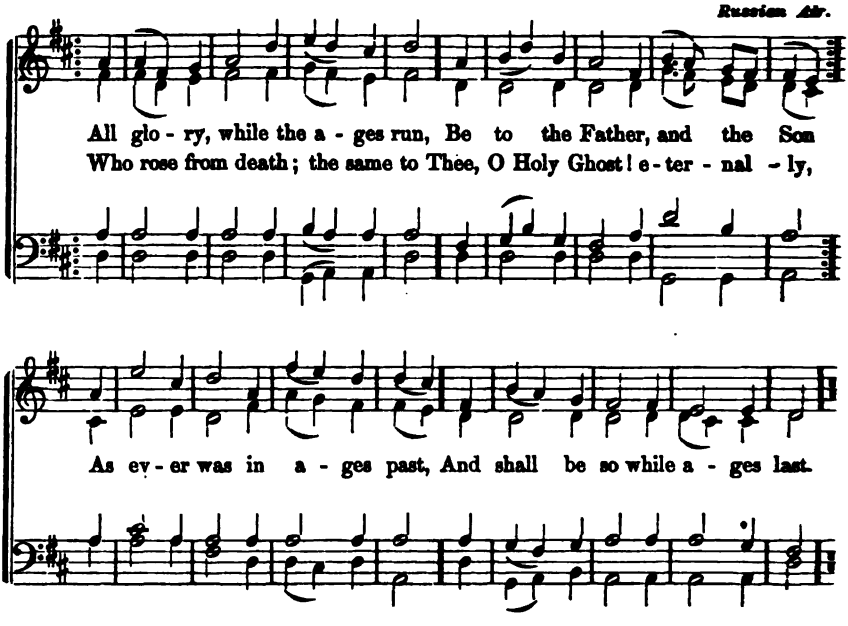
John Huss.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Long Metre.

3. ALL GLORY, WHILE THE AGES RUN.

Russian Air.


All glo - ry, while the a - ges run, Be to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death; the same to Thee, O Holy Ghost! e - ter - nal - ly,
As ev - er was in a - ges past, And shall be so while a - ges last.

Common Metre.

4. "LET GOD, THE FATHER, AND THE SON."

Nic. Hermann. "Lobt Gott."

Common Metre.

5. "TO FATHER, SON, AND H

Common Metre.

6. "O PRAISE THE FATHER, PR

Common Metre.

7. "MOST ANCIENT OF ALL MYSTERIES!"

English.

Common Metre.

8. "ALL GLORY TO THE FATHER BE."

Woodland.

All glory to the Father be, All glory to the Son, All glory, Ho - ly
Ghost! to Thee, All glo - ry, Ho - ly Ghost! to Thee, While endless ages run.

9. "O PRAISE THE FATHER, PRAISE THE SON."

Old XLIV. *Day's Psalter.* 1563.

O praise the Father; praise the Son, From whose most precious blood Springs all our faith; and
praise to Him Who with them both is God. O praise the Father and the Son, Who
saved us by his death; And Ho - ly Ghost, who quickens us With his life-giving breath.

Short Metre.

10. "YE ANGELS ROUND THE THRONE."

Western Tune.

Short Metre.

11. "DWELL, SPIRIT! IN OUR HEARTS."

Hallelujah Metre.

12. "TO GOD THE FATHER'S THRONE."

Dr. Croft's 148th.

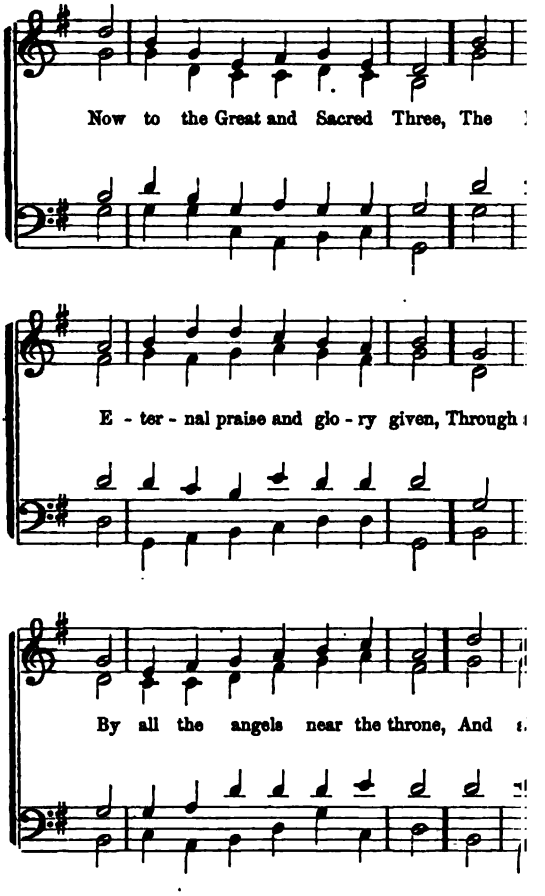
To God the Father's throne Perpetual honors raise; Glo - ry to God the Son, To
God the Spirit praise; And while our lips Their tribute bring, Our faith adores The name we sing.

13.

O GOD! with love's sweet might
Who dost anoint and arm
Thy soldiers for the fight
With grace that shields from harm,
Thrice blessed Three, | Shall sing thy praise
Heaven's endless days | Eternally.

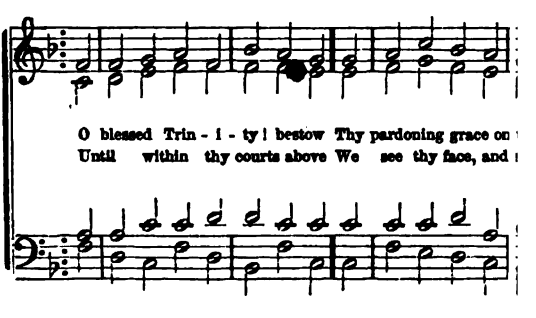
Long Particular Met

14. "NOW TO THE GREAT AND



Common Hallelujah M

15. "O BLESSED TRINITY



Common Particular Metre.

16. "TO FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST."

To Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom heaven's triumphant host And
saints on earth adore, Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last When time shall be no more.

17.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the Church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

Short Particular Metre.

18. "TO GOD, THE FATHER."

Dalston.
To God, the Father, Son, And Spirit, Three in One, From all above and all below
The same glad song ascend, In one ascription blend, And joyful praise unceasing flow.

5 & 6s Metre

19. "ALL HONOR AND

20.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed

6s Metre.

21. "ALL PRAISE AND THA

6 & 4s Metre.

22. "BLESSED AND HOLY THREE!"

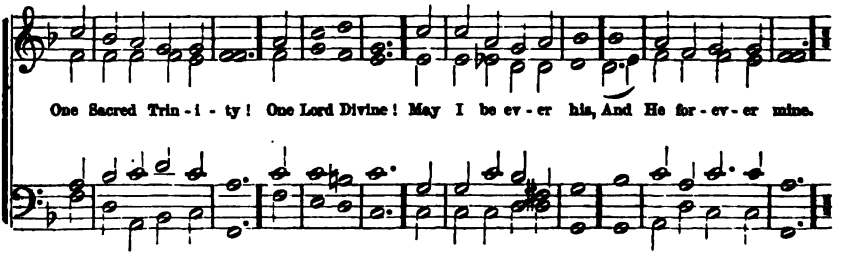
St. Austin.

Blessed and Ho - ly Three! Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty! Grace!
Love! and Might! Boundless as ocean's tide, Rolling in full - est
pride, Through the world far and wide, Let there be Light! A - men.

6 & 4s Metre.

23. "ONE SACRED TRINITY!"

St. Columba.



6, 4, 8, & 4s Metre.

24. "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!"

St. John. Old Melody adapted.

Be - hold the Lamb of God! Worthy is He a - lone That
sit - teth on the throne of God a - bove, One with the Ancient
of all days, One with the Comforter in praise, All Light and Love.

7s Metre.

25. "GLORY TO THE FATHER BE!"

Innocents.

7s Metre.

26. "GOD, THE BLESSED THREE IN ONE."

7s Metre, 6 lines.

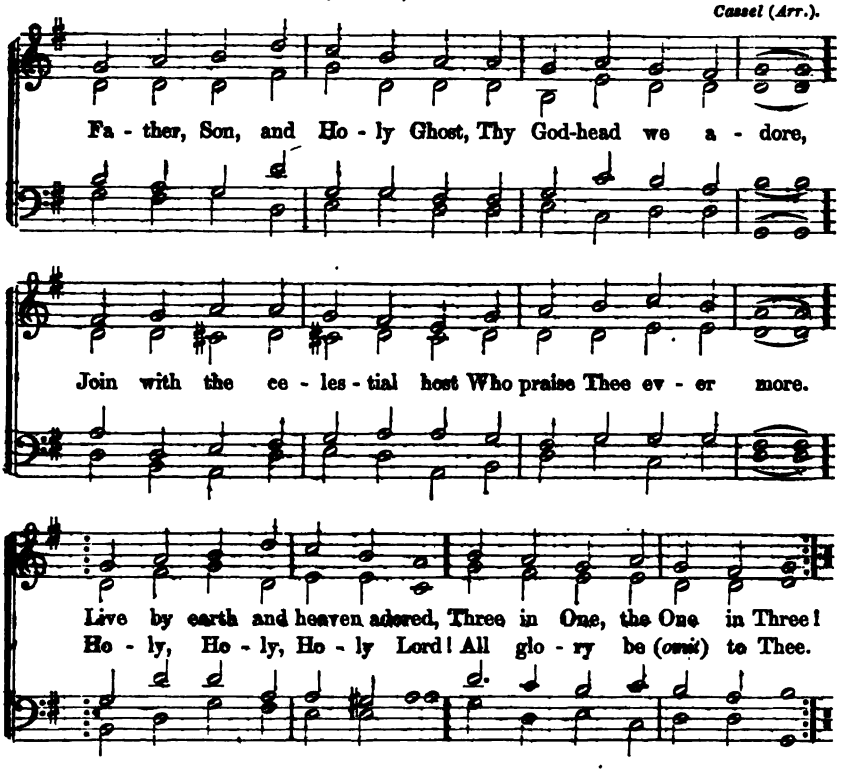
27. "HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!"

CLOSE.
Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly Lord! Ev-er be thy name adored.
D.C. We with them our voi-ces raise Echoing thine e-ter-nal praise.
CLOSE.
D.C.
Thee to laud in hymns di-vine Saints a-bove and angels join;
D.C.

7 & 6s Metre.

28. "FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST."

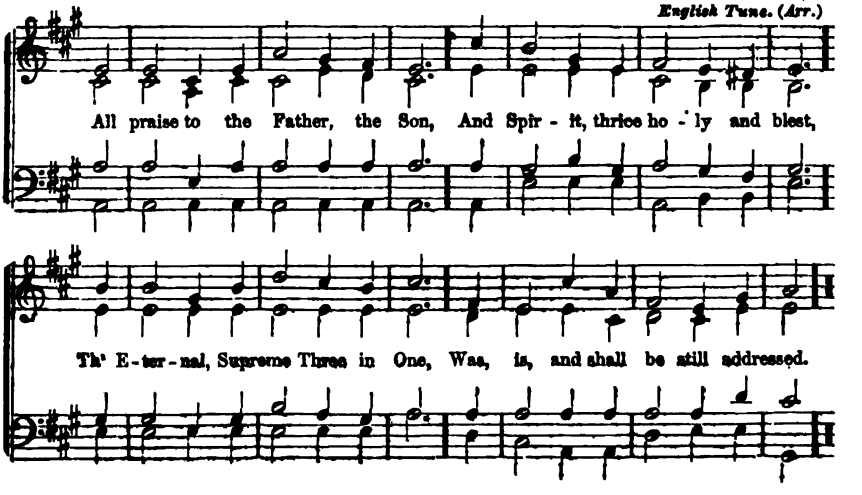
Cassel (Arr.).


Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Thy God-head we a - dore,
Join with the ce - les - tial host Who praise Thee ev - er more.
Live by earth and heaven adored, Three in One, the One in Three!
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord! All glo - ry be (*omit*) to Thee.

8s Metre.

29. "ALL PRAISE TO THE FATHER."

English Tune. (Arr.)


All praise to the Father, the Son, And Spir - it, thrice ho - ly and blest,
Th' E - ter - nal, Supreme Three in One, Was, is, and shall be still addressed.

8 & 7s Metre.

30. "LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING."

"Alla Trinita Beata."
Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing; Bid us now de - part in peace;
Still on heavenly man - na feeding, Let our faith and love in - crease:
Fill each breast with con - so - lation; Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our bliss - ful station, Then we'll give Thee no - bler praise.

8 & 7s Metre.

31. "MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR."

German.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love,
Thus shall we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,
With the Ho - ly Spirit's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from above. D.C.
And possess in sweet communion Joys which earth cannot af - ford.

8 & 7s Metre, 6 lin

32. "TO THE FATHER" PRAI

8, 7, & 4s Metre.

33. "GREAT JEHOVAH! WE

34.

HAIL, Thou Alpha and
First and Last! of all
He that is, and was, and sh
And beside whom there is
Take the glory,
Great Eternal Three in O

10s Metre.

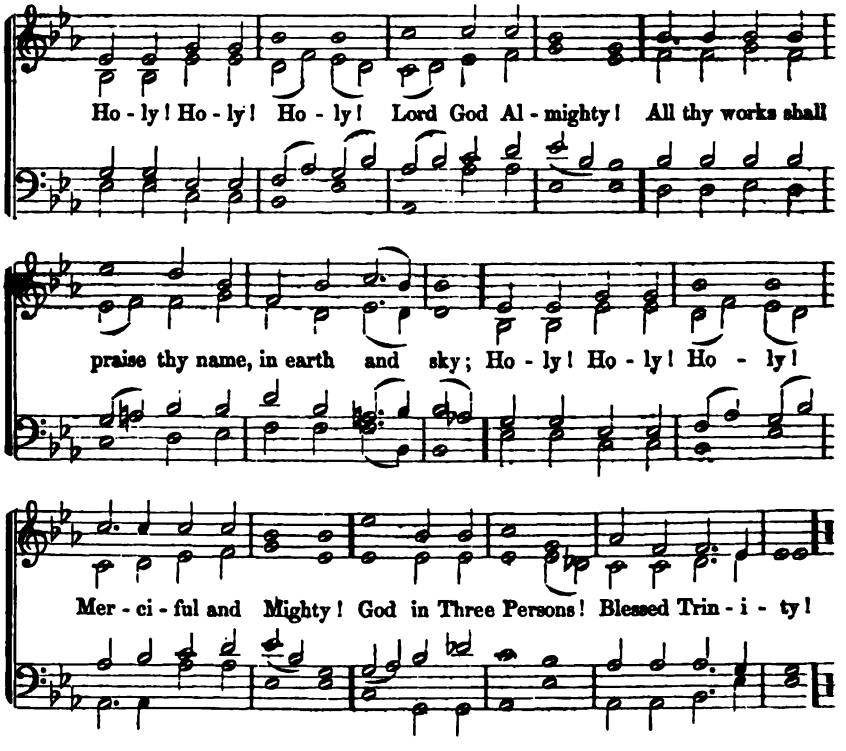
35. "TO FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT, EVER BLEST."

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ev - er blest E - ternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints! his name adore, And spread his fame till time shall be no more.

10 & 11s Metre.

36. "HOLY! HOLY! HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!"

Nicea.


Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! All thy works shall
praise thy name, in earth and sky; Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly!
Mer - ci - ful and Mighty! God in Three Persons! Blessed Trin - i - ty!

11s Metre.

37. "O FATHER ALMIGHTY, TO T

O Father almighty, to Thee be addresse
God, ever blest, All glory and worship, from earth
now, and shall ev - er be given; As was, and

5 & 6s, or 11s Met

38. "OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE

SLOW.
Our Father in heav - en, We hal - low thy nam
O give to us dai - ly Our por - tion of bread
Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know
Keep us from tempta - tion, From weakness and sin
earth be the same! D.C.] It is from thy bour
pardons each foe: D.C.] And thine be the glo -

10s Metre.

35. "TO FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT, EVER BLEST."

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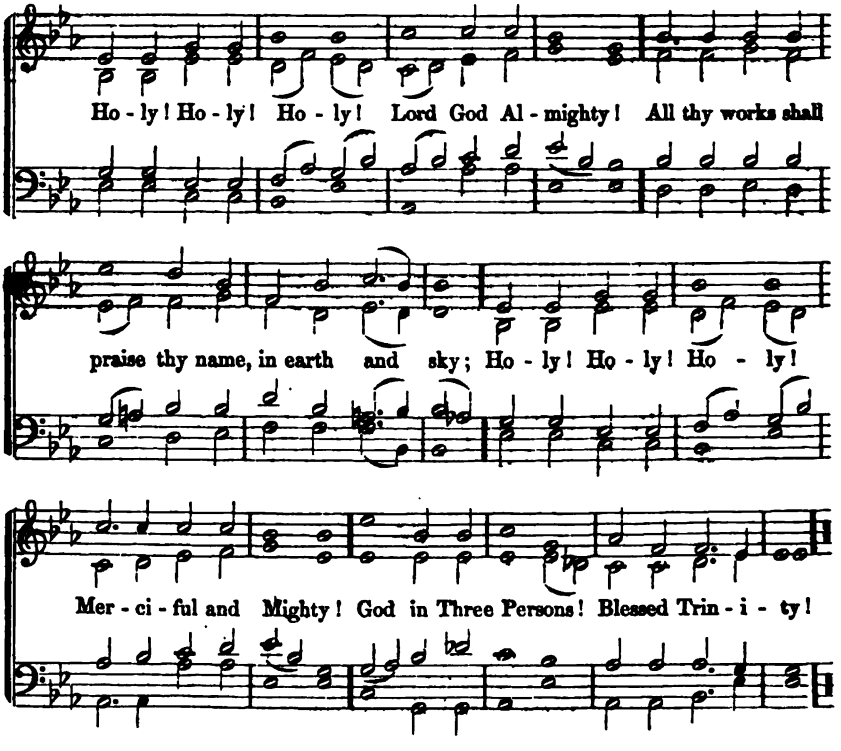
Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! All thy works shall
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Mer - ci - ful and Mighty! God in Three Persons! Blessed Trin - i - ty!

FIRST LINES OF ADDITIONAL TUNES.

LONG METRE.

COMMON METRE.

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To the Father praise be given (6 lines) 447

8s, 7s, & 4s.

Great Jehovah! we adore Thee . . . 447
Hail, thou Alpha and Omega! . . . 447

10s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest . 448

11s, or 6s & 5s.

O Father Almighty! to Thee be addressed 449

11s & 12s.

Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty 448

FIRST LINES OF ADDI

LONG METR

COMMON MET

PAGE			METRE
15	Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat *	NEWTON	L.
413	Arise, O King of grace, arise *	WATTS	C.
168	Arise, my soul, my joyful powers	WATTS	C.
202	Arise, ye saints, arise	METH. COLL.	S.
206	Arlington	*Dr. Arne*	C.
253	Arm of the Lord, awake! awake! *	C. WESLEY. *Mehul*	L.
253	Arm of the Lord, — Put on thy	SHRUBSOLE	L.
429	Arundel (1st line)	*C. Williams*	C.
202	As birds their infant brood protect	COWPER	L.
253	Ascend thy throne, Almighty King!	BEDDOME	L.
187	Ashton	*Harrison*	S.
21	As pants the hart for cooling streams *	TATE & BRADY	C.
330	At evening time when day is done *	MONTGOMERY. Alt. by others.	L. or 6l.
54	A voice in every gale	MRS. OPIE. (ART.)	H.
17	Awake and sing the song	HAMMOND	S.
143	Awake! awake! each sluggish soul	HEGINBOTHAM	L.
157	Awaked from sin's delusive sleep	MORE	L.
340	Awake, my soul! and with the sun	KENN	L.
197	Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve	DODDRIDGE	C.
85	Awake, my soul, to joyful lays *	MEDLEY	L.
397	Awake, my zeal! awake my love	WATTS	L.
200	Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes	MRS. BARBAULD	L.
200	Awake, our souls! away our fears *	WATTS. *Barthelemon*	L.
404	Awake, ye saints! and raise your eyes *	DODDRIDGE. *Dedham*	C.
52	Awake, ye saints, to praise your King	WATTS	C.
154	Babylon's Streams	*D. T. Campian*	L.
313	Backward with humble shame we look	WATTS	C.
429	Balerma (1st line)	*Scotch Melody*	C.
34	Bankfield	*Harrison*	S.
428	Baptized into the Trinity *	*Dresden*	L. 6l.
296	Barby	*W. Tansur*	C.
46	Before Jehovah's awful throne *	WATTS. *Denmark* (*abr.*) *Madan*	L.
49	Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme *	WATTS	C.
222	Begone, unbelief *	NEWTON	5s & 6s.
137	Behold a stranger 's at the door *	JOSEPH GRIGG	L.
78	Behold the glories of the Lamb *	WATTS. *Devizes*	C.
243	Behold the glorious dawning bright	HYDE	L.
443	Behold the Lamb of God	*St. John's*	6s, 4s, 8s, & 4s.
236	Behold! the mountain of the Lord *	MICHAEL BRUCE. *N. Hermann*	C.
316	Behold the potter and the clay	WATTS	L.
283	Behold the sure foundation stone	WATTS	C.
294	Be known to us in breaking bread	RYLE	C.
365	Beneath our feet and o'er our head *	HEBER. (*German* adapted.)	C.
405	Benevento	S. WEBBE	7s D.
423	Bethesda (1st line)	*Dr. Green*	H.
62	Bethlehem	*Dr. Madan*	C.
451	Beverly (1st line)	*Boston Academy*	S.
450	Blendon (1st line)	*Giardini*	L.
121	Bless'd be the Father and his love	WATTS	L.
442	Blessed and Holy Three *	MARRIOTT. *Eng.*	6s & 4s.
318	Blessed are the sons of God *	HUMPHREYS	7s 6l.
197	Blessed are they who have not seen	ENG. BAPT. COLL.	C.
121	Bless'd Trinity! from mortal sight	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	L.
70	Blest angels, who adoring wait *	FANCH & TURNER. *Eng. Chant.*	C.
203	Blest are the pure in heart *	KEBLE. *Kocher's Coll.* (ART.)	S.
335	Blest are the sons of peace	WATTS	S.
38	Blest be the dear, uniting love	C. WESLEY	C.
34	Blest be the tie that binds	FAWCETT	S.
111	Blest Comforter Divine	PRESB. COLL.	S.
121	Blessing and honor, praise and love	J. WESLEY	L.
8	Blest are the souls who hear and know	WATTS	C.
293	Blest Jesus! what delicious fare!	WATTS	L.

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11	Blest morning! whose young dawning rays	WATTS	C.
233	Blow ye the trumpet, blow *	C. WESLEY	H.
410	Bowdoin Square	*S. Hill. Anc. Lyre. By Perm.*	C.
451	Boylston (1st line)	*L. Mason*	S.
450	Brattle Street (1st line)	*Pleyel*	C. Double.
298	Bread of Heaven! on Thee I feed *	CONDER	7s 6l.
59	Bright King of glory, dreadful God	WATTS	L.
76	Brightness of the Father's glory	ROBINSON	8s & 7s D.
62	Bright was the guiding star that led	SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS	C.
316	Brookfield	*Billings.* (*Arr.*)	L.
315	But few among the carnal wise	WATTS	C.
142	But there 's a dreadful God	WATTS	S.
324	By cool Siloam's shady rill *	HEBER. *German Melody.* (*Arr.*)	C.
353	By faith in Christ I walk with God	NEWTON	L.
218	By faith I see the land	TOPLADY	H.
78	By faith the upper choir we meet	C. WESLEY	C.
6	Call Jehovah thy salvation	MONTGOMERY	8s & 7s.
238	Cambridge	*Dr. Randall.* (*Abr.*)	C.
163	Canst Thou reject our dying prayer	C. WESLEY	C.
129	Canterbury	*Ravenscroft.*	C.
377	Can we have our hearts in heaven	PSALTERY AND HARP	8s & 7s.
445	Cassel	*German.* (*Arr.*)	S.
198	Cheer up, desponding soul	DR. JOHN BYROM. 1691 – 1763	6s.
305	Chief Shepherd of thy chosen sheep	NEWTON	C.
140	Child of sin and sorrow *	HASTINGS	6s & 4s.
32	Children of the Heavenly King *	CENNICK. *J. R. Ahle.* (*Arr.*)	7s.
256	Children of Zion! know your King	ENG. BAPT. COLL.	C.
327	Children's voices high in heaven *	ENG. COLL.	7s.
59	China	*B. Cozzens*	L.
383	China	*Swan.*	C.
144	Christ bids us knock and enter in	C. WESLEY	L.
412	Christ is our Corner-stone *	JOHN CHANDLER	H.
450	Christmas (1st line)	*Handel*	C.
310	Christ's only righteousness I show	C. WESLEY	C.
72	Christ the Lord has risen to-day	C. WESLEY	7s.
73	Christ to heaven is gone before	ENG. BAPT. COLL.	7s.
450	Clarendon (1st line)	ISAAC TUCKER	C.
18	Colchester	*Williams*	C.
349	Come away to the skies *	C. WESLEY	12s & 9s.
226	Come, all ye saints of God	PRATT'S COLL.	6s & 4s.
150	Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls	WATTS	C.
235	Come, blessed Lord! let every shore	BOOK OF PRAISE	C.
13	Come, dearest Lord! descend and dwell	WATTS	L.
122	Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	C. WESLEY	L.
135	Come hither, all ye weary souls *	WATTS	L.
110	Come, holy, celestial Dove *	C. WESLEY. *Old Melody*	7s.
75	Come, Holy Ghost! inspire our songs	PRATT'S COLL.	C.
104	Come, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire	C. WESLEY	C.
106	Come, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire *	ORDINA. SERV. 1662. *Maslon*	L.
111	Come, Holy Spirit! come *	HART	S.
106	Come, Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove, My	SIMON BROWNE	L.
104	Come, Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove, With *	WATTS. *Dundee*	C.
14	Come in, thou blessed of the Lord *	MONTGOMERY	L.
15	Come, let our souls address the Lord	WATTS	L.
70	Come, let us all unite to praise.	BICKERSTETH'S COLL.	C.
415	Come, let us anew our journey pursue *	C. WESLEY 10s & 5s, & 12s & 6s.	
415	Come, let us anew, — With vigor arise	C. WESLEY 10s & 5s, & 12s & 6s.	
75	Come, let us join our cheerful songs *	WATTS	C.
295	Come, let us join our souls to God *	DODDRIDGE. *Swanwick*	C.
169	Come, let us who in Christ believe	C. WESLEY	C.
8	Come, Lord! and warm each languid heart	STEELE	C.
257	Come, Lord, thy glorious Spirit cries	C. WESLEY	L.

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176	Come, O my Saviour! come away	C. WESLEY	C.
79	Come, O thou King of all thy saints	STEELE	C.
200	Come, Saviour Jesus! from above	BYROM	L.
16	Come, sound his praise abroad *	WATTS. *Silver Street*	S.
111	Come, Spirit! source of light	BEDDOME (suggested by)	S.
141	Come, take his offers now	C. WESLEY (suggested by)	S.
118	Come, Thou Almighty King *	MADAN'S COLL. Germ. (Arr.)	6s & 4s.
22	Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	ROBINSON ?	8s & 7s.
295	Come thou with us; we 'll do thee good	ENG. CONG. COLL.	C.
148	Come to Calvary's holy mountain *	MONTGOMERY	8s & 7s.
17	Come, we who love the Lord *	WATTS. *Concord*	S.
139	Come, weary sinners, come	C. WESLEY	S.
420	Come, ye thankful people! come *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	7s & 8s.
147	Come, ye weary, heavy laden	HART	8s, 7s, & 4s.
10	Comfort	*Mrs. Gibson.* (Of Scotland.)	C.
303	Comfort, ye ministers of grace	C. WESLEY	L.
24	Command thy blessing from above *	MONTGOMERY. *Crasselius*	L.
219	Commit thou all thy griefs *	J. WESLEY, from GERHARDT	S.
291	Communion	*S. Hill.* Fr. *Anc. Lyre.* By perm.	C.
292	Communion of my Saviour's blood	MONTGOMERY	L.
319	Comrades of the heavenly calling	CONDER	8s, 7s, & 4s.
17	Concord	*O. Holden.* (*Arr.*)	S.
278	Coronation	*O. Holden*	C.
24	Crasselius (*Tune by*)	*Luth. Presb. Dusseld.* 1650.	L.
105	Creator, Spirit! by whose aid *	DRYDEN. *Mozart*	L. 6l.
444	Culbach	*Hymns Anc. & Mod.*	7s.
451	Dallas (1st line)	*Cherubini.* (*Bost. Acad.*)	7s.
440	Dalston	*A. Williams*	S. P.
256	Daughter of Zion! from the dust *	MONTGOMERY	C.
391	Day of Judgment! day of wonders *	NEWTON. *Welsh Melody*	8s, 7s, & 4s.
394	Day of wrath, O day of mourning *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	8s, 6l, or D.
96	Dearest of all the names above *	WATTS	C.
370	Death is no more among our foes *	SAMUEL MEDLEY	L.
364	Death may dissolve my body now	WATTS	C.
427	Death, 't is a melancholy day *	WATTS. *Windsor*	C.
404	Dedham	*Gardiner*	C.
137	Deep are the wounds which sin has made	STEELE	L.
424	Dennis (1st line)	*L. Mason*	S.
46	Denmark	*M. Madan*	L.
173	Depth of mercy! can there be *	C. WESLEY. *German Hymn*	7s.
78	Devizes	*Tucker*	C.
12	Devonshire	*G. Greene*	L.
159	Did Christ o'er sinners weep *	BEDDOME. *Cologne Hymn-Book*	S.
174	Didst Thou, dear Jesus! suffer shame *	KIRKHAM. *Melchior Vulpius*	C.
174	Do not I love Thee, O my Lord	DODDRIDGE	C.
450	Downs (1st line)	*L. Mason*	C.
303	Draw near, O Son of God! draw near	C. WESLEY	L.
37	Dread Sovereign! let my evening song	WATTS	C.
428	Dresden	*A. Williams's Coll.*	L. Double.
178	Duke Street	*J. Hatton*	L.
104	Dundee	*Guillaume Franc*	C.
130	Dunfermline	*Reinagle's Coll.*	C.
438	Dwell, Spirit! in our hearts *	(1 stz.) WATTS. *Mahmied.* (*Arr.*)	S.
18	Early, my God! without delay *	WATTS. *Colchester*	C.
83	Edgeware	*English Tune*	8s.
23	Ein Feste Berg	*M. Luther* (xlvi. *Psalm*)	L.
33	Ere another Sabbath close *	*Weber's Melody.* (*Arr.*)	7s.
54	Ere mountains reared their forms	LYTE. (*Arr.*)	H.
59	Ere the blue heavens were stretched abroad *	WATTS. *China. B. Cozens*	L.
266	Eternal Father! strong to save	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	L. 6l.
243	Eternal Lord! from land to land	WORCESTER'S SEL. HYMNS	L.

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408	Eternal Source of every joy *	Doddridge	L
108	Eternal Spirit! God of truth *	*Mel.* 16 *Cent.* (*Arr.*)	C
108	Eternal Spirit! we confess *	Watts. *Blüher.* (*Arr.*)	L
272	Europe! speak the mighty Name *	Miller's Coll.	7s
398	Exalted high at God's right hand	Rowland Hill	L
250	Exalted, Prince of life! we own	Doddridge. *Oporto*	L
153	Fain would I learn of thee, my God	C. Wesley	L
450	Fairport (1st line)	*New. Car. Sac.*	C
237	Fall down, ye nations! and adore *	Montgomery. *German.* 1651.	L
6	Far from mortal cares retreating	J. Taylor	8s & 7
42	Far from my heavenly home	Hymns Anc. & Mod.	S
12	Far from my thoughts, vain world! begone	Watts	L
362	Far from these narrow scenes of night	Steele	C
225	Fastened within the vale *	Toplady. *Bohemian.* (*Arr.*)	S
359	Father! I long, I faint, to see	Watts. C. Double	
168	Father! I wait before thy throne	Watts	C
115	Father of Heaven! whose love profound	Pratt's Coll.	L
334	Father of men! thy care we bless *	Doddridge	L
307	Father of mercies! condescend	Morell	C
129	Father of mercies! in thy Word	Steele	C
208	Father of mercies! send thy grace *	Doddridge. *Scotch Melody.* (*Arr.*)	C
445	Father, Son, and Holy Ghost *	Hymns Anc. & Mod. *Cassel* 7s & 6	
316	Father! 't is thus, because thy will	Watts	L
338	Father! to thee I lift mine eyes	C. Wesley	L
289	Father! who hast created all	Hymns Anc. & Mod.	C
430	Federal Street (1st line)	*H. K. Oliver*	L
411	Ferry	S. Webbe	C
161	Firm as the earth thy Gospel stands	Watts	C
191	Fix my heart and eyes on thine	Newton	7
90	Forever here my rest shall be	C. Wesley	C
42	Forever with the Lord *	Montgomery	S
375	Forgive, blest shade! the tributary tear *	Steele. *T. Clark*	10
250	Forgiveness! 't is a joyful sound	Eng. Bapt. Coll.	L
340	Forth in thy name, O Lord! I go	C. Wesley	L
405	For thy mercy and thy grace	Hymns Anc. & Mod. 7s	L
238	For Zion's sake I will not rest	Bickersteth's Coll.	C
450	Fountain (1st line)	*L. Mason*	C
348	Fountain of life and all my joy *	C. Wesley. L.	6
11	Frequent the day of God returns *	Brown	C
384	Friend after friend departs *	Montgomery. S.	L
212	From deep distress and troubled thoughts	Watts	L
204	From every earthly pleasure	Worcester's Sel. Hymns 7s & 6	
13	From every stormy wind that blows *	Stowell	L
241	From Greenland's icy mountains	Heber. 7s & 6	
91	From pole to pole let others roam	Newton	C
145	From the cross uplifted high *	Hawels. *John Crüger.* 1640. 7s	6
35	From the first dawning light	Watts	S
107	From thy habitation holy	McDuff. 8s & 7	
418	From whence doth this union arise	Christian Lyre	8
88	Ganges	*Ancient Melody*	C. L
379	Gently, Lord! O gently lead us	Hastings. 8s & 7	
173	German Hymn	*Pleyel*	7
336	Giver and Guardian of our sleep	C. Wesley	C
359	Give me the wings of faith, to rise *	Watts. C.	D
250	Give thanks to God! He reigns above	Watts	L
53	Give thanks to God, Most High	Watts	H
219	Give to the winds thy fears	J. Wesley, fr. Gerhardt	S
7	Glad was my heart to hear	Montgomery	S
298	Glorious Shepherd of the sheep	Lyte. 7s	6
281	Glorious things of thee are spoken *	Newton. 8s & 7s	D
80	Glory to God on high	Hill's Coll. 6s & 4s	

PAGE			METRE
326	Glory to the Father give	MONTGOMERY	7s.
340	Glory to thee, my God! this night *	KENN. *Tallis's Eve. Hymn*	L.
414	God bless our native land	J. S. DWIGHT	6s & 4s.
119	God eternal! Lord of all	J. E. MILLARD	7s.
282	God in his earthly temple lays *	WATTS. *Swiss Air.* (*Arr.*)	L.
353	God knows our souls in all their fears *	DODDRIDGE	L.
56	God is a King of power unknown	WATTS	L.
115	God is a name my soul adores *	WATTS	L.
234	God is gone up on high	C. WESLEY	H.
270	God is in the loneliest spot	CONDER	7s Double.
23	God is the refuge of his saints *	WATTS. *M. Luther. Ein Feste Berg.*	L.
358	God moves in a mysterious way *	COWPER	C.
195	God my supporter and my hope *	WATTS. *Rochester*	C.
329	God of my childhood and my youth *	WATTS	C.
407	God of the changing year! whose arm of power *	EMILY TAYLOR	10s.
29	God of our salvation, hear us	KELLY	8s, 7s, & 4s.
444	God, the Blessed Three in One *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD. *Culbach.*	7s.
301	Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord *	WATTS	L.
185	Go to dark Gethsemane	MONTGOMERY	7s, 4 or 6l.
375	Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime	MONTGOMERY	10s.
341	Go when the morning shineth	ED. LIT. REV. (Last 2, MONTG.)	7s & 6s.
244	Grant me, Heavenly Lord! to feel	CONDER	7s.
154	Great God! create my heart anew *	WATTS	L.
50	Great God! how infinite art Thou *	WATTS. *St. Stephen's*	C.
171	Great God! indulge my humble claim	WATTS	L.
382	Great God! I own thy sentence just	WATTS	C.
131	Great God! the heavens' well-ordered frame	WATTS	L. P.
5	Great God! this hallowed day of thine	STEELE	L. 6l.
56	Great God! thy glories shall employ	WATTS	L.
403	Great God! we sing that mighty hand *	DODDRIDGE	L.
249	Great God! whose universal sway	WATTS	L.
236	Great God! the nations of the earth	GIBBONS	C.
259	Great is the Lord our God	WATTS	S.
447	Great Jehovah! we adore Thee *	HYMNS A. & M. *St. Thomas*	8s, 7s, & 4s.
304	Great Lord of angels! we adore *	DODDRIDGE	L.
273	Great Ruler of the earth and skies	STEELE	L.
104	Great Spirit! by whose mighty power	HAWEIS	C.
29	Greenville	*Rousseau*	8s, 7s, & 4s.
304	Guardian of Israel! Source of Peace	ENG. COLL.	L.
277	Hail, mighty Jesus! how divine	WALLIN	C.
24	Hail, morning known among the blest	WARDLAW	L.
73	Hail the day that sees Him rise	C. WESLEY	7s.
447	Hail, thou Alpha and Omega	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	8s, 7s, & 4s.
76	Hail, thou once despised Jesus *	BAKEWELL	8s & 7s Double.
258	Hail to the Lord's anointed *	MONTGOMERY	7s & 6s.
398	Hail to the Prince of life and peace	DODDRIDGE	L.
20	Halle	*German*	L.
423	Hamburg (1st line)	*L. Mason's arr.*	L.
379	Happy soul! thy days are ended	C. WESLEY	8s & 7s D.
282	Happy the church, thou sacred place	WATTS	L.
201	Harborough	*J. A. Hamilton's Ps. & Hy. Tunes*	S.
234	Hark! hark! the notes of joy *	REED	H.
365	Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound	WATTS	C.
175	Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	COWPER	7s Double.
99	Hark! ten thousand harps and voices	KELLY	8s & 7s 6l.
63	Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes	DODDRIDGE	C.
87	Hark, the Redeemer from on high	WATTS	L.
276	Hark! the song of jubilee *	MONTGOMERY	7s Double.
68	Hark! the voice of love and mercy *	FRANCIS	8s & 7s 6l.
61	Hark! what mean those holy voices	CAWOOD	8s, 7s, & 4s.
72	Harts	*English*	7s.
244	Hasten, Lord! the glorious time	LYTE	7s.

PAGE			METRE
426	Hasten, sinner! to be wise	T. SCOTT. Abr. by others	C.
136	Haste, traveller! haste; the night comes on	COLLYER	L.
424	Haverhill (1st line)	*L. Mason*	S.
230	Head of the Church triumphant *	C. WESLEY	7s & 4s.
326	Hear we not a voice from heaven	ENG. COLL.	7s.
145	Hearts of stone! relent! relent!	C. WESLEY. *John Criüger.* 1640.	7s 6l.
450	Heber (1st line)	*Kingsley*	C.
450	Heath (1st line)	*Mod. Psalmist*	C.
450	Hebron (1st line)	*L. Mason*	L.
389	He comes! He comes! the Judge severe!	C. WESLEY	L.
84	He lives! the great Redeemer lives *	STEELE	L.
208	Help us, O Lord! thy yoke to wear	ENG. METH. COLL.	C.
409	Help us, O Lord! with grateful minds	BICKERSTETH'S COLL.	C.
156	Here at thy cross, my dying God *	WATTS. *Claude Goudimel. 15th cent.*	L.
291	Here at thy table, Lord! we meet	WATTS. *S. Hill. Anc. Lyre. By perm.*	C.
48	He reigns, the Lord! the Saviour reigns	WATTS. *Georg. Josephi.* 1730.	L.
84	He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains	CONDER	L.
293	Here we have seen thy face, O Lord	WATTS	L.
450	Hermon (1st line)	*Mod. Psalmist*	C.
75	He who on earth as man was known	NEWTON	C.
310	His master taken from his head *	COWPER	C.
448	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	HYMNS ANC. & MOD. *Nicæa*	10s & 11s.
119	Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of *	MONTGOMERY. *Alcester*	7s.
444	Holy, holy, holy Lord, Ever be *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	7s. 6l.
107	Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness	JACOBI, fr. GERHARDT	8s & 7s.
107	Holy Ghost! inspire our praises *	PSALMO. DOX. *Mozart*	8s & 7s.
71	Hosanna to the Prince of light *	WATTS. *Eng. Tune.* (*Arr.*)	C.
427	Hotham (1st line)	MADAN	7s Double.
407	House of our God! with cheerful anthems ring	DODDRIDGE	10s.
289	Howard	*Mrs. Cuthbert*	C.
271	How are thy servants blest, O Lord	ADDISON	C.
302	How beauteous are their feet *	WATTS	S.
378	How blest the righteous when he dies	BARBAULD	L.
7	How charming is the place	WATTS	S.
291	How condescending and how kind	WATTS	C.
325	How glorious is our Heavenly King *	WATTS. *Nägeli*	C.
166	How heavy is the night *	WATTS. *J. G. Bornhardt.* (*Arr.*)	S.
314	How helpless guilty nature lies *	STEELE. *Arnold's Coll.*	C.
25	How honored, how dear, is that sacred abode	CONDER	11s.
288	How large the promise, how divine *	WATTS	C.
183	How lost was my condition *	NEWTON	8s & 7s.
417	How lovely shines the Morning Star *	HARBAUGH, tr. by, for this book.	Pecul.
207	How oft, alas! this wretched heart	STEELE	C.
128	How precious is the Book divine	FAWCETT	C.
223	How shall I follow Him I serve *	CONDER	L.
132	How shall the young secure their hearts *	WATTS. *Rineton. Williams*	C.
367	How shalt thou bear the cross, that now	FABER	C.
294	How sweet and awful is the place *	WATTS	C.
285	How sweet, how heavenly is the sight *	SWAIN	C. Double.
64	How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound *	BOWRING	L.
30	How sweet the light of Sabbath eve *	EDMESTON	L.
91	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds *	NEWTON	C.
13	How sweet to leave the world awhile	KELLY	L.
363	How swift the torrent rolls	DODDRIDGE	S.
210	How vain is all beneath the skies *	PRATT'S COLL.	L. Double.
352	How vast the treasure we possess	WATTS	L.
450	Hummel (1st line)	*Ch. Zeuner*	C.
169	I am thy workmanship, O Lord	CONDER	C.
229	I believe, and so have spoken	PSALTERY AND HARP.	8s & 7s.
361	I call the world's Redeemer mine	C. WESLEY	L.
206	I come to Thee once more, my God	FABER	C.
334	If God succeed not, all the cost	WATTS	L.

Page			Metre
344	If the Lord our Leader be *	Newton	7s D.
117	I give immortal praise	Watts	H.
176	I know that my Redeemer lives *	C. Wesley. *Handel*	C.
161	I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin *	Jones	C.
94	I 'll speak the honors of my King *	Watts	C.
83	I long to behold Him arrayed	C. Wesley	8s.
131	I love the volumes of thy Word *	Watts. *Weller*	L. P.
38	I love the windows of thy grace	Watts	C.
246	I love thy kingdom, Lord !	Dwight	S.
19	I love to steal awhile away	Mrs. P. H. Brown	C.
174	In all my Lord's appointed ways	Ryland	C.
265	In barren wilds shall living waters spring	Dwight	10s.
14	Indulgent God of love and power	Village Hymns	L.
94	Infinite excellence is thine	Fawcett	C.
267	Infinite God ! thy greatness spanned	Eng. Bapt. Coll.	L.
70	Infinite pity touched the heart	Watts	C.
413	In God's own house pronounce his praise	Watts	C.
204	In heavenly love abiding *	Eng. Bapt. Coll. *Hurka.*	7s & 6s D.
62	In heaven the rapturous song began	S. Medley	C.
423	Innocents	*Hymns Anc. & Mod.*	7s.
39	Inspirer and Hearer of prayer *	Toplady	8s.
412	In sweet, exalted strains	Francis	H.
213	In the floods of tribulation *	Pearce	8s, 7s, & 4s.
410	In Thee, Great God ! with songs of praise *	Barlow. *Bowdoin Square*	C.
191	In themselves as weak as worms *	Newton	7s.
20	In this calm, impressive hour	Spir. Songs	7s 6l.
224	In thy service will I ever *	Psalt. and Harp.	8s & 7s Double.
289	In token that thou shalt not fear	Henry Alford	C.
382	In vain my fancy strives to paint *	Newton	C.
317	In vain we seek for peace with God *	Watts. *Milford*	C.
227	I once was a stranger to grace and to God	McCheyne. (Adapt.)	11s.
157	I own my guilt, my sins confess *	Cruttenden. *Greg. Mel.* (*Arr.*)	L.
203	I rest upon thy word	C. Wesley	S.
71	I sing my Saviour's wondrous death	Watts	C.
351	I take these little lambs, said He *	Doddridge	C.
80	Italian Hymn	*Giardini*	6s & 4s.
202	I the good fight have fought	C. Wesley	S.
93	I 've found the Pearl of greatest price *	Mason	C.
416	I would not live alway, I ask not to stay	Muhlenberg, originally	11s.
206	I worship Thee, sweet Will of God *	Faber. *Arlington*	C.
41	Jehovah, Lord ! now come, I pray	F. B. P. 1616. (26 stzs. & 36 add.)	C.
46	Jehovah reigns; He dwells in light	Watts	L.
48	Jehovah reigns, his throne is high	Watts	C.
40	Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !	F. B. P. 1616. (See above.)	C.
40	Jerusalem, my happy home *	Anon. 1801.	C.
376	Jerusalem on high	Samuel Crossman. 1664.	H.
373	Jerusalem the Golden	Hymns Anc. & Mod.	7s & 6s.
41	Jerusalem, the happy seat	F. B. P. 1616. (See above.)	C.
35	Jesus, accept the praise *	C. Wesley. *St. Thomas*	L.
177	Jesus ! and can it ever be *	Grigg	L.
218	Jesus ! at thy command *	Toplady. *Amherst*	H.
69	Jesus, behold the wise from far	J. Austin. (Var. J. Wesley.)	L.
169	Jesus hath died that I might live	C. Wesley	C.
173	Jesus ! I believe Thee near	C. Wesley	7s.
82	Jesus, I know, hath died for me *	J. Wesley, fr. Rothe	L. 6l.
172	Jesus ! I my cross have taken *	Lyte. *Church Musician*	8s & 7s D.
277	Jesus, Immortal King ! arise *	Burder. *Oldham*	C.
277	Jesus ! in thy transporting name	Steele	C.
290	Jesus is gone above the skies	Watts	L.
419	Jesus is the Name we treasure	Hymns Anc. & Mod.	8s & 7s 6l.
201	Jesus ! I trust in Thee	C. Wesley	S.
160	Jesus, lover of my soul	C. Wesley	7s Double.

Page			Metre
181	Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone *	Cennick	L.
67	Jesus, my great High-Priest	Watts	H.
198	Jesus, my happy heart	Hymns of the Ages	6s.
208	Jesus, my Lord! how rich thy grace	Doddridge	C.
81	Jesus, my Redeemer, lives *	Medley	7s Double.
187	Jesus! my strength, my hope	C. Wesley	S.
228	Jesus! on whom but Thee above	Conder	L.
177	Jesus, our best beloved Friend	Montgomery	L.
95	Jesus! our Hope, our hearts' desire	Hymns Anc. & Mod.	C.
235	Jesus, our Lord! ascend thy throne *	Watts. *Christian Song-Book.* (*Arr.*)	C.
165	Jesus! save my dying soul	Hastings	7s.
215	Jesus! shall I never be	C. Wesley	7s.
249	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun *	Watts. *Old Litchfield*	L.
428	Jesus the ancient faith confirms *	Watts. *Rineton*	C.
163	Jesus! the sinner's Friend! to Thee	C. Wesley	8s & 6s.
162	Jesus! the sinner's rest Thou art *	Toplady. *Wilkins's Psalmo.* 1699.	C.
196	Jesus! the very thought of Thee	Bernard	C.
87	Jesus, thou everlasting King	Watts	L.
97	Jesus! thou joy of loving hearts	Bernard	L.
177	Jesus! too late I Thee have sought	Hymns Anc. & Mod.	L.
74	Jesus, thy robe of righteousness *	Zinzendorf, by J. Wesley. *Skeats.*	L.
288	Jesus! we lift our souls to Thee	Beck	C.
374	Jesus! we own thy sovereign hand	Doddridge	C.
12	Jesus! where'er thy people meet	Cowper	L.
67	Join all the glorious names *	Watts	H.
85	Join all the names of love and power	Watts	L.
242	Jones's Chant	*J. Jones, Org. St. Paul's Cath.* 1785.	S.
63	Joy to the world, the Lord is come *	Watts. *Bergmüller.* (*Arr.*)	C.
450	Jordan (1st line)	*Billings*	C.
163	Just as I am, without one plea *	Charlotte Elliott	8s & 6s.
14	Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake	Newton	L.
245	King of Glory! Prince of Peace!	Conder. Adapt.	7s Double.
258	Kings shall fall down before Him	Montgomery	7s & 6s Double.
268	Knecht's	*C. Kocher's Coll.*	8s & 7s.
335	Knyvett's	*W. Knyvett's Chant.* (*Arr.*)	S.
451	Laban (1st line)	*L. Mason*	S.
129	Laden with guilt and full of fears	Watts	C.
143	Lairiz's	*Gregor. Mel.* (*Arr.*)	L.
130	Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace *	Eng. Bapt. Coll. *Dunfermline*	C.
429	Large and abundant blessings shed	Adapted. *Old Hundred*	L.
178	Leader of faithful souls, and Guide	C. Wesley	L.
213	Lead us, Heavenly Father! lead us	Edmeston	8s, 7s, & 4s.
53	Lenox	*Edson.* (*Abr.*)	H.
225	Leave to his sovereign sway	J. Wesley, from Gerhardt	S.
274	Let all the people praise Thee, Lord	Eng. Bapt. Coll.	C.
126	Let everlasting glories crown *	Watts, *Donizetti.* (*Arr.*)	L.
17	Let every creature join	Watts	S.
150	Let every mortal ear attend *	Watts	C. Double.
434	Let God the Father, and the Son *	Watts, *N. Hermann*	C.
188	Let me be with Thee where thou art	Charlotte Elliott	L.
394	Let me not, Thou King Eternal	Plymouth Coll.	8s, 6l. or D.
108	Let songs of praises fill the sky	Cotterill	C.
96	Let them neglect thy glory, Lord	Watts	C.
370	Let the seventh angel sound on high	Watts	L.
224	Let thy light on me be shining	Psalt. & Harp.	8s & 7s D.
80	Let us awake our joys *	Kingsbury. *Italian Hymn*	6s & 4s.
291	Let us adore th' eternal Word	Watts	C.
164	Let worldly minds the world pursue	Newton	C.
247	Let Zion and her sons rejoice *	Watts. *Oaksville. Zeuner. By perm.*	C.
305	Let Zion's watchmen all awake *	Doddridge	C.
136	Life is the time to serve the Lord *	Watts. *Wells*	L.

PAGE			METRE
409	Lift up to God the voice of praise *	WARDLAW	C.
65	Like sheep we went astray	WATTS	S.
7	Lisbon	*W. Knapp*	S.
249	Litchfield, Old	*Dyer's New York Sel.*	L.
392	Lo! He comes, with clouds descending *	C. WESLEY & CENNICK †	8s, 7s, & 4s.
51	London	*Dr. Croft*	C.
99	Look to Jesus, till reviving	SWEDISH. (Tr.)	8s & 7s 6l.
68	Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious	KELLY	8s & 7s 6l.
296	Lord! at thy table we behold	STENNETT	C.
29	Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill *	BURDER. *Greenville*	8s, 7s, & 4s.
446	Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid *	"*Alla Trinita Beata*"	8s & 7s.
410	Lord! "for thy Name's sake!" such the plea	CONDER	C.
216	Lord! how secure and blest are they *	WATTS	L.
171	Lord! I am thine, entirely thine	DAVIES	L.
154	Lord! I am vile, conceived in sin	WATTS	L.
162	Lord! I believe a rest remains	C. WESLEY	C.
93	Lord! I believe Thou hast prepared	COWPER. "There is a fountain"	C.
205	Lord! if at thy command	C. WESLEY	S.
128	Lord! I have made thy Word my choice *	WATTS	C.
339	Lord! in the strength of grace	C. WESLEY	S.
13	Lord! I will bless Thee all my days	WATTS	L.
430	Lord Jesus! God and Man *	*Malan, Rev. Dr.* (*Arr.*)	C.
69	Lord Jesus! when we stand afar	HOW	L.
203	Lord! let me calmly wait	C. WESLEY	S.
363	Lord! let me know mine end *	MONTGOMERY. *G. Drummond.* (*Arr.*)	S.
265	Lord of all worlds! incline thy bounteous ear*	DWIGHT. *German Mel.*	10s.
336	Lord of my life! O may thy praise	STEELE	C.
302	Lord of the harvest! hear	C. WESLEY	S.
267	Lord of the wide, extensive main *	C. WESLEY	L.
274	Lord! send thy word, and let it fly *	GIBBONS	C.
324	Lord! teach a little child to pray	RYLAND	C.
264	Lord! Thou hast bid thy people pray	C. WESLEY	L. P.
89	Lord! Thou hast won! at length I yield	NEWTON	C. P.
38	Lord! Thou wilt hear me when I pray *	WATTS. *St. Lawrence*	C.
423	Lord! we come before Thee now (1 stz.)	HAMMOND. *Norwich*, 1st line	7s.
363	Lord! what a feeble piece	WATTS	S.
337	Lord! when I count thy mercies o'er	WATTS	C.
263	Lord! while for all mankind we pray	WREFORD	C.
270	Lord whom winds and seas obey *	C. WESLEY. *Spanish Air*	7s Double.
148	Lord! with glowing heart I 'd praise Thee	KEY	8s & 7s.
398	Lo! round the throne at God's right hand *	WORCESTER'S SEL. HYMNS	L.
22	Love divine! all love excelling *	C. WESLEY. *E. Hamilton*	8s & 7s D.
22	Love divine	*E. Hamilton. By perm.*	8s & 7s.
285	Lo! what an entertaining sight	WATTS	C.
239	Lo! what a glorious sight appears *	WATTS. *New Jerusalem.* (*Adapt.*)	C.
450	Luther's Chant (1st line)	*Ch. Zeuner*	L.
389	Luther's Judgment Hymn	*M. Luther*	L.
450	Luton (1st line)	*Burder*	L.
26	Lyons	*Jos. Haydn*	10s & 11s or 5s & 6s.
451	Magdala (1st line)	*Mod. Psalmist*	S.
92	Majestic sweetness sits enthroned *	STENNETT. *Fr. Prume.* (*Arr.*)	C.
55	Majesty	*Billings.* (*Arr.*)	C. D.
430	Malan's	*Malan, Rev. Dr.* (*Arr.*)	S.
451	Martyn (1st line)	*S. B. Marsh*	7s.
37	Martyrdom	*Hugh Wilson*	C.
367	Martyrs	*Scotch Psalter*	C.
32	Master! may we ever say	C. WESLEY	7s.
446	May the grace of Christ our Saviour *	HYMNS A. & M. *German.*	8s & 7s.
218	May thy dread voice around	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	H.
406	Mear	*A. Williams's Coll.*	C.
253	Mehul's	*From Oratorio of Joseph*	L.

† Variation by MADAN. A hymn by Thomas Olivers also begins thus.

PAGE			METRE
174	Melchior Vulpius's	*Cantor in Weimar.* 1676.	C.
423	Mendon (1st line)	*German. Bost. Acad.*	L.
262	Men of God, go take your stations	KELLY	8s, 7s, & 4s.
450	Merton (1st line)	*H. K. Oliver*	C.
390	Methinks the last great day is come *	NEEDHAM	L.
447	Michaelmas	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	8s & 7s.
25	'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints*	CHRISTIAN LYRE	11s.
162	Mighty Redeemer! set me free	WATTS	C.
317	Milford	*Stephenson*	C.
30	Millions within thy courts have met	MONTGOMERY	L.
261	Missionary Chant	*Ch. Zeuner. By perm.*	L.
451	Missionary Hymn (1st line)	*L. Mason*	7s & 6s.
73	Morning breaks upon the tomb	COLLYER. *German Melody*	7s.
200	Morning Hymn	*Barthelemon*	L.
65	Mornington	*Earl of Mornington*	S.
66	Mount Ephraim	*Milgrove*	S.
436	Most ancient of all mysteries *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD. *R. Redhead*	C.
414	My country! 't is of thee *	S. F. SMITH	6s & 4s.
184	My dear Redeemer and my Lord *	WATTS	L.
297	My faith looks up to Thee	RAY PALMER	6s & 4s.
395	My faith shall triumph o'er the grave *	WATTS	C.
195	My God, my portion, and my love	WATTS	C.
190	My God! the covenant of thy love	DODDRIDGE	C.
193	My God! the spring of all my joys *	WATTS. *Wm. Nugent Skelly*	C. Double.
320	My God! thy boundless love I praise	HENRY MOORE	C. P.
184	My gracious Lord! I own thy right	DODDRIDGE	L.
83	My gracious Redeemer I love *	FRANCIS. *Edgeware*	8s.
37	My God! how endless is thy love	WATTS	L.
16	My God, permit my tongue	WATTS	S.
403	My Helper, God! I bless his name	DODDRIDGE	L.
220	My Portion Thou! my cup	BONAR. (Adapt.)	S.
187	My Saviour! I am thine *	DODDRIDGE. *Ashton*	C.
78	My Saviour, my Almighty Friend	WATTS	C.
393	My Saviour is gone up to heaven	MASON	C.
217	My Shepherd will supply my need *	WATTS. *Dr. Croft.* (*Adapt.*)	C.
358	My soul, amid this stormy world	R. C. CHAPMAN	C.
209	My soul! arise, shake off thy fears	MEDLEY	C.
202	My soul! be on thy guard *	HEATH	S.
199	My soul before Thee prostrate lies	J. WESLEY, fr. C. F. RICHTER	L.
9	My soul! how lovely is the place *	WATTS. *St. Ann's*	C.
155	My soul lies humbled in the dust	WATTS	L.
65	My soul with cheerful eye	C. WESLEY	S.
157	My soul! with humble fervor raise	LIVINGSTON	L.
369	My span of life will soon be done	MRS. COWPER	C. Double.
198	My spirit longs for Thee	BYROM	6s.
212	My spirit sinks within me, Lord	WATTS	L.
96	My thoughts surmount these lower skies	WATTS	C.
221	My trust is in the Lord	LYTE	H.
450	Naomi (1st line)	*L. Mason*	C.
47	Nature with all her powers shall sing *	WATTS	L.
293	Nature with open volume stands *	WATTS. *John Langé*	L.
287	Nazareth	*Dr. Arnold*	C.
226	Nearer, my God! to Thee *	SARAH F. ADAMS	6s & 4s.
451	Newbury (1st line)	*M. Haydn.* (*Bost. Acad.*)	H.
239	New Jerusalem	*Milgrove.* (*Adapt.*)	C.
448	Nicæa	*Hymns Anc. & Mod.*	10s & 11s.
317	No blood of beasts, on altars shed	WATTS	C.
98	No condemnation! O my soul	CONDER	C.
423	Norwich (1st line)	*L. Mason's Arr.*	7s.
65	Not all the blood of beasts *	WATTS. *Earl of Mornington*	L.
315	Not all the outward forms on earth *	WATTS	C.
283	Not to the terrors of the Lord *	WATTS	C.

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47	Not unto us, Almighty Lord	LYTE	L.
60	No war nor battle's sound *	MILTON (Made from)	6s & 10s.
97	Now be my heart inspired to sing	WATTS	L.
320	Now for a hymn of praise to God *	WORCESTER'S WATTS	C. P.
77	Now for a tune of lofty praise	WATTS	L. Double.
20	Now from labor and from care	HASTINGS	7s 6l.
37	Now from the altar of our hearts	MASON	C.
404	Now, gracious Lord! thine arm reveal	NEWTON	C.
259	Now He 's ascended high *	WATTS	8.
243	Now let our faith with joy survey *	KELLY. *Arnold*	L.
297	Now I have found a friend *	RYLE	6s & 4s.
82	Now I have found the ground wherein	J. WESLEY	L. 6l.
136	Now, in the heat of youthful blood	WATTS	L. or 6l.
138	Now is the accepted time *	DOBELL. *St. Michael*	8.
209	Now it belongs not to my care	BAXTER	C.
325	Now let a true ambition rise	DODDRIDGE	C.
126	Now let my soul, Eternal King	HEGINBOTHAM	L.
310	Now let our mourning hearts revive	DODDRIDGE	C.
188	Now let our souls on wings sublime	GIBBONS	L.
32	Now may He who from the dead	NEWTON	7s.
112	Now may the Spirit's holy fire	SEAGRAVE	C.
439	Now to the Great and Sacred Three *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD. *Nägeli*	L.
86	Now to the Lord a noble song *	WATTS. *Truro*	L.
86	Now to the Lord that makes us know	WATTS	L.
74	Now to the power of God supreme	WATTS	L.
298	Now with angels round the throne	CONDER	7s 6l.
451	Nuremberg (1st line)	*J. R. Ahle.* 1673.	7s.
377	O abide, abide in Jesus *	PSALT. AND HARP.	8s & 7s.
247	Oaksville	*Ch. Zeitschr. By perm.*	C.
239	O all ye nations! praise the Lord	WATTS	C.
167	O conquer this rebellious will	C. WESLEY	C. P.
439	O blessed Trinity! bestow *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD. *Troyte*	C. H.
158	O could I lose myself in Thee	C. WESLEY	C.
89	O could I speak the matchless worth *	MEDLEY	C. P.
252	O'er the realms of pagan darkness *	COTTERILL	8s, 7s, & 4s.
448	O Father Almighty! to Thee be addressed *	"*Adeste Fideles*"	11s.
286	O Father! here reveal thy Son	C. WESLEY	L.
308	Of my dear flock, one more is gone *	PRES. DAVIES	L. P.
190	O for a closer walk with God *	COWPER	C.
169	O for a heart to praise my God	C. WESLEY	C.
382	O for an overcoming faith	WATTS	C.
71	O for a thousand tongues to sing	C. WESLEY	C.
186	Oft I walk beneath the cloud	MCCHEYNE	7s 6l.
52	O God! my heart is fully bent	TATE	C.
55	O God, my strength and fortitude	STERNHOLD & HOPKINS	C. D.
273	O God of love! O King of peace *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD. *W. Selby*	L.
51	O God, we praise Thee and confess	PATRICK	C.
348	O God! what offering shall I give	J. WESLEY, fr. TERSTEEGEN	L. 6l.
188	O happy day that fixed my choice *	DODDRIDGE. *Brown's Robertson*	L.
264	O happy nation! where the Lord *	WATTS. *Schöp*	L. P.
189	O happy soul that lives on high	WATTS	C.
247	O how divine, how sweet the joy	NEEDHAM	C.
196	O how I fear Thee, living God *	FABER	C.
129	O how I love thy holy law *	WATTS. *Canterbury*	C.
255	O how is Zion's glory gone	BATH	C.
307	O how should those be clean who bear	CONDER	C.
206	O it is hard to work for God,	FABER	C.
196	O Jesus, King most wonderful	BREVIARY	C.
169	O joyful sound of Gospel grace *	C. WESLEY	C.
122	O King of kings! before whose throne	BOOK OF PRAISE	L.
266	O let a voice of comfort bless *	*Viotti. Chants Chrét.* (*Arr.*)	L. 6l.
437	Old 44th	*Day's Psalter*	C.

PAGE			METRE
277	Oldham	*Robertson's Seraph. Glasgow*	C.
433	Old Hundred	*Beza & Marot's Psalms*	L.
441	Old civ.	*Ravenscroft*	5s & 6s.
424	Olmutz (1st line)	*L. Mason.* (*Arr.*)	S.
451	Olney (1st line)	*L. Mason*	S.
337	O Lord! another day is flown	H. K. WHITE	C.
369	O Lord! hadst Thou been here! But when *	CONDER	C. Double.
54	O Lord! how excellent *	MONTGOMERY (Made from)	C.
368	O Lord! I ask not for the sight *	CONDER	C.
189	O Lord! I would delight in Thee *	RYLAND. *Nägeli*	C.
263	O Lord! our fathers oft have told	TATE & BRADY	C.
246	O Lord our God! arise *	*Moravian Melody*	S.
266	O Lord our King! how excellent *	MONTGOMERY. *N. Hermann*	C.
41	O Lord! that I Jerusalem	F. B. P. 1616. See "Jerusalem"	C.
261	O Lord! thine ancient churches spare	KELLY	L.
314	O Lord! turn not thy face from me	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	C.
88	O Love Divine! how sweet thou art *	C. WESLEY. *Ganges.* (*Arr.*)	C. P.
344	Omnipresent God! whose aid	C. WESLEY	7s Double.
314	O most delightful hour by man	COWPER	C.
194	O my soul, what means this sadness *	FAWCETT	8s, 7s, & 4s.
103	On all the earth thy spirit shower	DR. H. MORE	L.
336	Once more, my soul! the rising day *	WATTS	C.
30	One day within thy sacred gate	ENG. BAPT. COLL.	L.
285	One privilege my heart desires	WATTS	C. Double.
442	One Sacred Trinity	*St. Columba*	6s & 4s.
360	One sweetly solemn thought *	ALICE CAREY. Made rhythmical.	6s D.
148	One there is, above all others	NEWTON	8s & 7s.
41	O passing happy were my state	F. B. P. 1616. See "Jerusalem."	C.
250	Oporto	*Adeste Fideles* (*Made from*)	L.
205	O praise our God to-day	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	S.
437	O praise the Father — From whom *	*Old 44th. Day's Psalter*	C.
435	O praise the Father, praise the Son *	*Stanley. Warwick*	C.
26	O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice *	TATE & BRADY. *Lyons*	5s & 6s.
450	Ortonville (1st line)	*Hastings*	C.
372	O Sacred Head! now wounded *	GERHARDT. J. W. Alex'r, tr.	7s & 6s D.
110	O Saviour! thy word I believe	C. WESLEY	8s Double.
176	O Saviour! welcome to my heart	ENG. BAPT. COLL.	C.
261	O send God's holy Book where'er	BROWN	L.
346	O send thy light, thy truth, my God	MARCH. (Varied)	C. H.
220	O show me not my Saviour dying *	CONDER	9s & 6s.
260	O Spirit of the living God	MONTGOMERY	L.
159	O that I could repent	C. WESLEY	S.
158	O that I knew the secret place *	WATTS	C.
108	O that in me the sacred fire	C. WESLEY	C.
153	O that my load of sin were gone *	C. WESLEY	L.
105	O that the Comforter would come	C. WESLEY	L.
240	O that the Lord's salvation	LYTE	7s & 6s.
130	O that thy statutes every hour	WATTS	C.
79	O the delights, the heavenly joys *	WATTS	C.
391	O the hour when this material	CONDER	8s, 7s, & 4s.
88	O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith	TOPLADY	C. P.
155	O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry *	WATTS. *Melody by M. Luther*	L.
345	O Thou! who in the olive shade	HEMANS	C.
287	O Thou whose covenant is sure	CONDER	C.
353	O timely happy, timely wise	KEBLE	L.
156	O turn, great Ruler of the skies	MERRICK	L.
289	Our children, Lord! in faith and prayer *	BICKERSTETH'S COLL. *Howard*	C.
273	Our earth we now lament to see	C. WESLEY	L. or 6l.
290	Our faith adores thy bleeding love	WATTS	L.
449	Our Father in heaven	*German*	6s & 5s, or 11s.
449	Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name *	S. J. HALE. *Ger. Mel.*	" "
51	Our God, our help in ages past *	WATTS. *London*	C.
138	Our Heavenly Father calls	DODDRIDGE	S.

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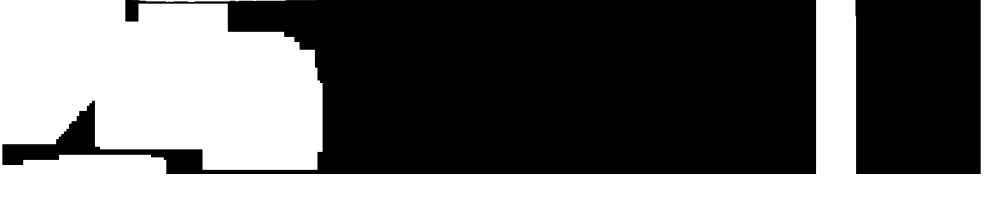
339	Our Heavenly Father! hear	Montgomery	S.
77	Our Lord is risen from the dead *	C. Wesley. *Arnold.* (*Arr.*)	L. D.
222	Our Saviour alone	Worcester's Sel. Hymns	5s & 6s.
37	Our souls by love together knit *	Miller. *Martyrdom*	C.
292	Our spirits join to adore the Lamb	Watts	L.
257	O when from all the ends of earth	Birks	L.
142	O where shall rest be found	Montgomery. *Havergal's Ch. Ps.*	S.
257	O why should Israel's sons once blest *	Bickersteth's Coll.	L.
421	O worship the King *	Sir Robert Grant. *Lemaire.*	5s & 6s.
284	O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave	James Grant	11s.
450	Park Street (1st line)	*Venua*	L.
318	Partners of a glorious hope	C. Wesley	7s 6l.
333	Peace be to this habitation *	C. Wesley	8s & 7s.
351	Peace! 't is the Lord Jehovah's hand	Doddridge	C.
283	Peace be within this sacred place	Watts	C.
451	Pentonville (1st line)	*Linley*	S.
249	People and realms of every tongue	Watts	L.
175	People of the living God *	Montgomery	7s D.
429	Peterboro (1st line)	*Harrison*	C.
165	Pilgrim! burdened with thy sin *	Crabbe. Alt. by others. *Stuttgart.*	7s.
97	Pilesgrove	*N. Mitchell*	L.
426	Pleyel (1st line)	*Pleyel*	7s.
450	Portugal (1st line)	*Thorley*	L.
255	Plunged in a gulf of dark despair *	Watts	C.
24	Praise for Thee, Lord! in Zion's gates	Lyte	L.
241	Praise God! From Heaven praise Him	Scotch Psalter (Made fr.)	7s & 6s.
433	Praise God, from whom all blessings flow *	*John Huss*	L.
248	Praise, my soul! the King of heaven	Eng. Bapt. Coll.	8s, 7s, & 4s.
33	Praise on Thee in Zion's gates	Conder	7s.
272	Praise, O praise, the Name divine	Merrick	7s.
247	Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir	Eng. Bapt. Coll.	C.
441	Quam dilecta	*Hymns Anc. & Mod.*	6s.
116	Raise thee, my soul! fly up and run *	Watts	C.
66	Raise your triumphant songs *	Watts. *Mount Ephraim*	S.
427	Rapture (Air)	*Boston Academy*	C. P.
216	Redeemed from guilt, redeemed from fears	Lyte	L.
342	Rejoice, though storms assail thee *	Book of Praise	7s & 6s.
406	Remark, my soul! the narrow bound *	Doddridge. *Mear*	C.
385	Remember, Lord! our mortal state	Watts	L.
342	Remember thy Creator	S. F. Smith	7s & 6s.
411	Repent! before the Judge draws nigh	Newton	C.
309	Rest from thy labor, rest	Montgomery	S.
393	Return, O God of love! return	Watts	C.
132	Rineton	*Wm. Cooper's Coll.* 1804.	C.
255	Rise, great Redeemer! from thy seat	Watts	C.
357	Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings *	R. Seagrave. *Amsterdam*	7s & 6s.
195	Rochester	*A. Williams's Coll.* (*Arr.*)	C.
450	Rockingham (1st line)	*L. Mason*	L.
160	Rock of Ages! cleft for me *	Toplady	7s, 6s, or 8l.
240	Roll on, thou mighty ocean *	Pratt's Coll.	7s & 6s.
451	Rosefield (1st line)	*Rev. Dr. Malan. Geneva, Switz.*	7s.
434	Russian Air	Russian Nat. Air	L.
188	Sabbath	*Brown's Robertson*	L.
20	Safely through another week *	Newton. *Halle. Sacred Songs*	7s 6l.
100	Saints in glory, we together	S. E. Mahmied	8s & 5s.
79	Salvation! O the joyful sound	Watts	C.
333	Saviour! who thy flock art feeding	Muhlenberg	8s & 7s.
244	Saw ye not the cloud arise *	C. Wesley. *Stutt. Coll.*	7s.
425	Scotland (Air)	*Dr. John Clarke*	12s.

PAGE			METRE
269	See, daylight is fading, o'er earth and o'er ocean *	HEBER. (Adapt.) *Nägeli*	12s, 11s, & 8s.
411	See, gracious God! before thy throne *	STEELE. *Ferry*	C.
64	See how He loved! exclaimed the Jews	BACHE	L.
287	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand *	DODDRIDGE. *Nazareth*	C.
392	See the Judge our nature wearing	OLIVERS	8s, 7s, & 4s.
245	See! the ransomed millions stand	CONDER	7s Double.
328	See these lambs of Jesus' fold	MILLER'S COLL.	7s.
242	See what a living Stone *	WATTS. *Jones's Chant*	S.
216	See, where before the throne He stands	C. WESLEY	L.
451	Selvin (1st line)	*Cantica Laudis*	S.
81	Seraphim his praises sing	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	7s Double.
309	Servant of God! well done *	C. WESLEY	S.
379	Shall I fear, O earth! thy bosom *	THOMAS DAVIS	8s & 7s.
306	Shall I for fear of feeble man	J. WESLEY, fr. J. J. WINKLER	L.
306	Shall I to gain the world's applause	KELLY	L.
316	Shall the vile race of flesh and blood *	WATTS. *Brookfield*	L.
451	Shawmnt (1st line)	*L. Mason's arr.*	S.
303	Shepherd of Israel! bend thine ear	DODDRIDGE	L.
263	Shine, mighty God! on this our land *	WATTS. *Gläser*	C.
433	Shirland (1st line)	*Stanley*	S.
154	Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive *	WATTS. *Babylon's Streams*	L.
424	Sicilian (1st line)	*Mozart, from the Latin*	8s & 7s.
450	Siloam (1st line)	*Woodbury*	C.
16	Silver Street	*Isaac Smith*	S.
100	Sing of Jesus! sing forever *	KELLY. *German.* (*Arr.*)	8s & 5s.
50	Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name	WATTS	C.
49	Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands *	WATTS. *S. Webbe*	C.
278	Sing we the song of those who stand	MONTGOMERY	C.
146	Sinner! art thou still secure	NEWTON	7s.
135	Sinners obey the Gospel word	C. WESLEY	L.
147	Sinners! will you scorn the message	ALLEN	8s, 7s, & 4s.
270	Spanish Air	*The Sanctus.* (*By perm.*)	7s D.
254	So did the Hebrew prophet raise *	WATTS	C.
201	Soldiers of Christ, arise *	C. WESLEY. *Harborough*	S.
184	So let our lips and lives express	WATTS	L.
9	Songs of immortal praise belong	WATTS	C.
276	Songs of praise the angels sung	MONTGOMERY	7s Double.
165	Son of God! thy blessing grant *	C. WESLEY. *Stutt. Coll.* (*Arr.*)	7s.
6	Soul! thy week of toil is ended *	*Skelly's Tantum Ergo.* (*Arr.*)	8s. & 7s.
251	Sound, sound the truth abroad *	KELLY	6s & 4s.
173	Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all	RAFFLES	7s.
109	Spirit Divine! attend our prayer *	REED	C.
112	Spirit of Holiness! look down	BATHURST	C.
109	Spirit of life, and light, and love	MONTGOMERY	C.
106	Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	ENG. BAPT. COLL.	C.
109	Spirit of power and might! behold	MONTGOMERY	C.
120	Spirit of Truth! come down	C. WESLEY	S.
127	Spirit of Truth! essential God	C. WESLEY	L. 6l.
424	Shirland (1st line)	*Stanley*	S.
38	Silver Street	*Isaac Smith*	S.
183	Sometimes a light surprises	COWPER	8s & 7s.
253	Soon may the last glad song arise	PRATT'S COLL.	L.
35	Soon we shall meet again	C. WESLEY	S.
314	Sons we are, through God's election *	S. P. R. Gosp. Mag. 1771	8s, 7s, & 4s.
205	Sow in the morn thy seed *	MONTGOMERY. *Lithgow*	S.
78	Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears *	WATTS. *Duke Street*	L.
9	St. Ann's	*Dr. Croft*	C.
268	Star of peace to wanderers weary	ANON.	8s & 7s.
442	St. Austin	*Hymns Anc. & Mod.*	6s & 4s.
442	St. Columba	*Hymns Anc. & Mod.*	6s & 4s.
306	Steel me to shame, reproach, disgrace *	C. WESLEY	L.
450	Sterling (1st line)	*Rev. R. Harrison*	L.
443	St. John	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	6s & 4s, 8s & 4s.

38	St. Lawrence	*R. A. Smith. Scottish Psalter*	C.
36	St. Martin's	*Tansur*	C.
138	St. Michael	*Day's Psalter*	S.
50	St. Stephen's	*Rev. Wm. Jones*	C.
35	St. Thomas	*Williams*	S.
98	Substantial Truth, O Christ! Thou art *	CONDER	C.
31	Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear	KEBLE	L.
295	Swanwick	*J. Lucas.* (*Abr.*)	C.
185	Sweeter sounds than music knows *	NEWTON	7s Single.
5	Sweet is the last, the parting ray *	JENKINS	L. 6l.
376	Sweet place! sweet place alone *	SAMUEL CROSSMAN. 1664.	H.
368	Sweet to rejoice in lively hope	TOPLADY	C.
374	Sweet was the journey to the sky *	WATTS	C.
282	Swiss Air	*Arranged for this Book*	L.
172	Take, my soul! thy full salvation	LYTE	8s & 7s Double.
451	Tamworth (1st line)	*Lockhart*	8s & 7s.
56	Ten Commandments Tune	*Genevan Psalter.* 1562.	L.
393	That awful day will surely come *	WATTS. *Windsor*	C.
451	Thatcher (1st line)	*Handel*	S.
48	The Almighty reigns, exalted high	WATTS	L.
429	The ancient law departs *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD. *Watchman*	S.
212	The billows swell, the winds are high *	COWPER	L.
211	The captive's oar may pause upon the galley	MRS. ANNA M. RICHARDS	11s & 10s.
339	The day is past and gone *	JOHN LELAND. *Western Mel.*	S.
143	The day of wrath! that dreadful day *	W. SCOTT. *Dr. Lairiz's "Kern"*	S.
21	The dew lies thick upon the ground	MONTGOMERY	C.
9	The earth forever is the Lord's	WATTS	C.
246	The ever-living God	DODDRIDGE	S.
406	Thee we adore, Eternal Name	WATTS	C.
411	The gathering clouds, with aspect dark	NEWTON	C.
259	The God, Jehovah, reigns	WATTS	S.
235	The God of mercy be adored	WATTS	C.
389	The great Archangel's trump shall sound *	C. WESLEY. *"M. Luther's Hymn"*	L.
323	The Great Redeeming Angel, Thee *	C. WESLEY	C.
92	The head that once was crowned with thorns	KELLY	C.
260	The heathen perish; day by day *	MONTGOMERY. *J. H. Schein.* 1631.	L.
125	The heavens declare thy glory, Lord *	WATTS. *Spindler.* (*Arr.*)	L.
335	The hours of evening close	MRS. J. CONDER	S.
330	The hour of my departure's come	LOGAN	L. or 6l.
221	Their hearts shall not be moved *	ENG. BAPT. COLL.	H.
389	The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound	ROSCOMMON	L.
55	The Lord descended from above *	STERN. & HOPK. *Billings's Majesty.*	C.
314	The Lord, from his celestial throne	WATTS	C.
227	The Lord is my Shepherd *	MONTGOMERY	11s.
55	The Lord is only my support	STERNHOLD & HOPKINS	C. Double.
11	The Lord of Sabbath let us praise	S. WESLEY, JR.	C.
166	The Lord on high proclaims	WATTS	S.
52	The Lord our God is full of might *	H. K. WHITE. *E. Schulz.* (*Arr.*)	C.
390	The Lord shall come! the earth shall quake	HEBER	L.
16	The Lord, the Sovereign King	WATTS	S.
341	The mellow eve is gliding *	SACRED SONGS	7s & 6s.
330	The moment comes when strength must fail	MONTGOMERY	L.
451	The morning light (1st line)	*G. J. Webb*	8s & 7s.
375	The path of sorrow, and that path alone	COWPER	10s.
121	The peace which God alone reveals *	NEWTON	L.
225	The people of his choice	TOPLADY	S.
93	The people that in darkness sat	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	C.
350	The pity of the Lord	WATTS	S.
335	The power to bless my house *	C. WESLEY. *Knyvett's Chant.* (*Arr.*)	S.
3	The praise of Zion waits for Thee *	WATTS	L.
269	The Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding	S. F. SMITH	12s, 11s, & 8s.
296	The promise of my Father's love	WATTS	C.



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90	There is a fountain filled with blood *	COWPER	C.
192	There 's a Friend above all others	OLD VARIA. FR. NEWTON	8s & 4s.
364	There is a house not made with hands *	WATTS	C.
366	There is a land of pure delight	WATTS	C.
399	There is an hour of peaceful rest *	W. B. TAPPAN. *Kunkle's Coll.*	8s & 6s.
399	There is a pure and peaceful wave	BOOK OF PRAISE	8s & 6s.
352	There 's not a bird, with lonely nest	B. W. NOEL	L.
161	The Saviour! O what endless charms	STEELE	C.
301	The Saviour, when to heaven He rose	DODDRIDGE	L.
395	These glorious minds, how bright they shine	WATTS	C.
132	The starry heavens thy rule obey	WATTS	C.
128	The Spirit breathes upon the Word	COWPER	C.
139	The swift declining day *	DODDRIDGE. *Beethoven.* (*Arr.*)	S.
373	The time when I shall enter *	ENG. MUSIC BOOK	7s & 6s.
425	The voice of free grace cries *	THORNBY. *Scotland*	12s.
354	The voice that breathed o'er Eden *	KEBLE	7s & 6s.
345	The world can neither give nor take	J. MASON. *Arr. by Countess of H'don*	C.
406	The year is gone beyond recall	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	C.
270	They that toil upon the deep	MONTGOMERY	7s Double.
12	Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love *	DODDRIDGE. *Devonshire*	L.
39	This God is the God we adore	HART	8s.
10	This is the day the Lord hath made	WATTS	C.
181	This is the way I long had sought	CENNICK. "Jesus my all."	L.
10	This sacred day, Great God! we close	ENG. BAPT. COLL.	C.
384	This place is holy ground	MONTGOMERY	S. H.
418	Thou Being of beings Supreme	ENG. COLL.	8s.
416	Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way *	ANON.	11s.
144	Thou God of glorious majesty	C. WESLEY	L.
116	Though Holy, holy, holy Lord	MONTGOMERY	C.
325	Though in the temple some are found	ENG. COLL.	C.
170	Thou great, mysterious God unknown *	C. WESLEY. *Heinrich Isaac.*	C. P.
308	Thou, Jesus! thou my breast inspire	ENG. COLL.	L. P.
142	Thou Judge of quick and dead	C. WESLEY	S.
156	Thou only Sovereign of my heart	STEELE	L.
21	Thousands, O Lord of Hosts! this day	MONTGOMERY	C.
334	Thou Sovereign Lord of earth and skies	ENG. CONG. COLL.	L.
54	Thou the Eternal Lord	C. WESLEY. (ARR.)	H.
33	Thou who art enthroned above	SANDYS. (Adapt.)	7s.
380	Thou who didst for Peter's faith	MRS. GILBERT	7s & 4s.
97	Thou whom my soul admires above *	WATTS. *Pilesgrove*	L.
251	Thou whose Almighty word	MARRIOTT	6s & 4s.
66	Thou very Paschal Lamb	C. WESLEY	S.
36	Through all the changing scenes of life *	TATE & BRADY. *St. Martin*	C.
36	To heaven I lift my waiting eyes	WATTS	C.
385	Through every age, eternal God	WATTS	L.
192	Through the love of God our Saviour *	MARY BOWLES	8s & 4s.
347	Through sorrow's night, and danger's path	H. K. WHITE	C.
410	Thus Abra'am, full of sacred awe	T. SCOTT	C.
286	Thus did the sons of Abra'am pass	WATTS	L.
31	Thus far the Lord hath led me on *	WATTS. *Suggested by Naumann*	L.
317	Thus saith the Lord, your work is vain	WATTS	C.
288	Thus saith the mercy of the Lord	WATTS	C.
237	Thus the great Lord of earth and sea	WATTS	L.
219	Thy everlasting truth	J. WESLEY, fr. GERHARDT	S.
130	Thy law is perfect, Lord of light	MONTGOMERY	C.
132	Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord	WATTS	C.
23	Thy mercies, Lord! shall be my song	MILLER'S COLL.	L.
242	Thy name, Almighty Lord	WATTS	S.
211	Thy night is dark; behold, the shade *	MRS. ANNA M. RICHARDS	11s & 10s.
220	Thy way is in the sea	FAWCETT	S.
220	Thy way, not mine, O Lord *	BONAR. *German*	S.
69	'T is finished! so the Saviour cried *	STENNETT	L.
191	'T is my happiness below	COWPER	7s.

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182	'T is not that I did choose Thee *	CONDER	8s & 7s Double.
242	To bless thy chosen race	TATE & BRADY	S.
66	To Christ the Prince of peace	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	C.
137	To-day, if ye will hear his voice	VILLAGE HYMNS	L.
435	To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD. *Storl.* 1744.	C.
440	To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	C. P.
448	To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	10s.
433	To God the Father, God the Son *	WATTS. *Old Hundred*	L.
118	To God the Father, Son	J. WESLEY. (In part.)	6s & 4s.
440	To God the Father, Son *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD. *Dalston*	S. P.
438	To God the Father's throne *	HYMNS ANC. & MOD. *Dr. Croft*	H.
47	To God the Great, the ever blessed	WATTS	L.
120	To God the only wise	WATTS	S.
4	To God our strength, ye saints! your voice aloud	PRATT'S COLL. (Adapt.)	10s.
50	To God, ye choir above, begin	PHILIP SKELTON	C.
36	To heaven I lift my waiting eyes	WATTS	C.
117	To Him that chose us first *	WATTS. *English Tune.* (*Arr.*)	H.
138	To-morrow, Lord! is thine	DODDRIDGE	S.
239	To our Almighty Maker, God	WATTS	C.
94	To our Redeemer's glorious name	STEELE	C.
268	Tossed upon life's raging billow *	CHRISTIAN LYRE. *Knecht*	8s & 7s.
122	To Thee all angels cry aloud *	BOOK OF PRAISE. *All Saints*	L.
182	To Thee, my God, my Saviour	HAWEIS	8s & 7s Double.
350	To Thee, O God in heaven	BOOK OF HYMNS	S.
35	To Thee our wants are known	NEWTON	S.
447	To the Father praise be given *	HYMNS A. & M. *Michælmas*	8s & 7s.
387	To Thee, O Lord! I yield my spirit *	MENDELS.'S O. OF ST. PAUL	9s & 8s.
63	To us a child of hope is born	LOGAN	C.
64	To us a child of royal birth	C. WESLEY	L.
343	To your Creator, God	STEELE	H.
86	Truro	*Dr. Birney*	L.
199	Trembling before thine awful throne *	HILLHOUSE. *Donizetti.* (*Arr.*)	L.
307	Transporting thought! the Master's joy	CONDER	C.
126	'T was by an order from the Lord	WATTS	L.
290	'T was on that dark, that doleful night *	WATTS. *Mazzinghi.* (*Arr.*)	L.
337	'T was in the watches of the night *	WATTS	C.
286	'T was the commission of our Lord *	WATTS	L.
385	Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb *	WATTS. *Handel*	L.
90	Upon a world of guilt and night	CONDER	C.
343	Upward I lift mine eyes *	WATTS	H.
451	Utica (1st line)	*Anc. Lyre*	S.
450	Uxbridge (1st line)	*L. Mason*	L.
315	Vain are the hopes the sons of men	WATTS	C.
381	Vital spark of — Quit, O quit *	POPE	7s Double.
381	Vital spark of — Thou must quit *	CONDER	7s Double.
450	Ward (1st line)	*L. Mason*	L.
435	Warwick	*Stanley*	C.
429	Watchman (1st line)	*Leach*	S.
245	Watchman! tell us of the night	BOWRING	7s Double.
146	Weary souls that wander wide *	C. WESLEY. *Gossner's Choralbuch*	7s.
413	We have an altar not of stone	CONDER	C.
194	Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer	VILLAGE HYMNS	8s, 7s, & 4s.
149	Welcome! welcome! Sinner hear *	CONDER. *Carl Gross*	7s.
7	Welcome, sweet day of rest *	WATTS. *Lisbon*	S.
149	Welcome to the cleansing fount	CONDER	7s.
136	Wells	*Holdroyd*	L.
408	We praise, we worship Thee, O God	ENG. CONG. COLL.	L.
116	We raise our shouts, O God! to Thee	WATTS	7s.
388	We 're bound for yonder land	KELLY	S.
426	We 're travelling home to heaven above *	*Carter*	C.

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370	We sing his love who once was slain	ROWLAND HILL	L.
74	We sing the praise of Him who died	HYMNS ANC. & MOD.	L.
418	We speak of the realms of the bless'd *	ANON.	8s.
339	Western Melody	*Anon.*	S.
437	Western Melody	*Doxology*	S.
214	We will not weep, for God is standing by us *	BOOK OF HYMNS	11s & 10s.
210	We 've no abiding city here	KELLY	L.
84	What equal honors shall we bring	WATTS	L.
397	What happy men or angels these *	WATTS	L.
400	What is life ? 't is but a vapor *	KELLY	8s & 7s 6l.
160	What shall I render to my God — gifts to me	JOHN MASON	C.
18	What shall I render to my God — kindness	WATTS	C.
293	What shall we pay the eternal Son	WATTS	L.
361	What sinners value, I resign *	WATTS	L.
60	What sudden blaze of song	KEBLE. (Made fr.)	6s & 10s.
367	What vain desires and passions vain	WATTS	C.
313	When Adam sinned, through all his race *	BEDDOME	C.
409	When all thy mercies, O my God	ADDISON	C.
207	When any turn from Zion's way *	NEWTON	C.
85	When at this distance, Lord ! we trace	DODDRIDGE	L.
199	When at thy footstool, Lord ! I bend	LYTE	L.
383	When, bending o'er the brink of life	COLLYER	C.
365	When blooming youth is snatched away	STEELE	C.
338	When each day's scenes and labors close	SIR ROBERT GRANT	L.
387	When gathering clouds around, I view	SIR ROBERT GRANT	L. 6l.
176	When God is mine and I am his	C. WESLEY	C.
361	When God is nigh, my faith is strong	WATTS	L.
193	When I can read my title clear	WATTS	C.
132	When I confessed my wandering ways	WATTS	C.
223	When in the hour of lonely woe	CONDER	L.
209	When I survey life's varied scene *	STEELE	C.
292	When I survey the wondrous cross *	WATTS. *German.* (*Arr.*)	L.
347	When languor and disease invade *	TOPLADY	C.
271	When o'er the mighty deep we rode *	SACRED SONGS	C.
127	When quiet in my house I sit *	C. WESLEY. *Old Ger. Choral*	L. 6l.
386	When my last hour is close at hand	E. A. BOWRING. *German*	8s & 7s P.
215	When, my Saviour ! shall I be *	C. WESLEY. *Kocher's Coll.*	7s.
166	When overwhelmed with grief	WATTS	S.
368	When shall the time, dear Jesus ! when	WATTS	C.
240	When shall the voice of singing	PRATT'S COLL.	7s & 6s.
422	When shall we meet again *	ANON.	6s & 5s.
87	When strangers stand and hear me tell *	WATTS	L.
338	When streaming from the eastern skies *	SIR ROBERT GRANT	L.
272	When the nations toss and roar	RYLE	7s.
380	When the vale of death appears *	MRS. GILBERT	7s & 4s.
10	When the worn spirit wants repose *	EDMESTON. *Comfort*	C.
186	When this passing world is done	MCCHEYNE	7s 6l.
82	When Thou hadst rendered up thy breath	C. WESLEY	L. 6l.
170	When Thou, my righteous Judge ! shalt come *	COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON	C. P.
167	When with my mind devoutly pressed *	BROWN	C. P.
23	Where high the heavenly Temple stands	LOGAN	L.
350	Where shall the man be found *	WATTS	S.
155	Wherewith, O Lord ! shall I draw near	C. WESLEY	L.
120	While all the angel throng *	ENG. CONG. COLL. *Dibden*	S.
260	While I to grief my soul gave way	NEWTON	L.
143	While life prolongs its precious light	DWIGHT	S.
378	While on the verge of life I stand	DODDRIDGE	L.
62	While shepherds watched their flocks by night *	WATTS. *Bethlehem.* (*Arr.*)	C.
19	While Thee I seek, Protecting Power *	MISS H. M. WILLIAMS	C.
405	While with ceaseless course the sun *	NEWTON. *Benevento*	7s D.
149	Whither, when you drop this clay	CONDER	7s.
326	Who are they whose little feet *	ENG. COLL.	7s.
252	Who but Thou, Almighty Spirit	VILLAGE HYMNS	8s, 7s, & 4s.

Page			Metre
171	Who can describe the joys that rise *	Watts. *Stuttgart Coll.* (*Arr.*)	L.
295	Who make the Lord of Hosts their tower	Montgomery	C.
383	Why do we mourn departing friends *	Watts. *China*	C.
193	Why, O my soul! why thus depressed	Colton	C.
112	Why should the children of a King *	Watts	C.
367	Why should this earth delight us so *	Watts. *Martyrs*	C.
378	Why should we start and fear to die *	Watts	L.
140	Why that soul's commotion	Sacred Lyre	6s & 4s.
429	Wilmot (1st line)	*Shore's Psalmody. Fr. Weber*	8s & 7s.
8	Wiltshire	*Sir George Smart*	C.
425	Windham (1st line)	*Read*	L.
393	Windsor	*G. Kirby*	C.
450	Winter (1st line)	*Read*	C.
3	With all my powers of heart and tongue	Watts	L.
56	With glory clad, with strength arrayed *	Tate & Brady. *Ten Comm. Tune*	L.
264	With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues	Eng. Cong. Coll.	L. P.
304	With heavenly power, O Lord, defend	Rippon's Coll.	L.
18	Within thy house, O Lord our God	Presb. Coll.	C.
287	With joy I see a thousand charms	Doddridge	C.
95	With joy we meditate the grace *	Watts	C.
296	Witness, ye men and angels now *	Beddome. *Barby*	C.
371	With tearful eyes I look around	Book of Praise	L.
158	With tears of anguish I lament	Stennett	C.
8	With reverence let the saints appear	Watts. *Wiltshire*	C.
275	Woe to the men on earth who dwell *	Eng. Coll.	C.
436	Woodland	*N. D. Gould.* (*By perm.*)	C.
230	Worship, and thanks, and blessing	C. Wesley	7s & 4s.
425	Worthing	*Schultz*	8s & 7s.
86	Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway	Shirley	L.
267	Would you behold the works of God	Watts	L.
396	Ye angels, who stand round the throne *	De Fleury	8s D.
437	Ye angels round the throne *	Watts. *Western Tune*	S.
45	Ye boundless realms of joy	Tate	H.
261	Ye Christian heroes! go proclaim *	Pratt's Coll. *Missionary Chant*	L.
362	Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell *	Doddridge	C.
390	Ye heavens! with sounds of triumph ring	Doddridge	L.
351	Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears	Doddridge	C.
46	Ye nations round the earth, rejoice	Watts	L.
168	Ye saints! assist me in my song *	Collyer	C.
26	Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim	Pratt's Coll.	5s & 6s.
201	Ye servants of the Lord	Doddridge	S.
238	Ye shores and isles of every sea	Watts	C.
262	Yes, my native land! I love thee *	S. F. Smith	8s, 7s, & 4s.
248	Yes, we trust the day is breaking *	Beddome	8s, 7s, & 4s.
254	Ye that obey the Immortal King	Watts	C.
404	Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days	Watts	C.
53	Ye tribes of Adam join *	Watts. *Lenox*	H.
275	Yet, saith the Lord, if David's race	Watts	C.
139	Ye wretched, starving poor	Steele	S.
426	York (1st line)	*J. Milton*	C.
34	Your harps, ye trembling saints *	Toplady. *Bankfield*	S.
451	Zebulon (1st line)	*L. Mason*	H.
274	Zion, rejoice, and Judah, sing	Watts	C.

THE END.

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